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LITTLE ESSAYS
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CAROLA MILANIS

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CAROLA MILANIS
SISTER CHARLES BORROMEO, O. S. D.

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To

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO

DISTINGUISHED CARDINAL, ZEALOUS BISHOP, AND TRUE PRIEST

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

on this the opening of his Tri-Centenary Jubilee
November 4, 1909

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE GREAT CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN:

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEEO

Six years ago, it was my sacred privilege to pay tribute to the beloved memory of a priestly native of the city of Milan, one bearing the name of Charles, though familiarly known by his other baptismal name of Samuel.

Because of our love and reverence for Father Samuel, we have always loved the beauty and the honor of Milan. Knowing the city, as though we had dwelt there, has given us a tenfold interest in the great saint who labored there and whose sacred remains rest in the city's wondrously beautiful Cathedral.

Saint Charles led a life of such extraordinary and ceaseless activity he must have been an American, born in Italy, four hundred years too soon. "The multiplicity, no less than the perfection of his actions, constituted one of the most striking features of his career of sanctity" says his biographer.

Moreover, "he was a hero sent to do a hero's deeds." He appeared on the spiritual battlefield of Europe just when the Church had greatest need of a man of dauntless soul and preeminent holiness to take the lead against immorality and unbelief. Invincible courage, sincere piety, and an exquisite tenderness of heart fitted Saint Charles for the place, and he filled it through a long and arduous life, with so great an exercise of the last named qualification that, in spite of the fact that he was fighting against the most cherished vices of all classes of people, he became universally beloved.

Saint Charles was a true reformer, "a genuine Roman Catholic" in his methods. He was not a violent pruner, lopping off great branches from the parent trunk instead of reinvigorating the tree. He fertilized the soil at the root of the tree, strengthening the life-giving sap. He removed excrescences, healing the wounds with tender care. In fact, he made over the

bad materials he found at hand, and built up magnificently with them the edifice of his sadly demoralized local church.

Only a man of immense courage and extreme holiness would have dared to try for reformation, only a man of tender heart could have achieved it, under such appalling circumstances as surrounded him.

His extraordinary devotion to the sacred passion of our Blessed Lord, his incomparable humility and simplicity, his spirit of superlative mortification and patience, his gentle lovingness to his attendants and friends, during his last illness—oh! it is a beautiful, a heart-touching and most edifying thing to read about and to ponder over.

And this reformer, this hero, this man of multiplied activities, which must have seriously conflicted with the chosen activities of hundreds of other men, had about him, in his last hour, multitudes of priests who were not ashamed to weep and to sob at the loss of this their best earthly friend.

In the epitaph which he himself wrote, he desires that the clergy, the people, and the devout female sex may remember him often in their prayers. It is recorded that the "devout sex" did not fail him. They had innumerable masses said for him, and established a confraternity for the sole purpose of praying for the repose of his soul. Its members were faithful to this purpose until 1601 when the Holy See ordered all suffrages for him to cease.

He is the model and special patron of priests, but he must have a very warm spot in his heavenly heart for the women. I am quite sure that he attributes the appointment of priests to the office of their exalted vocation principally to their mothers, and their perseverance therein to their mother's prayers.

May the wounded right hand of Jesus ever bless and support the pious mothers and consecrated sons, through the intercession of St. Charles.

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Little Essays

MY SALUTATORY.

WE OUGHT to read prefaces. That is why we don't do it. We have an antipathy to doing things that we ought to do, and this is one of the things we can omit without sin.

Few people read a preface, hence I am not going to write one, for I mean that you shall read every word in this book, and get the worth of your money, even if it be by penitential ways, and to the shortening of your purgatory by the manful and the womanful endurance of literary dullness, or, what is worse, inanity.

This is a salutatory, if you please: Hail, Friendly Readers! Come right in; sit right there in that cosy corner. Now smile, as if you were about to have your photograph taken. Now let me shake hands with each and everyone of you, before you read this book of mine, for afterwards I may not have even one "Friendly Reader" left. It may be that all will have become adverse critics. That is a probability that I am prepared to face, though I can't sincerely say that I shall enjoy its realization—not immediately. But having a strong sense of humor, I shall no doubt have a laugh over it, after awhile.

My subscribers were gained through the mail, but the Post Master General can not have me arrested for "obtaining money under false pretenses", for my claims to recognition, as the maker of a book, have been made in a painfully truthful manner.

To my secular friends, I sent a wee card bearing the information: "My friends have often asked me to present my newspaper and magazine articles in book form. I am about to publish a volume titled 'Little Essays for Friendly Readers', I solicit your subscription, one dollar, in advance."

To my friends and acquaintances among the clergy (what an amazing number of them I found myself possessed of, because of the community to which I belong!), I sent the above-mentioned card and the following letter:

Dear Reverend Father:

The enclosed card gives information that will rival in general interest the "Discovery of the North Pole". There has been a long felt want that this book of mine is to satisfy. "Friendly Readers" are gathered in groups on the highways and byways waiting to exchange their dollars for these incomparable "Little Essays". The word "little", as here used, is a generous term, admitting of various interpretations, to suit the mood of the purchaser, before and after reading.

The volume is to have a handsome cover, but the contents will present nothing likely to hold the masculine, much less the clerical mind, so the sending you this card is much like "holding you up" on the street for a dollar. However, there is one comfort; you can give the book to some feminine relative or friend for a Christmas present. It is light, and warranted to float on the intellectual sea of feeble minds, as does Ivory soap on lesser bodies of water. In fact, it might make mental lather and bubbles, if properly dissolved and analyzed.

It's an experiment anyhow, and I'm rather interested in seeing how it will turn out.

Wonderingly yours,

Do I hear some one say: "Well, granting that you have been uncommonly honest, what did you do it for—get out another book?—We have too many books already." Well, I shouldn't be surprised to find that a microbe, or a germ, or a maniacal tendency, or a criminal heredity has been concerned in the matter. It is done anyhow; it is too late to consult a specialist. One thing is sure, it is not to be attributed to the vagaries of second childhood, ("I am not as young as I used to be"), for the greater number of these "little" (free interpretation invited) essays were written during the hours intervening between 10 p. m. and 2 a. m., at a time when I was a youthful and very busy parochial school teacher. Moreover, they were invariably written at the urgent entreaty of some struggling young editor who begged me to give him "something to help him out." You

see, Catholic editors had their "Hard, Glad Old Times", as well as the Sisters, not so very long ago.

Criticisms are sure to be made regarding my use of capitals. Well, there are certain nouns for which I have great respect, because of the wondrous things they represent, and I propose to begin those nouns with capitals, even were I to have a nightmare, made up of mutilated rhetorics, every night of my remaining years.

Now, then; are the erities all gone to take lemon and salt for their hoarseness? Good! the "Friendly Readers" may believe me that my book goes to each of them, the dear Unknown, the beloved Alumnae, the blessed Religions of many holy Orders, and the revered Clergy of many dioceses, with the sincerest good will, friendships and gratitude of

SISTER C. B.,

Sinsinawa, Wis.

A TRIBUTE TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

S*PIRIT of the College*—Our college pays a daily tribute to St. Thomas, the noblest tribute that can be paid to saint or hero, the tribute of untiring, enthusiastic imitation, of unceasing, ardent endeavor to attain his lofty ideals.

St. Thomas, as Patron of Catholic Schools, dwells with us, hovers over us, helps and inspires us, the teachers and the pupils of our Institute. We love to call him by that most beautiful of titles, “Angel of the Schools,” “Angel,” not only of schools of theology, of science, of art, of philosophy, of literature and of music, but of the grades, primary and academic, and of our colleges and our universities. Wherever there is even one earnest student seeking to know the truth regarding the great things and the small things of God’s creation, there does the spirit of St. Thomas, ambassador of the Holy Ghost, come to enlighten and to guide.

Coupled with the thought of St. Thomas is the thought of the Church’s treasury which he so valiantly defended in life by word of mouth, and still defends by his writings.

But to defend the truth might fall to any man of strong convictions and a brave soul; to discover, to unveil and to reveal the truth, in a light so strong and clear that all men who look upon it must see it—that could fall only to one sort of man, to him of a perfectly balanced mind and a sanctified heart. Such a man was St. Thomas, and so the visible head of the Church, the great Leo of the nineteenth century, commanded, in the magnificence of his intellectual conception of the fitness of things, that the “*Summa*” should be studied in all ecclesiastical colleges, and that St. Thomas should be universally honored as the special patron of Catholic educational work, the guide and assistant of all Catholic

teachers and students. All the children of the Church who study and who teach implore his aid and find in him a powerful friend, but Dominican teachers and Dominican students find in him a brother. To them he holds a peculiar and beautiful relation; in a certain sense, he is all their own. He may go abroad to others; he comes home to us, for he is one of the household of the Lily and the Star, and the highest tribute we can pay him is to make him proud of his family, pleased with the members of his household.

Zeal—Possessors of the faith so precious in his sight, lovers of the religion so ineffably dear to him, we are governed by the ethical principles he has so lucidly presented. Our interior life is an homage to God through an observance of St. Thomas' definitions of right and duty. We walk in the philosophic light he has thrown upon intellectual requirements and moral responsibilities. We reach out with eager desire towards our ultimate end, by him so gloriously portrayed. And in doing these things we give ourselves up, each in her own degree, to the promptings of his zeal.

What the sun, with its life-giving, life-sustaining warmth and light, is to the world of nature, zeal is to the world of the soul. Zeal warms the heart, gives impetus to thought, moves the will, and fructifies, in behalf of God's glory and the neighbor's salvation, all the powers and faculties of man's soul. An exalted practice of virtue and a rich abundance of charity's precious fruits will be found where zeal freely radiates its blessed light and heat.

Never did any saint excel the Angelical in zeal. Knowing the truth more clearly than others, abiding more intimately with wisdom than they, he could not but be most zealous for the propagation of the one and the multiplication of the other. And reflecting upon this, we become envious as to the development of his great powers, the acquirement of his gifts and the course of his remarkable progress along life's pathways. Our first thought, indeed, on an occasion like

this, is always of the past. Let, then, the past speak regarding him we desire this day to honor.

The Past—In hours of meditation, in chance moments of deep reflection, it is upon the past that the mind dwells with profit and delight. It is from the study and the consideration of the past that man learns to value the grave lessons of moral truth, learns to measure moral responsibility and the wisdom required to meet its difficulties and to support its weight. From no past may we learn so well how to measure the values and estimate the forces of life as from the past of a saint.

It is a unique personality, a remarkable individuality, that we strive to honor to-day. The epoch to which he belonged was intellectually glorious and spiritually dangerous, full, too, of a sacred significance; yet it found not the full expression of its ultimate worth until it gave to the Church, and to the world, the Angelical.

“Thomas Aquinas sprang from a noble and illustrious race. His youthful ears were accustomed to the din of arms, and his eyes to the gorgeous pageants of an emperor’s court.” His education and training were befitting the son of a brave general and a high-born dame. He was well equipped with the natural gifts and the acquired powers essential to success, social and political. Yet it is for none of these things that we revere his name to-day. “Had not the Angelical possessed that priceless gift of assimilating to his own plastic mind, by a spontaneous attraction, anything and everything which chimed in harmony with the Church’s consciousness, and illustrated her spotless life,” he never would have attained the height at which he stands in the presence of God and in the sight of man. It is not, then, for his family honors, his social prestige, or his fitness for political preferment that we celebrate his name, but for his sanctified intellectuality, and for his philosophically patriotic and scientifically Catholic spirit.

We desire to recall the events and labors of his life. Of these Memory shall recite the poem, paint the picture and chant the psalm.

Memory—No romance, expressed in verse, can exceed in charm and magic interest the legends told of the infancy and the manhood of St. Thomas. Suddenly there appears before Theodora, pious but haughty Lady of Aquino, in her chamber, a rough hermit, in flowing hair and coarse garment, his eyes gleaming with prophetic light, his words fervid with prophetic spirit. To her amazement, he fortells the Dominican vocation and saintly greatness of her infant son. Again, as she bears the child to the baths of Naples, a scroll of paper of holy import is miraculously placed in his baby hand, and its message is another presage of his future greatness. When he reached manhood, many strange, mystic things are said to have befallen him. All are familiar with the legend of the "Temptation" and the "Angelic Guard". Though these stories are not of faith, we do believe them, and they edify and delight us, as part of the sacred poetry of a wondrous career.

As for pictures, full of light and color, with the saint for central figure, his life presents a noble series of them: Thomas Aquinas, the Benedictine student at Monte Cassino; the young Lord of Aquino acting as his father's almoner during the famine and the plague at Loretto; Thomas Aquinas reproducing his professor's lectures at the University of Naples; St. Thomas with the Blessed Albertus at the school of Cologne; Aquinas in the great library of St. Louis of France, and Thomas the philosopher engaged in disputations in the University of Paris. He appears in a multitude of scenes vividly and powerfully associated with the great educational and religious movements of the age in which he nobly lived and gloriously labored.

To chant a psalm in honor of the "Angel of the Schools", the chosen "Lily of Holy Purity", the mighty Doctor of the

Church, the inspired author of the Office of the Holy Eucharist—oh! this would indeed require the intellect, the heart, the sacred tones of the royal David. Only the “man after God’s heart” could fitly praise Thomas, a man not only after God’s heart but after God’s mind.

The Spirit of Life—Greater than David the holy, greater than Thomas the angelic, is Life, mortal life and its illimitable expansion, immortal or everlasting life. The Spirit of Life would fain tell the story of an earthly existence superlatively well spent, but—what is human existence? Can even an angel tell it all?

What, then, is the life of a saint? Not his deeds, but the manner of their doing; not his actions, but the motives that impel them; not his thinking, but his thoughts; not his speaking, but the import of his words; not the events of his earthly career, but its aim, object and ultimate end; not mere existence, but the faith that founds it, the hope that enlivens it, the charity that characterizes it.

Never was there profounder faith, clearer hope, warmer charity than that which constituted the heart-life and the soul-life of the great Angelical.

Whence came the grace, the strength, the power which so magnificently characterized the life of Thomas Aquinas? From the same source that they come to each of us—from the sacraments of the Church of God.

Infancy of the Saint—In the eleventh year of the pontificate of Honourius, in the ninth of the reign of Frederick of Germany and the first of the reign of St. Louis of France, Theodora of Aquino gave birth to the “Angel of the Schools” and though many celestial spirits were near him, they could not embrace even his grand soul until it had been regenerated. There was a darkness that repelled their brightness, a stain that their spotlessness abhorred; not until the mystic waters of baptism had washed away all imperfections did this child of glorious promise become the child of God.

It is sweet to commemorate that great moment when, for the first time, the soul of Aquinas was flooded with sacramental grace. Then did the angel guardian joyfully embrace that chosen soul and establish himself beside it, that together they might take that holy upward flight which gives the spiritual its triumph over the material, the soul its victory over evil and sin.

Then, too, began the wonderful developments of infancy; then were given the first faint evidences of that loveliness and gentleness of disposition, that nobility and elevation of character, which distinguished the great saint in his years of maturity. It is a wonderful thing to us to look over the long bridge of years and see that little one resting in his proud mother's arms,—that holy little one, that embryo saint. It is with sentiments of awe that we behold him merging into childhood, reaching the age of discretion and moral responsibility, and becoming a beautiful, bright-faced, clear-eyed boy.

Boyhood—With the age of discretion the war of life began. In passive bliss of innocence the infant saint had been growing stronger in those qualities that were to help or to hinder him in the battle of life, and now, because he bore, like all our race, the weight of human inheritance, he needed help. Even in the soul of a predestined saint the baptismal innocence becomes faintly clouded with the mists of sin. Slight as were the wounds of this beautiful boy's soul, there was for him, as for us, only one healing power, and that was to be sought in the confessional. And so through all his blessed years we behold this saintly heart, this giant intellect, bowed with sublime faith and humble devotion before his fellow man to receive the grace of the Sacrament of Penance.

But something more was needed for his awakening soul. To be victor in the strife, to win the conqueror's crown, the heart must be not only pure but strong, not only in the power given by external aid, be it that of angels even, but with

strength of holy, interior grace, the strength of God-given power. This strength, this grace, comes to the soul in the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Think of the capacity of the soul of a St. Thomas,—think of its breadth and depth, of the intensity of its desire to be filled, flooded and overpowered by the very holiness of God, and think of his first communion! Ineffable must have been the meaning of Holy Communion to him who was the first to sing the Benediction hymns, the first to chant the Office of the Holy Eucharist.

Youth—Holy, and strong, and true, Thomas, the child of God, the heir of heaven, sighed to be a soldier of Christ, and so, God his Father sent him the Holy Spirit to bestow upon him the insignia of spiritual knighthood, a shield of seven-fold gifts of strength, a double-edged sword of action and prayer, a helmet of ever-increasing faith and hope and charity. And never was that shield dented; never was the helmet displaced, ever so little; never was the sword tarnished or dulled.

Thus came he to the wonderful hour of his vocation, the hour of his call. In moments of study and prayer, in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, the loveliness of art, the phrases of literature, and the words of Holy Writ, the message of God was presented. In the sighing of the winds, in the murmuring of the waters, in the music of public ceremonial, in the silence of mental prayer, came the divine call.

The Angelical listened, heeded and obeyed. Not the entreaties of his parents, the persuasions of his friends, or the words of the Holy Father, even, could turn him from his chosen life. "The Pope had fruitlessly offered to make him abbot of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino, permitting him to wear at the same time the habit of St. Dominic and to partake still of the privileges of the mendicant friars."

He became a keeper of nightly vigils, and we read of him, that like another Stephen was he in appearance, his face dart-

ing forth on every side rays of supernatural light, as he prayed before the great altar in Saint Dominic's Church.

There was impressed upon his heart and soul the character of one selected by God for the holy priesthood, under the tender austerity and most sweet discipline of the noble Dominican rule.

Manhood—In his manhood, the great Doctor stands before us as a "governing spirit, as one wielding command of intellect, as one possessed of supernatural power. His tranquil brow and his placid, meditative eyes produced the impression, not so much of quickness and vivacity, as of breadth and command. He seemed to live in a sort of spiritual light, and though he seldom spoke, when his voice was heard his words set hearts to beating faster," set minds to thinking more deeply and souls to praying more fervently.

His manhood's years were divided by his being made at certain distinct dates, Bachelor, Licentiate and Doctor. They were distinguished by his preaching, teaching, lecturing, and writing with a zeal, and energy, a beauty of expression, a profoundness of thought, a clearness of exposition, a keenness of insight, a philosophical force, and a religious fervor peculiar to himself, ranking him above all others engaged in the same pursuits.

And so the years fled, and he, the Dominican monk and priest, found earthly life drawing to a close.

Holy Orders and Extreme Unction—Ordination and Extreme Unction supplement each other, as it were. By his obedience to the priestly call, a man prepares to die to all that man, as a social being, holds most dear. Holy Orders is for him a sort of extreme unction, whereby he worthily passes from the world of earthly ties and pleasures to a higher, holier sphere.

For many years had St. Thomas been dead, in the grace of his vocation and of his ordination, when he was called upon to die the death of the body. One who has written well of

St. Thomas lovingly and eloquently describes his last hour: "As death approached, his spirit, which from his boyhood had been living in the world unseen, became more and more absorbed by heavenly things; his trances and ecstasies became more frequent, and that bright transfiguration, which is perfected after death through the Beatific Vision, began on earth. Mature for heaven, St. Thomas was then gathered by the Divine Hand and garnered in the everlasting home."

Life—May his prayers and his protection, his love and his approval be ever ours.

He still lives, and shall live, till time is forever merged into eternity. The Church will live, and while she governs the world, Saint Thomas, the Angelical, the Patron of Schools, the Doctor of Truth, will live and teach, counsel and save.

A TEMPLE CONSTRUCTED BY MY CLASS IN ETHICS.

"Be ye temples of the Holy Ghost."

Introduction.

The construction of this Sacred Temple within the heart of man is the work of Free Will tending towards its ultimate beatitude, the eternal enjoyment of God.

This Temple may be substantially built by one having merely an adequate knowledge of the little catechism, in unison with the good will to practice, with due fidelity, its teachings.

The skilled workman, the student of Ethics, with rectitude of the will, constructs a more ornate edifice, and by his broader knowledge is enabled to direct and assist others in their efforts to provide in their hearts an abode, in some degree fitting to be a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

Our knowledge of moral philosophy is extremely limited, but we have been much interested in trying to show, synthetically, the ethical construction of the heart's "Temple of the Holy Ghost".

The Foundation.

The foundation must have four corner-stones: the cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. The foundation walls gain strength and stability from the Intellectual Virtues: Scientific Knowledge, Wisdom, Prudence and Art, or in other words, the ability to perceive absolute truths; a capacity for the rational cognition of contingent truth; the power to judge all reasoning and all principles; and the ability to judge rightly concerning human actions.

The Superstructure.

The Will is the contractor who provides the stones, the Moral Virtues, at the demand of Intention, in order that

Human Action, the Master Workman, may place them in the walls of the superstructure of our Temple.

Into the structure of the tower will enter man's aspirations after earthly beatitude. The spire of that tower will reach the very throne of God, for God is man's ultimate beatitude.

The Roof.

The Means of Grace will be the roof of the Temple, protecting its interior from the ravaging storms of excessive passion. The Senses will be the doorways and the windows. At these will Conscience stand on guard to warn the Will, the powerful doorkeeper, of the approach of Good or Evil.

The Interior.

The interior walls of the Temple will be decorated in accordance with the desires of the Will by the hand of Magnanimity, master of the perfection of each virtue.

In the centre of the Temple will be built an altar of the heart's highest and best intentions. On that altar will be sacrificed all inordinate gratification of the sensible appetites, and from it will ascend the incense of noble desires for the attainment of the perfection of virtue.

A great light, the Intellect, the principle power of man's rational nature, the light whereby he contemplates Truth, will illumine our Temple. The contemplation of Truth in this wondrous light is the noblest and highest act of an intelligent being. It is our entertaining, as host, our divine guest, the Holy Ghost.

Outside the Temple.

Just outside the Temple door will be gathered the Passions, those natural principles in man that influence his voluntary actions. Conscience stands on guard, and Free Will is in control, but the former may be drugged and the latter may be bribed, though it can never be coerced. Only the action of the Will can admit to the Temple a Passion, and make it become sinfully or meritoriously imputable.

Source of the Temple's Security.

Conscience is on guard and Free Will is in command, but neither of them could preserve the integrity of the Temple, were it not for that strong outer guard, the Eternal Law, the perfection of wisdom, the source of the Natural Law and of all forms of just Civic Law. The Temple stands secure so long as the mighty outer guard, the Eternal Law, is unbroken.

Into the Temple the Holy Ghost will come, bringing with Him all His wondrous gifts and joys. Who He is, how He will come, and why, are not ethical questions and we do not presume to enter the domain of Theology.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Our Only Sure Reliance.

SINCE the commission of the first rash act of disobedient human nature which in its enormity, and in its frightful effects and results, can be comprehended by God alone, as it could be atoned by God only, there has been, besides sin, another shade over the world, and we call it sorrow. It is true indeed, that had there been no sin there would be no sorrow, and yet, sorrow is a holy thing; we quiver and shrink as it approaches, but we have no loathing for it, as we have for sin; we regard it, in a certain sense, as we do the wounds of our Lord, as made by sin but yet supremely sacred. "Sorrow!" It is not a harsh word; it has its share of liquid sounds adapted to its meaning. Its associations take from it all bitterness; we cannot utter it without seeing, immediately, in our mind, a vision of Him whose sorrows surpassed all other sorrows. "Surpassed all others?" Has not Life witnessed births in poverty, in sin, in prisons, on the streets, in wretched, abject, hidden places, under circumstances of crime, of horror, of despair—misery for infants, ineffable grief for mothers? Can there be worse things than these? Even so, and the first Christmas night saw it, and the Virgin Mother felt it, and the Infant Sacred Heart wept over it. Who that reflects, for five minutes even, on the circumstances of our Lord's birth fails to discover depths of sorrow beyond all compare? It is not the poverty and physical miseries of the scene, such are common, alas, in this darkened world. It is the how, the when, the where, the why—and the persons to whom these relate that render that birth without parallel for its unfathomable sorrow. There have been, since the days of Babel, exiles wandering in dreary loneliness, far from home and friends, but are there not mystic depths of sorrow in that

“Exile into Egypt” to be found in no other similar event? Thus we might write volumes taking each day of our Lord’s life as a subject of pious investigation, yet ever and always, we should find Him the “Man of Sorrows,” and hear him plead, “No sorrow is like unto my sorrow;” ever and always we should find His holy Mother the Queen of Dolors. One perusal of Father Faber’s most touching book, titled, “The Foot of the Cross,” will give to the reader a more solid faith, a keener religious sense, and the broadest and deepest of sympathies for the sufferings of our Redeemer; fervent meditation will do the rest—make a saint of the sufferer who learns in this way to appreciate his treasure.

Sorrow, when it comes to seek a dwelling place takes up its abode in the heart, and it does there a work of immense importance to the soul. Activity is one of its unfailing attributes—it sanctifies and elevates or it corrodes and destroys—indeed, it resembles closely, in its working, the mighty agent, Oxygen; if life, grace, is in the heart, it supports that life, strengthens it, makes it powerful, brilliant and attractive, but if death, absence of grace is there, sorrow consumes, corrupts, weakens, makes all things hideous and repulsive. The all important thing when sorrow comes is to be living, is to have grace in the heart. According to the grace we possess, will be the results of sorrow’s work; now, in the Sacred Heart of our Lord, sorrow found naught dead, but all living—gloriously, radiantly living—there she had no work to do, there she studied, there she was taught, there her activities were trained, her powers adapted to her peculiar offices as sanctifier, punisher, or destroyer, though the last of these she does not properly obtain in the heart of our Lord but is rather forced by the evil heart of man to fulfill reluctantly so painful an office. Educated in that school of transcendent holiness, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, sorrow went forth to perform her mission, in a sweet and tender, a sacred and con-

soling manner, unknown to those who bore her presence, before the coming of our Lord.

If, when we reached the years of discretion, we had been permitted to look forward, and to see all that sorrow had ready for us, we would, doubtless, have died of fear, but it has been mercifully concealed from us, until one by one, or occasionally in showers, our griefs have come—first a pain, hard to bear, but tenderly soothed by those attending us; then a loss—father, mother, brother, sister,—one or all taken from us—the grief is heart-rending, but somehow, comfort comes from somewhere. One of the lessons taught by Sorrow, while in the Sacred Heart was not to be too harsh, not to be unbearable, so we forget our loss and live on! Friends grow cold, wound us, doubt us, accuse us, condemn us—oh! death was not near so hard as this; if they were in the grave, yet their spirits would be with us, and our fond memories of them would give them a sort of immortal life in the midst of our hearts, but this kind of loss—oh! here, surely, sorrow has exceeded her limits, has forgotten the biddings of the Sacred Heart! Jesus himself suffered this, and more, and instead of restraining sorrow in her work, He bids her not to spare us, until we have learned that human friendship, human love, human reliance, is “vanity of vanities”. He will help us to bear the sad shattering of our many hued rainbows, worthless covenants, and of the ruins, He will build up the structure of sanctity, if we will but let him, but woe to us if we permit our tottering faith in human love, friendship and gratitude to pull down with it our faith and trust in the Sacred Heart. O, sad mistake! O, fatal error! Where have you left many a priceless soul? In depths whence it cannot rise, without special grace, special assistance, and an infinite patience on the part of God, as He waits for its acknowledgment. “God and His grace are sufficient for me.” There is but one heart always kind, always true, the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Christian soul, lonely, sorrowful, sin-stained, disap-

pointed—hush! do not murmur; kneel; bow your head to these feet, with the nail prints in them, and listen, while the Sacred Heart whispers comfort and consolation; you will rise with courage thrilling every nerve, with heaven-born joy throbbing in your breast, with the radiance of divine light flooding your mind, and all earthly things will seem small and mean, and of little worth, after the mysterious message you shall have received.

BONDS AND TIES THAT MAKE US FREE.

A Tribute to Our Lady of the Rosary.

ALL truly good men are happy men, because they are free. And yet, all good men are restrained by precepts, and some of them also by counsels.

This is indeed a paradox that calls for explanation. Freedom is the most glorious and most desirable heritage that falls to man, or that can be gained by him as the fruit of conquest. Yet we know that no man is so utterly miserable as the man who is utterly free! Another paradox? Granted. The Scripture tells us "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." And a certain poet defines freedom as the offspring of obedience; he does not refer to religious obedience and spiritual freedom, exclusively,—his thought, when he enunciated his poetic language, was of civil codes and of civil obedience, as the source of domestic and social freedom.

Taking these paradoxes, then, as standard exhibits of true freedom and of its true basis, we revolve in our mind the many ideas thus awakened, and look about us for the laws, the bonds and the ties concerned in our personal emancipation and productive of our personal happiness.

The civil and the social must, in order to be free, rest upon the spiritual, hence it is the character of our spiritual bonds and ties we will now consider.

God our Father, and the Church our Mother, have laid upon us the sweet burden of many a noble bond and tie; among them there is always at least one that claims the present season, whatever it may be, for its memorial hour. Which of them is October's holy measure of joy? The month of brilliant hues, and hazy lights, the month of manifold beau-

ties has its memorial recorded on a chain set with fifteen clusters of priceless jewels. The history of the precious bonds and ties whereby this chain secures our spiritual freedom and our heavenly joys, is presented in fifteen volumes of ten sacred pages each. And what learn we from these priceless volumes, from the wise wording of these rich pages? We learn, if we are heedful, the lessons taught by the entire life of our Blessed Saviour. Let us then willingly, yea, joyfully,—submit to be bound and restrained by the bonds of God's love, and the ties of Christian charity, as recorded and presented to us in the meditations and prayers of the "Holy Rosary".

Over these meditations and prayers presides a Queen, sweet and gentle and kind, though so majestic and so august, in the splendor of her divine maternity.

Dear friends, are we as appreciative of the fact as we ought to be—that the chain of the Rosary binds our foes, both spiritual and temporal, so securely as to set us perfectly free? Bow we then our unstable young heads to the Queen of the Rosary, speaking to her trustingly of the knotted cords of ill doing or false thinking that may be hampering the wings of our soul. She will undo the knots and cast away the cords, replacing them with the bonds that her divine Son has colored with the crimson of His Precious Blood, making them strong with strands of His wisdom, and pliable with the unction of His boundless love. Bound by these, we shall be subjects, indeed, of the Rosary's Queen, yet perfectly and gloriously free.

“THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.”

WE HAVE all read with profit and delight the beautiful essay, from a non-Catholic pen, on the subject I have quoted above, and which I have made my own.

Unhesitatingly we acknowledge that the most powerful and most beneficent force in the emotional life of man is “Love”. It is the greatest force, not “the greatest thing in the world”. Love, or Charity, without the other infused virtues, is powerless, worse than useless, in supporting the higher economy of human existence. When Faith, Hope and Love work together on that complex and contradictory thing called human nature, they institute the evolution of “the greatest thing in the world”, a genuine Roman Catholic, the complex product of rectitude of the reason and rectitude of the will, assisted by the infused virtues and by divine grace.

The genuine Roman Catholic, intelligent, well-informed, nobly-doing, and nobly-living, does not reach his high rank by spontaneous growth, but by a slow evolution during the years of childhood and youth, the educative years, the years of parents and teachers.

The fact that the genuine Roman Catholic is not born but made, throws a heavy responsibility upon the home and the school. It is the province of the Christian home, and the duty of the Christian school, to train and to discipline the young children of the Church that they may, in due time, go forth into the world with the staunch character, the generous disposition, the strong faith, the unfailing hope, and the wise charity of the genuine Roman Catholic, ready to fulfill life's highest mission and to attain eternity's best gift.

It is no easy matter, in the midst of the social and political conditions of the twentieth century, to evolve or develop,

from a free human agent, a being trained and disciplined to become "the greatest thing in the world".

The very peace and tranquility which we Catholics enjoy in these days are making us more or less careless as to the sort of ideas our children or our pupils are imbibing from the public libraries, the lecture platforms, or from the stage.

The atmosphere of our cities, and of some of our villages, is filled with intellectual microbes that threaten the health and the life of the soul. American broadness of mind and freedom of life favor the multiplication of these parasites that sap the strength of faith, lessen the vitality of hope, and render charity the barren manifestation of mere humanity. To withstand their attacks, the mind must be sane and the soul strong. The sanity of the one and the strength of the other are preserved in the home and in the school.

Our Catholic youths and maidens never had such need of chain-armor as now, for the weapons used against them are no longer of the kind that must be met with iron helmet and with shield of brass. Rather are they small, sharp, and jeweled. Only the thousand links forged by true education, by wide reading, by profound thinking and by lofty living can form an invincible protection for the soul of the ambitious Catholic.

Our enemies have grown so courteous as to put us in danger of becoming servile. Their increasing civility is more dangerous to our young people than was their former harsh bigotry. It is exceedingly difficult to contend with a gracious, condescending, gentlemanly foe, who approaches us with a bow, apologizes for disturbing us, and then stabs us with a weapon wreathed with our favorite flowers. Poorly equipped young Catholics would take poison from the hand of such a foe with expressions of gratitude, so great would be their trust in him, because of his graceful, tactful, and really beautiful way of offering the cup.

In the light of the fact that, among the rich, the highly educated and the ambitious, genuine Roman Catholics are somewhat of a rarity in this free land of ours, it behooves parents and teachers to make their instruction and their training so effective that the number of the true and the strong shall steadily and rapidly increase.

Religion enters into every subject that we present to our pupils in the course of their education; multiplicity of studies or of fads cannot crowd it out, if we will to have it appear. If we become, in our haste and our worry, mere secular teachers, we shall attain merely secular results, and from our classes there will not go forth "the greatest thing in the world", a genuine Roman Catholic.

“I SENT A HERO TO DO A HERO’S DEEDS.”

A Christian Lesson from Grecian Story.

“Fortemque ad fortia misi

Ergo opera illius mea sunt.”

THUS did Ulysses boast to Ajax of his success in persuading Achilles to join the Grecian forces.

Troy lies, if Schliemann be correct, in an opened grave, as it were, amid Asiatic sands, and her glories make but a part of an ungraceful hill, in a somewhat barren landscape, bordering on a restless, unsympathetic sea. Once she was powerful, great and proud. Once it was a hero’s deed to fight against her, and a godlike deed to conquer her. Ulysses, the prudent, and Ajax, the invincible, were not able to cope with her mighty defenders, but they placed their hopes in Achilles, brave and cruel, and he did not fail them.

There is many a mystic Troy in the sphere of life; great and glorious things to be achieved there; brilliant victories to be gained; strong, widespreading evils to be conquered and obliterated.

What is your Troy, dear reader? Has it occurred to you that you may be a hero sent to do a hero’s deeds? There are many who may stay by the fireside of domestic peace, and simply resist when they are attacked, but there are others who must go forth and conquer Troy.

How shall we know to which class we belong? Not by a trumpet-call, but by a whisper in some hour of pain, of darkness, or of grief. It may happen that we were never less heroic than at the moment of our call, for we are at the command of a Leader who delights to use the weak to confound the strong.

The city we are to conquer is seldom seen by us in the distance, with its magnitude, veiled in mist, and its formidable strength softened by an illusive air of quietude and peace. No, it rises before us suddenly, its frowning battlements and towers startling the powers of mind and soul to such a degree that we would fain cry out, turn away, and run to some place of pleasant security. We would fain crouch down in abject fear, before the unwelcome vocation that requires us to be a hero, and to do a hero's deeds. We forget that He who sends us is no weak, fallible Ulysses, but the Omnipotent Lord who can strengthen us with a giant's power, if we but generously obey His call.

What is your Troy, dear reader? Are you this moment, perhaps, turning your back upon it, retreating, in dismay, after a first glimpse of its grim walls? Your Troy—is it a huge burden of family cares, of daily labor and nightly anxiety? There is a temple in such a city, and in that temple dwells Him who had not whereon to lay His head, can you repine? The hero has little besides his armor; you are weary and poor, but all the same you are a hero sent to do a hero's deeds. A cheerful and resigned endurance of poverty and labor is heroism of the noblest kind.

Your Troy—is it, perhaps, to take your heart in your hand, as it were, and, regardless of its palpitating sensitiveness, to sever it from the things it holds most dear? Heroes do not carry their household gods to the battle field. Fight the good fight, even though it last for a life time, and—the treasures of your bruised heart will be restored to you in the midst of the triumphs and the joys of a blessed eternity.

Sorrow, pain, and ill health have fettered your movements and kept you imprisoned? The patient captive is braver in his cold, dark and silent dungeon, than the hero on the field, where everything tends to rouse and inspirit him. To the weak and almost useless body may be allied an active, generous, aspiring spirit; wounded heroes are peculiarly dear to

the Commander's heart, and for them is the hero's highest reward.

Has death deprived you of all earthly support, affection and encouragement? Then are you sent to engage in single combat, a deed expected of only the bravest. There must be no tears, no shrinking, no fluttering of the heart, or trembling of the limbs, but a simple trust in God, and an undaunted charge upon the enemy. To be alone, is a severe test of courage; we lack the inspiration of many minds, the sympathy of many throbbing hearts, the cheering of innumerable eager voices; yet, happy thought, over him who fights alone, the Commander watches with special care, and for such a hero He prepares a special crown. Perhaps, though, the one who stands alone is in less danger than he who is surrounded by a multitude of friends; for this multitude may not contend for the same high principles as he, and, instead of aiding him in the strife, may make him captive to their own lower views.

It is far easier to fight an army of open foes, than to preserve ourselves from the overt attack of friends. The softest of zephyrs, bearing disease on its wing, can overcome where shot and steel would not avail. The chief reason that so many heroes are called to the fray, and yet so few are chosen, is not that they fear the enemy, or the strife, but that they fear their friends, and the separation from household gods. The sight of banners floating on the breeze, the sound of martial strains of music palpitating on the air, the vision of victory's spoils just within reach; these things inspire the heart, but the sight of a mother's tears; the sound of a father's voice remonstrating; the vision of a desolated home, —these things dishearten even the bravest soul, and,—all too frequently, a divine vocation is lost, the hero turns coward.

Even after a generous response to the Voice which says to the soul, "I send you, a hero, to do a hero's deeds," it is

not a rare thing for the heart to shrink and tremble. You are disheartened. The walls of the city have withstood you too long. A soldier's life seems cold and dreary. The camp is so desolate, the fields are strewn with the wounded and the dying.

Your aims have been high and noble, your attainments low and wretched; your comrades have taken your bread and given you a stone; your wine had wet ungrateful lips, and the stream where you were wont to quench your thirst has been muddied by careless feet; while the few flowers that graced its banks, and gave a charm to life, otherwise unendurable, have been culled by selfish hands. Why, this is part of the strife! these are better tests of heroism than the most desperate battle. God sent you a hero to do a hero's deeds; are you going to belie the choice of the all-wise Commander? You, O chosen one! can not be a coward, without being also a traitor.

It sometimes happens, that we, under God, are sort of sub-commanders, that we ourselves have the sending of soldiers to the battle field of life's devious duties and cares. O reader! have you the sending of heroes to do a hero's deeds? Are there children in your household, youths who must contend with the world, maidens who must be preserved from the world; youths who may some day be the laborers, the scholars, the statesmen, the priests of the land; maidens who may be the wives and the mothers and the religious teachers of the country's worthiest sons? It depends on you whether they will attain their destiny. What are you doing that your heroes may not be deprived of their victory? Are you preparing heroes at all, or only cowards, sycophants, ready to lay down their arms and to clasp hands with the foe?

Where shall young heroes most surely receive the curiously, piously linked armor of truly spiritual training? Where receive the golden shield of a truly Christian education? Where the highly tempered, keen-edged sword of a well

directed will, able to cut its way through the serried ranks of temptation? Shall the State or the Church equip your heroes for life's warfare? "Which can do it best?" This is a serious question for you to decide, and, in these days of properly built, properly furnished, and properly taught parochial schools, it will not do for you to beat around a leafless old bush, called worldly advantage, secular advancement, and such like humbugging titles, trying to evade your most sacred duties.

Sad it is, indeed, when with Catholic parents, gaudy banners, gold lace, and costly trappings have a higher value than the armor of a sanctified soul and the shield of a Heaven-inspired will. Sad, when the head of a Catholic youth becomes too large for the helmet of Faith; or the heart of a Catholic maiden becomes too full of silly affection and weak sentimentality to give space to Christian virtue.

Oh, that parents, the earthly Providence of their children, would reflect. Even students, within college and academy walls, have the sending of heroes to do a hero's deeds. How do you conduct yourself, dear young readers, in regard to the school companion, or friend, who confides in you, who expresses to you his difficulties, his temptations, his antipathies? You are aware of his dislike for certain teachers or companions, of his distaste for certain duties, his reluctance to forgive, his aversion to making a just apology, his resistance to lawful authority, his bitter resentment under a correction. Is he nobler for having confided in you? Do you send from your presence a hero or a coward? Does he go, inspired by your word, to conquer his Troy, whatever it may be, or has he been so weakened by your mistaken sympathy that he is ready to surrender to his foes?

Let us beware how we use our power over the hearts of others, lest instead of heroes we multiply selfish cowards in the land.

All are not of heroic mold, it is true, but of some God

does not demand a hero's deeds, nor to them does he present the hero's opportunity. If these opportunities are presented to you, you may be sure that a time will come when God your Commander, will formulate his irrevocable judgment in the words: "I sent a hero to do a hero's deeds."

CROOKED STEMS.

A Demand on the Teacher's Charity.

HEAPS of ferns, of golden-hearted, purple asters, and of pale-gold nasturtiums, flecked with red-brown dashes of relieving color, were laid before me. The altar in the infirmary chapel was to be decked with this beauteous spoil from the convent garden.

The ferns, with their rich, plume-like, verdant suitability, gave themselves readily to the purpose of a background.

The flowers, each presenting a distinct personality, a meaningful individuality, were not so easily placed. They demanded careful arrangement. They would lose much of their character-value, much of their charm and their significance, if bunched together, regardless of individuality and peculiar personality.

As the clusters of bright blossoms and graceful foliage grew into definite shape, each flower, though not alone, though one among many, stood uncrowded in its own tiny bit of space, free to win, by its own individual charm and its personal beauty, a loving glance from admiring eyes.

But, when the grouping was finished, with such regard to harmony of color and symmetry of form as was required for the perfection of the whole, something was discovered that offended piety and exacting taste. Certain golden-hearted asters and piquant-faced nasturtiums had turned, the former a green calyx, the latter a golden spur, towards their fellow flowers and the divine Heart in the Tabernacle.

These flowers had crooked stems, and it had been difficult to place them from the first, they would not "stay put"; they marred the desired effect and sacred purpose of the united whole.

With careful touch, an effort was made to turn them in the right direction, and a few responded gracefully. Others were obdurate, and, so interrelated are all the members of any sort of community, an attempt to place them to a better advantage displaced many another fair, well-behaved, straight-stemmed blossom.

With gentle patience, the rearrangement was continued until the greater number of the crooked-stemmed but sweet-faced, golden-hearted ones adapted themselves to the common purpose of the group. Several, however, in each bouquet, in spite of every kindly inducement to do otherwise, invariably twisted back again to their unloving, unharmonious posture.

The question arose, shall these be rejected, cast forth to wither and die? These stubborn asters have golden-hearts, these perverse nasturtiums have beauty and fragrance, yet they spoil the beauty and mar the symmetry of these bouquets meant to honor God and to please the eye of worshipers before the altar. Shall they be cast forth? They have turned their backs to the Tabernacle. Yes; but the loving, pitiful eyes of the Dweller in the Tabernacle see all sides of things; do you have a care lest you are considering principally the eyes of the worshipers.

Every true-hearted, right-minded teacher can read the meaning of the fable, the interpretation need not be written. The origin of the fable is here truly given, and because the idea grew in the atmosphere of the chapel, you will cherish it, however unworthy the mental soil that nourished it.

A SAINTLY TRIUMVIRATE.

IT SEEMS presumptuous for one not of the sacred band to attempt to eulogize a saint.

We are familiar with the so-called lives of the saints, no doubt, and have marveled, in a despairing mood, at the wonderful achievements of these giant souls, but which of us knows, after all his reading and studying, even the mere alphabet of saintliness?

A saint? Would you recognize a saint, think you, were you to meet one? The very meekness and humility which make him a saint hide from us his spiritual greatness. A saint! What broad fields the mind must traverse, what depths the understanding must sound, what heights the intellect must climb, what fervor must burn within the heart, before one can grasp even the smallest fraction of the meaning of that superlatively significant name! A saint is not only the result of the eternal Father's creative act; he is the most precious purchase of the eternal Son's redeeming love, the most noble work of the eternal Spirit's sanctifying grace. A saint is a master-piece of the divine Artist, a heroic poem by the divine Author, a magnificent chord of music played by the divine Master.

St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, comes first in the order of dates to greet the seeker after saintly companionship in the favored month of March. What noble titles have been conferred upon him! Surely, the name of saint is enough to distinguish any man however great. Not so did holy Mother Church think when she chose to crown her favorite son with a coronet of earthly honor and a diadem of eternal glory.

Remembering his victories over the deadly assaults of evil spirits, she acknowledges his heroism with the title of Angel,

synonym of superiority to sensual attractions; recalling that noble product of high-minded piety, "The Office of the Blessed Sacrament," she confirms the title of Angel by the voice of all her saints, as given to one belonging to the company of glorious spirits whose abiding place is the sanctuary and whose all-absorbing joy is the service of the altar. Bearing in mind his "Summa," and ranking him as the colossus among human intelligences, she has proclaimed him by the voice of her Popes. "Angel of the Schools." An angel incarnate, pure of body, the purity that creates saintliness; an angel of the sanctuary, pure of heart, a purity that redeems human nature; an angel of the teaching Church, pure of mind, a purity that sanctifies and exalts the soul; such is St. Thomas by the divine accolade of heaven!

St. Thomas Aquinas was born at Aquino, Italy. He received the Dominican habit at the age of sixteen, and was then sent to Cologne to study under Blessed Albert the Great. Later he went to Paris to teach philosophy and theology. Let these few statements provoke your pious curiosity, and lead you to read what has been written of him by pens more worthy than mine to tell the wondrous story of his holy life and incomparable labors.

In order of dates, again, St. Patrick is the second of our Triumvirate. His mission differed greatly from that of St. Thomas. St. Patrick spoke to infants in the Faith, and gave a nation to the Church; St. Thomas speaks to adults in the Faith, to those who have grown old, gray and venerable in its practice. St. Thomas, by his teachings, preserves to the Church the nations gained for her by apostolic saints. He was sent to teach the sage and to guide the wise; he has proclaimed not only the name, but the mind of God, and has revealed not only the glory but the very secrets of heaven.

St. Patrick is the spiritual father of a great people; St. Thomas is the spiritual teacher of a universal Church. Both have made a wide-spreading and ever-enduring impression

on the world; the one by persuasion of the heart; the other by conviction of the mind; the one through the instrumentality of his scattered people's undying fidelity to the Church's faith and practice, of which he is the teacher and the model; the other through the invincible power of the Church's divine dogma, of which he is the human exponent.

Irish students love St. Patrick for sake of a double motherhood—Erin and the Church; all students love St. Thomas for the motherhood of the Church and the fatherhood of God, as revealed to them through her by the words of the Angelic Doctor.

Highest in the sphere of spiritual labor ranks an apostle. A great king may have a multitude of faithful, virtuous subjects, but among them will be certain nobler intelligences or grander characters who will be chosen to help govern the nation at home or to represent it abroad. In St. Patrick we behold one chosen to represent in the oldest monarchy of modern Europe the monarchy of Heaven.

Erin, a land of kings and princes, the home of poetry and song, the temple of stately Druidism, must have a messenger of magnificent mental gifts and imposing spiritual power. He must come clothed in pontificals, as the accredited ambassador of God; he must officiate at an altar of such transcendant glory that before it the grandeur of awful Druidism shall pale, and shrink, and die.

Such a one came. Study him, the great Patricius, as he stands in the Hall of Tara with the shamrock in his hand and the light of God upon his face! Can you, with all your study, fathom the depths of soul from which his eye has caught that gleam of fire divine? Can you, with your noblest thought, reach the height whence comes the radiance of his brow? Do you not see that God has sent His angels to minister to this man, to clothe him with the mantle of the prophet, to crown him with the diadem of a dominating faith, to inflame him with an all-persuading charity, to illuminate him with an all-enticing hope? Yes; and to give him for his

protection the armor of simplicity and the shield of humility.

Oh! ineffably great is this man, this saint, this messenger from God to a people of sad but glorious destiny, this apostle of a deathless nationality without a nation, the bearer of the Gospel of Christ to a people who have carried it to the inhabitants of all the earth.

An Angelic Doctor, and a Saintly Ambassador,—can there be any greater, higher, holier offices in the kingdom of God on earth? Yes; the earthly shadow of the eternal Father, the human guardian of the Divine Child, the finite representative of infinite Love, St. Joseph, of whom we know so little; St. Joseph, whose greatness is implied rather than assured in the Gospels. Reverence for those whom he guards teaches us the holiness of the guardian; respect for those whom he guides reveals to us the depth of his wisdom; regard for those whom he so tenderly cherishes awakens our love for his gentle nobility and amiable simplicity. Submission to the eternal Father, faith in the Virgin Mother and Divine Son, love for the Holy Spirit, hope in the Blessed Trinity, all reveal to us the certainty that our frail human life could not survive the merest glimpse of St. Joseph's transcendent interior holiness.

St. Thomas, St. Patrick, St. Joseph,—could men be more unlike than these three? Unlike in life, character and labor, saints of different species,—“as one star differeth from another,” so do the saints differ from each other; no two of them alike, each of them a stupendous world of grace peculiar to himself—all of them in sublime harmony with the divine plan.

“Eulogize them?” Rather let us prostrate ourselves before their very memory, that dear shade of them which rises, year after year, on their glorious anniversaries. Yes; prostrate ourselves, and beg their pardon that we have dared to raise our eyes to their radiant faces when it is more fitting that we should embrace their holy feet.

YOU HAVE FLOATED: NOW YOU WILL ROW.

“**F**LOATING! O charming lyric of motion! Who has not watched, with delight, a snowy summer cloud floating through varied fortunes, bathed either in a golden sea by day, or a silvery lake by night? Embracing here a star, passing there a planet—floating—floating, to fall at last as vivifying rain! There is no motion so free from effort, so soothing to physical sense, and so tranquilizing to the mind.” Blessed be the youth that has been spent in floating, joyous, care-free and buoyant.

What a fascination there is about those marvelous tone-pictures which the poets delight to paint of boats floating on lake, river and sea. As we read, we feel the poet’s very heart throbbing in our own; we see with his eyes, and never was sky so blue, so deep, so far; never sun-lit clouds so ethereal, graceful and near; never shores with curves so free and noble, or banks with flora and fauna so marvelous.

We hear with his ears, and never was music sweeter than the rippling of the waters and the murmur of the trees upon their banks. With the poet’s ideals our mind has floated. Though so gifted, he has labored to row up this beautiful stream of thought and expression, adown which we gently float, as we read his book. Effort for him; delight for us. Such has school-life been for you, dear graduates. You have floated, where others have rowed, where some have been shipwrecked. You have glided between enchanted banks and on unruffled waters.

Some, in floating, keep their eyes idly skyward, and pass their youth in ignorance of the realities that surround them. They dream; they fail to observe; and all their lives they pay the forfeit for lost opportunities. Others, though the

sky is a sacred lesson and a wondrous delight, spend most of their time observing the banks of their life-stream. Enchanted banks they have been for you. Even now, what a glowing panorama memory presents of them! All the giant wonders of childhood's imagination and misconception wander there; Santa Claus, the fairies, and the ghosts!

Doubtless there was a squall on the waters and great excitement on the banks the day your boats left the home harbor and drifted into school-life. There, new enchantments won the eye and, after a long time, the heart. There, wandering up and down the banks, was the wondrous Alphabet, "C for Cat," and all the rest until "Z for Zebra", closed the queer procession of oxen, dogs and hens. It required much time and great activity to investigate all that concerned this menagerie of the Alphabet and the work was intensely interesting. You floated in a circle at that period; but, all at once, the boat took a broad sweep and neared that "Slough of Despond," called, in olden times, "figurin' ". There you made the acquaintance of the digits, beginning with the narrow-hearted 1, of so little value, unless you put naughts at his back.—Of course, he was the first to appear, assuming all the airs of a captain. No doubt, you rather liked him in those days; it was so easy to draw him on the slate, and then, you felt so rich when you had made him 10, 100, 1,000, or even 1,000,000, by placing insignificant zeros at his heels. You have since learned that "No. 1" is not only the slimmest and thinnest, but the meanest among the digits, a vulgar shoddy, what Thackeray would call a stupid "snob". This impertinent figure has originated a motto that is the enemy of all true advancement. "Look out for No. 1," is a command, which, if obeyed universally, would banish from earth all true nobility of mind and heart.

"No. 2" looked reverent, with bowed head and bended knee; "No. 3," mystic No. 3, not a circle, yet tending to the centre; solid "4", and jaunty "5" followed; then came the

well-balanced "6" of base wide and firm, and the mysterious "7" bravely bearing aloft a banner, with "8" all graceful curves, a regular society belle among the digits, accompanied by "9", which, much like the top-heavy politicians pictured in Puck, is all head. You "floated" past those blessed digits, —all young people do,—and if they jogged your boat, or gave you any trouble over "Fundamental Rules", you wielded slate pencils and crayons, but never an oar, and floated peacefully onward. There was a later and a sadder day, when you were caught in the shoals of Quadratics, and were nearly wrecked on the rocks of Solid Geometry. Perhaps it was hard rowing for teachers, but what do pupils care about that? The boat kept moving, nearing the port of to-day.

What came next on those mysterious banks of school-life? The regions of geography and history: nature's beauties, earth's restless inhabitants, the world's thrones and battle-fields, and high above all, the immensities and the glories of Astronomy. Its blazing suns and gleaming stars, its radiant moons and brilliant planets, its darting meteors and mysterious comets, became acquaintances, almost friends. As you floated through space, without fear of comet or sun, so you went down the stream of time, without dread of Geologic revolutions, monster quadrupeds, or primitive man.

All along the way, Literature spread a grassy carpet on the banks, sprinkled it with flowers, and shaded it with noble trees. Voices from those shades assured you that no one has reached the port of his ideals, without earnest, unceasing toil; that rarely, if ever, might one rest on his oars and let his boat drift. We have, in the literary world, some woeiful examples of drifting boats, however. Because he floated rather than rowed, Coleridge left no works commensurate with his great genius; and De Quincey failed, as Macaulay says, "to finish anything but his sentences." You saw that all had not drifted, however, and you learned that there have been no braver, or more steadfast rowers on the waters of

any sphere in life than those whose craft was launched on the stormy sea of literature. However violent the tide of criticism and envy that set against these noble souls, you saw that they ceased not to fling to the breeze the pennant of justice and right. Hard rowing most of them had, and disasters befell many of them. Looking from your floating boat at the literary world around you, you beheld all sorts of oarsmen and every kind of sea: Addison and Johnson, rowing against the current of poverty and distress; Burns, yielding to adverse winds; Byron, recklessly dashing among the rocks; Cowper, struggling in that worst of all seas, "religious despondency"; and Scott, dear, upright Scott, forcing his boat, in his old age, through the swampy waters of a half million of debt. You saw them all from the calm and noble Chaucer to the serene and highminded laureate Tennyson, of our own day, and each taught you the great lesson that the hour of floating was past, that now you must row.

The day-laborer and the millionaire, the merchant and the scholar, the poet and the artist, the soldier and the priest, all have ceased, since childhood, to float, and have had to row. Weary work, but not without its compensations and delights. A labor successfully accomplished, brings exultation to the heart; there is boundless joy in feeling the boat gliding onward, and knowing that we, ourselves, are wielding the oars!

It is to be hoped that our dear graduates, while floating, have realized the greatness of their opportunities, and have acquired knowledge and virtue and strength for the time of their rowing. Of the multitudes who will graduate from various institutions this month, some will hug the shores, never leaving safe, shallow waters; some, with vitiated taste, will seek, not only shallow, but muddy waters; the many will not venture far; the few, of genius and power will seek the high seas, some to be dashed on the rocks at last, and others to ride triumphantly the billows in a gale. Not unfre-

quently a timid craft, all unused to storm and strife, will put forth heroically to the aid of a disabled man-of-war that has met disaster on the high seas, and will save it.

There is much character displayed in the handling of oars. Some row as though they had "St. Vitus' Dance". It is to be hoped that none of you will go through life in such a zigzag fashion, but rather on the direct course that is attained only by the long, even sweep, and steady dip of the well-managed oar.

Whatever the character of the rowing, row you must, from this day forth. Doubtless, you will find the world's waters totally unlike the ideal sea that has been pictured in your imagination, but, remember, that men and women before you have become saints, by rowing wisely, just as frail a boat as yours, over just as turbulent a sea. Let the danger be what it may, with brave true hearts aided by Alma Mater's prayers and blessings, you shall meet and surmount it. Your craft is God-given; for you none could be better, but you must not let it drift for even one short hour. School life is past. "You have floated; now you must row."

BRAIN FERTILIZERS.

IN THE mysterious creative days of the earth's origin, God separated the land and the water. Land and water—vast reservoirs of force; the subsequent acts of creative power, which called vegetation into being, were but the putting of these forces into action, and—behold! earth is clothed with verdure, graced with forests, wreathed with vines, perfumed with flowers, and gladdened with fruits. The soil was fertile; the force was there. Give to Sahara water and lime, and Sahara will bloom; exhaust the soil of Eden, and Eden will become a desert.

The study of the divine economy, as manifested in the use of things, is of thrilling interest, and inspires in us a feeling of reverence for objects otherwise contemptible.

A multitude of living creatures is crushed by a Geologic revolution;—the remains form the limestone of a later age; abrasion and erosion do their work, and the barren rock becomes a fertile soil. The energetic, ever restless winds bring the seed; the rain falls; the gracious sun sends warmth and light; the fertilized soil gives birth to vegetation; man and beast eat and rejoice, labor and die;—die, that in them also death and destruction may be the promise of a better, higher life. Useless the wind, dead the seed, needless the rain, powerless the sunbeam, if the soil be not fertilized.

From the visible world of nature, to the invisible world of the brain, we pass, with the awesome feeling that the one is but a subtle, mysterious form of the other. Brains, strong and vigorous—reservoirs of mental force—productive, fruitful beautifiers of life on earth, are found in every rank of earth's inhabitants. Thus they came from the hand of God; thus they continue, by their very act of living; but other

brains there are, scorched by the sun, forsaken by the dew and the rain, hardened into glittering particles of unproductive alumina. Who shall give them silica and lime and moisture? We hear much, and we read much of sowing seed, scattering grain, rooting fruitful plants in mental gardens and fields; little thought is given to the use of the plough and the harrow, still less, if any, thought at all, is expended on the subject of fertilization. Too much of our mental training results, as did the sowing of that seed described in the parable, as springing up so readily, and withering away so speedily. Why do so many of our brilliant graduates become dull men and women, with no power in the world? Good seed was sown in their school days, good seed still falls from many hands around them in the broader spheres of the world. What is amiss? The soil has become exhausted. Ploughed by Sorrow, harrowed by Distress, yet it fails to produce, if it be not fertilized by meditation and prayer.

We all know persons whose conversation is to us like a dew-laden breeze to arid land; we all have read books, which, though giving no new idea, or awakening no new emotions, have strengthened and refreshed our mind, causing seed previously sown to grow and to flourish; we have travelled through scenes and enjoyed simple pleasures which have been to us, a sort of mental gardening.

It behooves the mental agriculturalist to study mental Chemistry; many a thing seemingly useless if sown like seed, may be a valuable fertilizer, if carefully mixed with the soil. How many mental estates, beautifully located, are barren! Who is responsible? You who are so zealous in fencing in the land with laws, so industrious in scattering the seed of knowledge, have a care that you be not too chary of you love, kindness, tender consideration and faithful prayer. Is an estate confided to you, and you find it adapted to growths that you can not propagate? Fence it in, if such be your duty; supply the seed, if you possess it; but let the hand that has

the power you do not possess, prepare the soil. All monopolies are odious; mental ones are insufferable.

You who feel your mental forces growing weak, you who are weary of producing fruit that others leave to decay, do not shut yourselves away from your fellow creatures; go forth to meet the word, the smile, the hand-pressure that is to be to your mind what the electric current is to a weakened nerve. Go forth, that from the fruit left to decay, its life-containing kernel may fall on the soil, moist and rich, fertilized by your disappointments and failures. Many seeds will yet fall from your unappreciated tree upon the fertilized soil of the minds you have cultivated.

What abundant harvests succeed a planting that has followed an hour before the Crucifix, or a visit to the Tabernacle; yet, even these holy fertilizers may be hindered in their work. Give to the soil all else that it requires, and withdraw the sunlight; barrenness will result. All mental and spiritual fertilizers are useless without the sunlight of Joy.

SQUANDERED RICHES.

DO YOU ever wake in the night, friend? Yes? Well, and of what do you think as soon as you wake? What sort of emotions thrill your being? Does joy or fear come to your heart in the silent watches of the night? Are you self-satisfied, as you were in the sunshine, the day before? Let us suppose that we put these questions to a hundred persons, will not ninety-nine of them declare that the first thought on awakening in the night, was one of regret, the first emotion one of fear regarding the consequences sure to follow the cause of that regret, one of miserable dissatisfaction with self? Surely! And why? Because of the riches that are daily squandered, because in the quiet and the darkness of night the voice of conscience can be clearly heard as it casts up the numbers on the wrong side of our spiritual account.

How early in the preceding day our losses began! When we awoke, we failed to make the sign of the cross, failed to begin our day in the name of the Holy Trinity; failed to recall the Incarnation of our Blessed Lord; lost thereby an indulgence and the consecration of our day, to say nothing of the assistance that would have been given us, had we made an appeal to the Blessed Trinity our first conscious act. We arose, but, instead of kneeling by our bedside to make an offering of our day to God, we began immediately to dress. One minute would have sufficed for an offering somewhat like the following, "O my God, I offer to thee every motion of my body as an act of praise, every thought as an act of thanksgiving, every heart-throb as an act of reparation, every step as a preparation for death, all pain, sorrow and labor as an act of contrition, and of penance and as a reparation for my sins. I desire to gain all the indulgences to which I am

entitled and to assist in spirit at all the Masses that will this day be offered all over the world." Stop to consider, dear young friend, all that you lose of temporary satisfaction and eternal merit, by not making your morning offering. I do not ask whether you say your morning prayers after dressing, for just now, we are not thinking of the losses experienced by sinners, but of the squandered riches of good, pious people. Yes; the morning prayers are all right, but they do not fill the place of that first loyal dedication of oneself to God which is made in the morning offering, and begins so beautifully, with a golden link, the chain of our daily routine of duties and pleasures. The offering having been sincerely made at the first moment of rising, then to sing, to dance, to play, at the proper time and place, and in proper company, is to pray. It is the morning offering that makes it possible for us to obey our Lord's behest, "Pray always," for it makes of every action a prayer. Surely, actions that are prayers must be highly meritorious, hence the omission of the morning offering is a sad loss of spiritual and eternal riches. The daily mass is not of obligation, but oh, the graces, the blessings, with which its glorious ceremonial is laden! It is because so few reflect on the value of the Holy Sacrifice, that a greater number do not attend the daily services at God's altar. Who shall estimate the riches thereby squandered? Who, but the recording angel, and the all knowing Judge? Ah, with what bitterness of regret will we sometime sigh, "It might have been! It might have been mine to claim that special glory, that peculiar happiness which my Judge has revealed to me only to withdraw it from my unmeriting grasp. That place near the sacred heart of Jesus, so much more deeply bathed in the radiance of the Holy Mother's purity, I might have purchased at very little cost to myself, but I squandered my riches."

Our daily, hourly sufferings, great or small, must be borne, in any event, how foolish to lose their eternal worth,

by want of patience, or which is far more common, by the want of a supernatural motive in our endurance.

Our opportunities—oh, their multitude! And what are we doing with them? I do not presume to reproach the elders among us, perhaps it is too late for them to acquire a new habit, or perhaps they are already practiced in holy customs, far beyond the strength of youth, but our young people may well stop to consider the value of a single day's events. Those who need kindness are like the poor, always with us, and by this one practice, this endeavor to be kind all day, to every one we meet, we shall discipline our hearts, train our manners, bring peace to our souls, make others happy, and—think of it,—coin, mint, store up eternal wealth. An additional degree of eternal happiness is gained for every kind word, for every encouraging smile, for every unselfish deed!

Life is hard, cold and comfortless, for some of you? Yes, I know; I feel; but here is your chance for amassing the wealth that rust cannot consume. It may be hard to rise early and hurry off to work, to stand, perhaps in the street car, and then stand all day behind a counter, or bend all day over sewing. If such is your position, it must be borne—why lose the value of its opportunities? It is possible to say indulgenced ejaculatory prayers while standing in a street car—prayers that will make satisfaction for your own sins, or those of some soul in purgatory, and it is quite probable, that becoming interested in your brief aspirations, you will not notice so much the discomfort of standing. How many times while riding down town or up town, might one say "Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love. Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation." You know the indulgence for saying them once, consider the benefit of saying them many times.

You pass along the street and hear God's name taken in vain; how dear to God must be your practice of saying, under such circumstance, again and again, as you pursue your way, "Praise, honor and glory be to the holy name of

God!" Here we have riches accumulated for eternity by reparation lovingly offered.

You are not asked to do any hard or unusual thing, but to be vigilant in watching for the opportunities that present themselves in simple, every day occurrences. How surprised you will be when you die, to find that your spiritual pennies have borne compound interest, converting them into golden dollars wherewith to purchase a high place in the kingdom of God.

Have courage then, dear young hearts, so full of care—and oft of pain, the sufferings of time are the coin wherewith we purchase the joys of eternity.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE NEW year requires of us that we use our brain-power and our heart-power nobly, that we form our characters grandly, that we keep our thoughts on lofty flights.—none of these things can we do until we learn to resist the evil within and without us.

Resistance is not the only power that we shall need to wield, however, if this new year is to crown with glory all the past years of our life, as we have resolved of course that it shall. The power of endurance must grow strong within us. To endure—like the oak that bends beneath the Storm King's blows, but does not break! Bends in the storm to rise stately and grand in the sunshine.

To endure—who grasps the full significance of the word? To be strong—silent—God-like! This is a power that has no illusions, and presents no dangers from pride or vanity. It must be acquired; it is not a gift of nature, nor the free fruit of grace; it is gained only after the frequent and protracted exercise of patience. It is a power that sends forth light, and radiates heat; he who endures sorrow and pain, injustice and unmerited disgrace, without murmuring, without rebellion, without faltering or weakness, is a sun in the firmament of his neighbor's life, a beneficent, fructifying light and warmth, causing the growth on earth of precious spiritual fruits in his own garden and in the garden of his neighbor.

Endurance is a power but little sought, and but slightly admired by the men and women of our day; they do not believe in it. Sorrow is shunned; grief is drowned; pain is dulled; to bear, these things, to rejoice in them, was pleasing to ancient saints; we moderns will have none of it. In the

heat, enthusiasm and excitement of battle, we can fight; but cool, calm, peaceful endurance is too much for our spiritual weakness.

We boast of our great men, of their intelligence, their inventive faculty, their genius,—these things were given them,—true greatness is acquired. A martyr in a Roman amphitheatre, a Father of the Desert, a saint of Mediaeval times—he is great, for he has endured.

Noble fact for us to hold in mind,—endurance is more the power of woman than of man; by it she attains the zenith of her sex's glory; wherever there is a cross, she stands at the foot of it; and wherever there is a sepulchre, she comes to push away the stone, and finds angels to help her.

Into every life there comes struggle, labor and warfare. The world withholds the thing we want, and we obtain it only through strife. Herein lies the necessity of a power surpassing the two we have considered—the power of perseverance.

There was a time when the earth was a radiant star in space, its beauty was as the fiery beauty of the distant suns that illumine our midnight sky; it was a gleaming, glowing prophecy of grander things than the universe had ever known; forces of stupendous force and activity were at work fitting it for the fulfilment of its magnificent destiny, as the Bethlehem and the Calvary of the planets. In studying these forces we are struck by their unceasing activity; they never sleep, never rest. To what is the admirable harmony of nature due? Why have we permanence in the midst of change? It is the law—the forces persevere—they do not pause, nor rest, much less do they cease. The forces that come under man's control are effective only in so far as man perseveres in their application to some particular purpose.

The intellectual and moral forces of man's own nature and being accomplish a grand work only when used perseveringly. Lacking the power of perseverance, he lacks the chief element of success.

At the beginning of this glad new year, your mind is soaring towards highest aims, your heart is exulting in its latent powers, you are girding yourself for conquest? Those aims will never be attained, those latent powers never used, that conquest never gained, if you have not the power of perseverance.

If you wish to die on some of earth's glorious battle-fields crowned for the victory you have won with hero's sword or poet's pen, with artist's pencil or orator's mighty word, you must persevere.

Power is sweet; all would be numbered with the strong, but remember whatever the power you wield, the necessity for perseverance is the same; there can be no halting, no rest, the sceptre must not be laid aside for a single short moment, the eagle must not be tempted for a single instant to alight in the valley; the creature on wings must take an upward flight of unwearying aspiration; a noble character must not, for even one of the many hours of life, cease from striving against injustice and wrong; the brain must not cease to think, the heart to love, nor the lips to pray; while as for resistance and endurance, you readily see that they are worthless without perseverance, for this is the highest of all powers, the grandest, the strongest, the most effective, the most God-like; the only power that opens the portals of Heaven.

A MANY-HUED GARLAND.

HOW poets have raved, "in fine frenzy," over the October woodlands, and failed to do much more than darken them. How artists have tried to catch the magic glory of their rich coloring, and failed to give us much more than the paintiest paint on a lifeless canvas. We sit entranced before a single splendidly robed maple; surely, not Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these children of nature. By "a train of thought", that mysterious process that philosophy fails to explain, we pass, in our mind, from this beautiful maple to the church and her noble symbolism that makes such an impressive use of colors. It is October with her the whole year round, so gorgeously does she ever mingle crimson and gold, and snowy white, her martyrs, her heroes, her virgins, but October has special claims to consideration in the twelve-arched bow of heavenly promise which we call a year. As the month of the Rosary, it stands, with May and June, pre-eminent in the calendar of holiness and devotion. The golden chain and jeweled beads of the Rosary twine in and out among the leaves of our "many-hued garland" of October feasts, and lend them unsurpassed value and charm though they are very rich and beautiful themselves. Here is Remigius, of holy Frankish memory, heading the procession of the month's great personages, a fitting leader, as he was in the days of Clovis. Then the "holy guardian angels"—shut your eyes, children, and think for a moment what this means—myriads of souls and myriads of angelic attendants—why, it takes one's breath away!

"Placidus and Companions"—think of it! Just as one might say Jupiter and his moons! Yet wonderful as is "the miniature Copernican System suspended before us," how it

pales, how it shrinks into insignificance before the glory of any one of these “companions” of St. Placidus.

Then we read the names, Bruno, Mark, Bridget, and Denis,—marvels, all, of divine grace, forgotten by the world but remembered by heaven.

St. Francis Borgia—ah!—put away your love stories, and read his delightfully interesting life; earthly attachments, however noble, will seem small and mean, compared with the love that glorified his life and his being. Germanus, Wilfrid, Edward, Calistus, Theresa,—wonderful stories have these, masterful things they did for God, particularly Theresa, marvel among women, strong with the strength of divine love, delicate with the delicacy of every feminine grace and beauty. This month has its apostles also, three of them—each a study in himself. Likewise it has its archangel, the tender-hearted Raphael, and many saints whom we have not space to mention, though their lives are so glorious a thing to read about and to be enthusiastic about. It is true that we dare not think of imitating them, but to read of them and to meditate on them, fills our hearts with that best of guests, the love of God.

THE MONTH OF HOLY MEMORIES.

THE month of November is consecrated to holy memories, sweet, tender, human memories of the glorious saints in Heaven, and of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

How happiness, even here on earth, beautifies the human countenance, and seems to vivify, with a special energy, every member of the human body! What must be the ineffable effect of that happiness which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. What a glorious vision a saint must be; a saint—one who looks upon the face of God—one whose entire being is saturated with heavenly delights! And this month we celebrate the memory of all the saints.—Think of it! The sight of one is more than we could bear; how, then, shall we picture to ourselves hundreds and thousands of them, any one of whom, were he to appear to us, would draw away from us our very hearts. Think of them; honor them; imitate them; pray to them; make friends of them. Not God's laws, but our own indifferent hearts, erect barriers between us and those who have gone to life eternal. Their voices are spiritual; we must listen with the ear of our soul—that ear which is so easily deafened by distraction, and through heedlessness fails to grasp messages it were worth a martyr's blood to hear.

Keep the saints so busy this month about earthly things that they shall need to look constantly upon our Lord and His blessed Mother to remember that they are in Heaven. They are "old scholars", these dear saints, they have been through the same course of experience which you and I now find so difficult, so full of snares, so discouraging. They have graduated; they have received diplomas; they have

been crowned. We are in the same life-school, and the same rewards are held out to us; each saint is to us a teacher, why will we not learn? Let us not be cold and distant with these heavenly friends, but asking fervently and accepting gratefully their help, let us make sure that we shall pass from earth's training school to be teachers ourselves in the supernatural science of the saints.

Not the saints only are remembered with special love this month, but also those dear souls who will be saints, when their probation is past. With but little trouble to ourselves, we can help them to realize their grand "Commencement Day". Who is without an interest in Purgatory? Who has not, somewhere, a treasure buried in that dreary casket called a grave? And had they none, were they of the few who have never lost a friend, should their interest in Purgatory be any the less strong and deep, since God's friends are there and God desires them elsewhere? Surely that statement is enough to arouse our zeal in their behalf. Reflect on what you do when you aid to release one of these prisoners of love. You free a soul from dire woe, from inexpressible suffering; you add a citizen to Heaven; you give joy to the angels and saints; you comfort and delight the Sacred Heart.

FLOWERS OF HAPPINESS.

They Grow Only on the Highways of Usefulness.

“**I** WISH I had something to do.” It is a voice from a very remote past that comes back to me uttering those words, in accents of such pitiful weariness and discontent as to impress them on a memory since burdened with things apparently far more important but not half so well remembered. I use the word “apparently” advisedly, for it is, after all, not such an unimportant thing that an active young lad is longing for something to do; it suggests possibilities that one wishes immediately to reject, but which the boy may accept.

He was a daintily clad and tenderly reared lad who repeated the above wish, over and over again, in spite of the costly toys that lay scattered around him, and the fastidiously nice things that his elegant mama suggested he might do. More to please his mother than himself, he tried to be interested in his games, but, almost immediately, he wearied of them, and reiterated his wish for something to do. It was the stirring of a noble nature, the awakening of a noble mind that, unconsciously, sounded the shallowness of the useless occupations of moneyed leisure.

Some one, with a better knowledge of the boy than his own mother had, found him something to do that afternoon, something which seemed to be a help to another person, a grown up person at that. How happy the child was! He did not understand why he was happier at work than at play, but he had learned a lesson which subsequent college instruction could not improve upon; he had learned that the flowers of happiness grow only on the waysides of usefulness, whether they be highways or byways.

I remember hearing an individual reminding a discontented friend of the latter's manifold comforts and blessings, and concluding by asking irritably, "What more do you want?" Quietly and sadly came the answer, "To be of some use." This was not ambition, it was generosity. There is such a thing as a noble discontent, and, instead of condemning it, we might better try to satisfy its cravings. There is so much to be done in this busy world, surely, we might let this eager soul be of some use, even if she will not follow our peculiar methods, but rather a system of her own. "If I were only of some use," moans the afflicted one, whose body has lost its activity by disease. "He also serves who stands and waits" sounds well in poetry, and we know that it is true, but it does not follow that we are happy in such service; we do well, if we are quietly resigned.

The desire to be of use is the secret of many a vocation that we find it difficult to understand; it seems so strange that anything so heavenly as a religious vocation should originate in a worldly atmosphere, but some of the staunchest do there originate. I recollect a young girl who, in the midst of everything that a young heart could desire, of comfort and pleasure, used to throw herself on her face, on her velvet carpet, and cry out loud, because she had nothing to do, nothing worth living for. Needless to state that she found her way into a convent, at last, where she had no reason to complain that she had nothing to do, but rather that she had not time enough for all that she found to do; but she was happy in her work, happier than she had ever been in her leisure.

A gentleman once said to a young lady who was leaving considerable worldly advantages to enter a convent: "I can see no earthly reason for your doing such a thing." "That is just it, sir, the reason is not earthly," was the apt reply. No; the reason was heavenly, for it was a desire to gather the flowers of happiness, not only on the byways, but on the highways of usefulness.

If a few of our selfish repiners, who are never contented, and do not know what they want, would go to work and do something for their neighbors, they would likewise do much for themselves and would find themselves much happier than they ever were in their lives before, not to speak of their being nearer and dearer to God.

As for those dear souls that long to be of use, and are forced to be idle, let them remember that prayer, self-sacrifice, and the fulfillment of God's will are the highest and most fruitful sources of usefulness. By their fervent offering of these things, they can help others to work and to be useful, thereby the Master will find for each sanctified idler at its gate, many laborers within His vineyard.

ELEVATION OF THOUGHT.

OUR American tendency to "go ahead" does not always mean going upright; one may go ahead by walking on "all fours", and much of our boasted progress is accomplished in that manner. "Onward, onward!" that is the cry. Let us have rapid transit at all costs! Let our elevated railways pass churches, schools and homes, interrupting sermons, preventing recitations, disturbing the sick and the suffering; what difference to us a neighbor's inconvenience, so that we busy Americans lose no time in reaching the locality of our money making? Had we air ships in successful operation, would we stop to count the chimneys we might send toppling over or the roofs we might carry off? Not at all! Pay the damages if we must; escape, if we can, and—go on! The going on is not to be condemned, even though a few things held sacred by old fashioned people be destroyed, but our advancement is regardless of elevation, unless we except our twenty-story buildings. We seem to confound advancement and elevation, whereas a moment's reflection shows us that, though compatible, they are not identical.

Try to give our modern man of progress a true idea of intellectual elevation; tell him the only purpose of earthly existence is to love and serve God, and that its value lies in the opportunity it affords us "to become perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect." How he will laugh and sneer! With what power of satirical utterances will he not show the absurdity of an endeavor to reconcile the necessities and requirements of our modern social, political and commercial life with such an aim. But why should our duty as citizens conflict with our duty as Christians?

The inventions of genius and the achievements of talent are greatly like inspirations. Why should their impress upon the world of thought be debasing rather than elevating?

We were formed to walk erect; why have the head forever bent down, bowed over some material thing from which is to be derived only a material profit? Why, even if we hold our own heads erect, do we keep the human beings in our employ forever stooped, like the beast of the field?

Some admirer of the times will plead that we have public libraries, night schools, and a hundred other intellectual advantages for our laborers, if they care to enjoy them. Yes: and we leave all these powerful means of influence in the hands of those who teach men to stand erect against law, order, and authority, but to crawl spiritually at the bidding of the atheist and scoffer. We put the wrong books in our libraries, and the wrong lecturers on our rostrums, and then call on the world to applaud our efforts to elevate the masses.

Commonplace creatures that most of us are,—tied down to petty cares, and trammelled by sordid interests, the effort necessary to lift us out of our usual ruts and grooves destroys the little pleasure we might secure from an occasional elevation of the mind. Ah, now we have touched the very heart of the evil! Elevation of mind should not be occasioned merely; it should be the normal attitude of the intellect, and the ordinary spring of moral action.

There is no station in society, no requirement of human life and human action that is incompatible with elevation of thought. One who has once considered the subject will never again be willing to grovel amid low ideas.

Elevation of thought means elevation of soul, elevation of soul means an approach to God, and an advance toward communion and companionship with God, even in this life. Can man have no nobler aim, or can he reach it through a nobler or more delightful avenue? Some souls, not naturally great, when the grand thoughts they have drawn from another have

ceased to flow, return to a beverage better suited to their taste, and, perhaps, forever after shun the crystal fountains of high thought; but they have been great for an instant, at least, and that is better than never to have been great at all. It will add no small weight to our eternal glory, if we afford the minds of others, even once in their life time and ours, a draught of living water.

Elevation of thought is natural to not a few of our fellow-beings; they can not take low views of things, if they try, and a low motive manifested in the conduct of another, is to them a matter of grave surprise. We may safely leave this class of persons to themselves; their safeguards are ever at hand and their heaven is never very far away.

The vital question is how shall ordinary people, like you and me, reader, preserve, in the midst of life's common-places, our acquired nobility of mind, or persevere in the exercise of elevated thought?

Everything earthly, according to the pessimist, tends to debase the mind and enslave the heart. We with our beautiful faith in the communion of saints and the Real Presence, can not look on our dear earthly home, the grand school from which we are to graduate into Heaven, with such unkind, gloomy eyes. "Only at rare intervals," these dark minded, heavy hearted people say, "may a man rise above the sordid facts of his life into the realm of a fictitious elevation, and even then, he grieves that he mounted, so painful is his speedy fall to his usual dead level of everyday misery, disappointment and sin."

What a sad belief to hold amid God's glorious sunshine and sacred shadows! Nothing but sin can make a man unhappy, just as nothing but sin can debase his mind. Just this is the chief benefit of elevation of thought; it preserves from sin. Its attainment should not be so difficult; its sources are in our midst, right beside our hearth stones, in our family relations and obligations. The family, as a

civil and a social institution, was inspired by God, and has been his instrument in peopling earth and Heaven; in it must exist the grandest possibilities for mind and heart.

Opportunity is the riches of a great mind, the happiness of a great heart. Domestic life is an hourly opportunity for elevation of thought resulting in the practice of virtue. Opportunities for self sacrifice, for self restraint, for self discipline and purification, what can be nobler, stronger, grander? Self discipline, a constant reference to the law of God, an unfailing regard for its noble expression and requirements; self-restraint, following from a frequent consideration of the great ones who are gone before us leaving saintly "footprints on the sands of time"; self-sacrifice, an evidence of frequent reflection at the foot of the cross. "What old fashioned notions are these" exclaims some impatient reader. "who has the bad taste to present them to the progressive minds of our day?"

"The commandments, the saints, the cross, belong to the Church; our homes are places of rest and refreshment: it may be, of amusement; we do not propose to make prayer meetings of our family gatherings." How surely a poor argument is bolstered with exaggeration!

Habitual elevation of thought would not make the home less a place of rest and refreshment; that intellectual rest and spiritual refreshment to which physical comforts are merest accessories; a place of amusement too, but of the sort that leaves no bitterness and no regret.

If the father of the family is wedded to his newspaper, to the exclusion of all thought for wife or children,—if the mother is absorbed in household cares, thinking more of food and raiment for the body than nourishment for the soul of her child, what must result? Debasement, misery and sin,—all that the pessimist claims to form ordinary lives.

Here is a field for some sort of missionary work. Here is the evil against which our Reading Circles are contending.

If we succeed in introducing good books into our homes, we shall do much toward elevation of thought, and, consequently, of morals. The question is, do our Reading Circles reach the persons most in need of their ministrations?

Our Catholic journalists, and the graduates of our Catholic institutions would read good books and think high thoughts, if Reading Circles never existed, and yet it is mainly of these that our literary associations are formed, and, to judge by the exceedingly high-toned programs that are presented at the general meetings, they are the only ones likely to be attracted. In the meantime, what is to be done for the improvement and the elevation of the illiterate Catholic young people, intelligent and active minded, though ignorant?

It may not be agreeable for our educated members to come down to the level of these others, but it is necessary, if we really wish to accomplish the chief purpose of our Catholic Reading Circles. If we do not cause the spread of good literature, and a taste for reading it, where, otherwise, they would not be found, there is no reason for our existence as an association.

Whence is elevation of thought to come amid the barrenness of daily toil in somebody's kitchen, or behind somebody's counter, or bending over somebody's sewing? It is a pleasant fact that natural high-mindedness is not wanting among this class of persons, but it can not be the rule, unless some outward influence is brought to bear upon their dull, hard lives.

Domestic life is commonplace, no doubt; the stupid drudgery of some of its duties, and the frivolity of others make it so, but the educated mind and religiously trained heart knows how to rise superior to its petty details, and to dignify them, as the smaller parts of a magnificent whole. To the uneducated this conversion of dull reality into beautiful ideality is not possible, unless the more favored ones help them.

“My mind to me a kingdom is,” exultantly exclaimed an old-time poet, and surely he was blest, as we would wish all rational beings to be blest. The simplest domestic surroundings, the homeliest domestic duties have in them the inspiration of elevated thought, if only the mind thus engaged has a tendency to seek the inspiration, and to heed it.

How may we interest ourselves in giving minds that tendency? There is much writing and much talking, what is needed is a little doing.

At the risk of repeating, I must impress on my reader's mind the consideration of the fact that our literary associations are benefitting those who need them the least, and who make of them a pleasant recreation for themselves, instead of a vehicle for their less well informed neighbors. This recreation is good in itself, but it is not enough; we want to help those who can not help themselves, and to awaken in them the dormant love of the beautiful and the high things of life.

I received my first sweet, holy glimpse of the beauty of the Catholic faith from an illiterate but noble minded servant girl. I have met many such girls, and my heart goes out to them with a longing that somebody may interest himself in them especially, and give their minds better food than they find in the weekly papers, with their sensational continued stories. How often I have seen them with the Saturday Night, the Fireside Companion, or the New York Ledger. Somebody is responsible for the substitution of another sort of mental food for this poison, and for the cultivation of a taste that has become vitiated, not through malice, but through ignorance. Who is responsible? Are the responsible parties going to shoulder the burden, and dispose of it gracefully, piously, efficiently? If they have half as much faith in themselves as I have in them, our educated young Catholics will have enthusiasm enough to work zealously for the improvement of those who have been less favored than

themselves as regards educational advantages, though, perhaps, just as highly endowed with natural gifts. Let us at once begin a crusade against all frivolous reading, and all low standards, whether moral or intellectual, never ceasing to battle until every Catholic household becomes the abode of elevated lives, and every Catholic heart the birthplace of high thought and noble emotion.

NOT IN PERFECTION, BUT IN PERFECTING, THE
PLEASURE AND PROFIT LIES.

THE embryo plant lies sleeping in its little seed-home awaiting the command of sunshine, and the influence of moisture to put forth its tiny cotyledons, and to begin its work of perfecting itself. There are few of us who have not watched, with delighted interest its manner of doing this; the mysterious unfolding of its leaves, the gradual growth, unseen yet seen, which has marked its daily absorption of substances utterly incongruous, apparently, with the materials to be made of them; tender leaf and delicate petal from moistened earth, and a poisonous gas, warmed by a sunbeam. Quietly, slowly, sweetly, wondrously the plant perfects itself; proudly arraying itself in its uniform of green, joyously unfurling its banner of blossoms and then industriously gathering its provision of seeds. The last is the reason and the end of its being; having attained this, there is no longer a need of perfecting itself; having reached perfection, it dies.

If the plant dies while perfecting itself, and before reaching perfection, we say it was blighted.

In the animal kingdom this process, regarding simple animal life and growth, is varied, and we find perfection attained in middle life, after which the creature deteriorates, but this fact does not change the significance of our theme; man's greatest pleasure and profit, in a material sense, comes to him as his animal being perfects itself, in passing from youth to prime.

Spiritually, of course, if he be leading, in any sense, a Christian life, he never ceases perfecting himself. In this his soul rejoices here and profits hereafter. For him, as for the

plant, perfection means death, or the perfection is attained, in Purgatory, after death. The point that we wish to make is that the struggles of which we complain, the efforts against which we murmur, are really the things which give interest to life, and without which existence on earth would be dull and tame.

We are so constituted that the struggle is what we enjoy, inactivity after attainment means simply the going to sleep of our energies.

The inventor caresses his models, making and remaking his levers and wheels, applying and reapplying his chosen force, delighted with his results, happy over his work; but when success is assured, when the beloved machine has reached perfection and has been patented, his interest cools; he experiences in the perfection of his design a certain satisfaction, of course, but not the keen delight that filled his heart when perfecting it.

The artist eagerly pursues the phantom of beauty with which he hopes to win the garland of successful genius; how he works! Ah! that rich tint, that striking high light, that impressive shade, that elusive expression on some human face divine—will he ever bind them the captives of his skillful brush? At last he succeeds. It is pleasant to hear the world's praise, but this pleasure is poor indeed compared with the delight he has experienced in his work. The world sees the canvas and the exquisite picture, but it does not see the wondrous visions that have lived in the artist's brain as his brush produced this, to him, inferior realization of them. The pleasure and the intellectual profit were in the perfecting of his work, not in its perfection, and I am not to be understood as confounding perfection with completion. Earth is a place for action, and when the need of activity ceases, not even the perfection of the task fulfilled can calm the restlessness of the mind or satisfy the yearning of the soul.

What are the poet's sweetest strains to the songs he never sung, and, while they are unsung, how can he rest in the enjoyment of what his listeners call perfection? In the singing of them, he was blissfully happy, because his soul heard the mystic harmonies, the overtones of marvellous possibilities, but in the echo of them, as he hears others sing them, he catches only the dull fundamental, and so he continues perfecting his work.

The perfecting ourselves, mentally and spiritually, constitutes our real life-work. It is the true source of our earthly happiness, and there will never come for us the hour of disillusionment, so long as we persevere in this pursuit of perfection.

ITE; MISSA EST.

“THE Mass is finished.” A wonderful sentence! The human expression of divine meanings. The epitome of an eternal history. The announcement of an infinite achievement miraculously bounded by a finite accomplishment.

“Missa est;” how simple, how rich in significance! “Ite; missa est.” “Go; the Mass is finished.” Depart, with peace and joy, O child of God! The sacrifice of Calvary has been renewed; the Son of God has been again offered for you; blessings of ineffable potency have been sent upon you; gifts of immeasurable value have been given you. Go; but carry with you the remembrance of these marvels, that the spirit of them may inspire your deeds and sanctify your intentions.

All through the chanting of these words, at the close of a High Mass, the priest faces, not the altar, for he is not praying, but the congregation, for he is making a stupendous announcement: “Missa est.”

For the day and the place, there has ended an act of supreme importance. Can the chant be too glorious? Can human voice be too loud, too strong, too sweet for its solemn utterance? Can earthly choir be too full-toned, too exultant, in responding with a rapturous “Deo Gratias”?

As manifested to us, it has ever been God’s way to praise and magnify, not the promise, but the consummation of great events. “The Word was with God” for ages upon ages of silence, but when “The Word was made flesh and born in time,” the angelic hosts filled heaven and earth with bursts of ecstatic song.

And so, Child of God, the angels of the sanctuary take up, exultingly, the chant intoned by the priest, “Ite; missa est,” and with infinite joy, the angels of heaven join in the response of earthly choirs, “Deo Gratias!”

THE SOUL'S HABITATION.

LIFE is like a house of many apartments; each year we move into a new room, a room with a sunny southern exposure, or with a cold, sunless, northern outlook. Sometimes we find ourselves beside an eastern window gazing at a roseate sunrise, full of warmth and brightness; again we sit with bowed head where there falls upon us the last rays of the setting orb of day. Birth, figured by the sunrise, death by the sunset, the height of good health and proud ambition by the noonday splendor of the sun at its zenith.

No two are, at this moment, occupying rooms exactly alike in life's varied homes and wondrous mansions. What sort of a room have you moved into, kind reader, for the new school year? Do its windows face the sun? Which sun—youth's bright orb of the morning, or old age's misty globe of the western horizon? Perhaps a skylight in the ceiling admits the splendor of the midday sun in its glory, perhaps the windows are all draped with the heavy curtains of an unreasoning and unreasonable sorrow, excluding entirely the light and warmth that the thin, soft drapery of resignation would have admitted, greatly to the soul's comfort.

How is this room of yours in other particulars? Can the soul dwell here in peace of mind and heart and in the tranquil fulfillment of duty? Is its atmosphere sweet and pure, its furniture dustless, its windows open wide to sunlight and air? So many unreasonable, selfishly stupid people close their shutters, drop their curtains, banish both fires and lights and then complain that God has darkened their lives, that God who is a father to others is a hard master to them!

Again, they make the room so unpleasant, so distasteful to the good, the true, the holy, that even the angel guardian

cannot remain there with them, and then they complain of loneliness and blame the good God for it.

Each year we enter a new room in the House of Life; each day we either add to the beauty and comfort of that room or we detract from them; we are free in the matter. It is astonishing what a morbid delight some persons take in making themselves miserable and in refusing to be comforted by any means in the world.

Darkness will come—must come—why anticipate and bring it on too soon?

Open your shutters, draw back your curtains, you who are grief-stricken, God's grace and heaven's joy will come to you on the sunbeams. Let them warm your chilled soul through and through, awakening its dormant energies and making it once more a responsible, active, wonder-working power in the world.

PAGAN MYTHS AND CHRISTIAN IDEALS.

IT IS quite a passion with some minds, in our day, to create myths, or rather to transform into myths what were once supposed to be historical characters of undoubted reality. We do not propose, at present, to discuss the necessity, or the doubtful wisdom of destroying faith in the valiant William Tell, and others equally beloved by hero worshipers; rather will we show how naturally, and beautifully, many of the pagan religious myths may be adapted to the purpose of Christian symbolism. The introduction to White's Mythology expresses the following correct idea, viz: "The poets of the past used these myths, for themes, with an enthusiasm that betokened faith in them; poets of later times, notably Milton, have introduced them in their lines to convey, with greater imaginative force, certain moral truths or religious requirements of Christian belief. The painter and the sculptor have alike used them as emblems and symbols, frequently receiving from them the inspiration of their highest skill."

But we feel assured that the use made of myths, in the fine arts, since the beginning of the Christian era, is due, not so much to the pagan idea underlying them, as to the Christian ideal that may be reared above them.

Certainly the idea, in some of them, is chaste and beautiful in itself, without further idealization; the Golden Age, for instance, "a time of primeval innocence," described by Ovid as follows:

"The Golden Age was first, when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue.
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;

Needless were written law, where none oppressed;
The law of man was written in his breast.
No suppliant crowd before the Judge appeared,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound;
No swords we forged; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away its time."

Beautiful, noble and enchanting! What realities either in government or in moral life have we to compare with it? Nothing so worthy of ourselves and of our Christian belief, Were our rulers true Christian Catholics, or rather true Catholic Christians, we'd have a Diamond Age! And poets would be at a loss for verse sufficiently noble to express its glories.

Consider then, some of the lovely ideals suggested by the pagan notions of our long ago friends who believed in gods and goddesses, nymphs and satyrs. Consider Olympus, for instance,—what beauties of figurative expression lie hidden in the name! Every human mind that rises above mere material existence, has an ideal which it dimly hopes or vigorously wishes to attain, a Mt. Olympus, as it were, with its peaks amid the clouds and snows of abstract thought and speculation, while its foot rests in the valley of the heart's warm affections.

A true Olympus may the human heart become, an Olympus with gods dwelling in the regions just above it, gods springing from the faculties of the mind, as Venus from the foam of the sea; gods, powerful human thoughts, conceptions and ideas, ready for great achievements and grand triumphs. Herein lies the chief value of an education; the educated mind may, at any moment, like another Jupiter, summon the gods to a palace of delights on Mt. Olympus; summon to the halls of intellectual pleasure and mental joy, the knowledge of every sweet and beautiful thing on earth, of every grand and noble thing in poetry and art, or every

good and lofty thing in human life and endeavor. For on the throne of the brain sits the Jupiter of our ideals, the mighty human mind, imaginative and creative; there it reigns supreme, god-like, highest in a domain of wondrous wealth and possible glory; there it wields the power of calling into existence the stately growth of philosophic thought, and the flowery expanse of poetic expression; there it governs, as king, beings of its own creation, ideas that are to go forth as missionaries, ambassadors or diplomats to all the world.

God-like hopes arise and do its bidding; ideas, nymphs, as it were, from spring and grove, from earth and air, come and go, at its command, on beneficent missions to mankind, and, with a single grand thought it conquers where armies would have failed; with a single-winged aspiration it reaches realms that only angels may approach in their heavenward flights.

O magnificent mind of man! Is it not, indeed, when properly educated, another Jupiter, conquering Titans of ignorance, of doubt, of disbelief? Controlling the thunder and the lightning of undisciplined thought; commanding the clouds and the rain of beneficent thought, it spans the sky of the intellectual world with the radiant lines of the bright bow of promised peace and happiness.

It were well did the Jupiter of our mental domain reach Olympus by way of Parnassus; then would we be assured that what we have said of its powers is no exaggeration. Not merely one Parnassus have we now, but as many mountains of the muses as there are schools adorning our fair land. Christianity declares not the few, but the many, not individuals of certain classes, but the multitude, shall be educated; thus has every rostrum become a tripod, and every teacher a Pythia, with all the sacred differences and increased responsibilities that the adjective Christian implies and realizes.

Happy the youth spent in inhaling the mystic vapors arising from the caverns of Parnassus, from the depths of wis-

dom and learning, and at the same time in consulting the oracles of culture and refinement.

But, though Olympus had ne'er been climbed, Parnassus ne'er ascended, the youthful heart would find content, for there are springs of water much more to the youthful taste to be found at the foot of Mt. Helicon. Here, while basking in the sunshine of pleasure and joy, may youth quaff the waters of poetry and song.

Helicon springs there are for every youthful heart; from these some have drunk holy inspiration and divine enthusiasm. Others have found them only mirrors, reflecting the image of the Narcissus of self-love, a beautiful image to the deluded gaze, a mystic vision, to be materialized as a fair flower, destined to wither and die on the grave of disappointed hopes and ambitions. Naught is left but the voice of Echo to tell that there were ever such glorious promises and prophecies as those of youth. Yet history may point to her darkest pages; experience may repeat her most sorrowful memories, youth will heed neither the one nor the other. It will continue to gaze at its own visions mirrored in the fountains of circumstance and accident; will continue to drink from the Helicon springs of the heart, listening eagerly to the enchanting tales of the muses, regardless of the fleeting hours that can ne'er return. Hours squandered in the dream or delirium of anticipated honors and pleasures that should have been given to the storing of energy, strength and knowledge for the coming strife, when the fairy-like reflections of the fountain's surface shall have given place in the mind to the giant realities on the fountain's brink, realities to be met and conquered.

Let the spirit of true education stir the waters of the fountains of Helicon, then will the surface reflect noble visions, then will there be noble spirits to guard the brink, then will the youth who drinks of those waters be a man, great and true, perhaps a hero.

Whate'er the aim in life, be it to reach the heights of Olympus, or of Parnassus, there will be need of the light and warmth of Phoebus. The music and the sunshine of life are not the least important of the considerations involved in living well.

Phoebus, with his laurel crown, his bright flowing hair, his gold embroidered garments, his jeweled bow and quiver, is no mean figure of that daily cheerfulness and frequent joyfulness that light up the earthly abode, giving warmth to hearts and illumination to minds and souls.

Indeed, the influence of the cheery-hearted extends far beyond the home, and naught is so sure to bring to one's feet the prizes desired, as the golden arrows of Phoebus. The bright darts of cheerfulness, sent forth by heart-energy, pierce the strongest armor of coldness and unkindness, and, rebounding, bring back to the heart that sent them the very treasures it thought so desirable, but unattainable.

Life is so complex that our own sunshine is not enough to make it rich and complete; we must be recognized and favored by Astraea, goddess of Justice, and, when Jupiter is hard pressed, slayer of Titans. Not only must we win her favor for ourselves, but for others, and must accord to others, out of our own hearts, justice and help.

This again is, primarily, a matter of education. That is a mistaken education which is pursued without that exercise of the judgment which enables one to give or to withhold justice in accordance with merit.

The mind with prejudices is a Jupiter without an Astraea, and some Titan or other is sure to impair its strength and to endanger the security of its throne.

If Astraea bend over the pages of history with us, we read its events and study its personages aright. If Astraea, that is, good judgment and a true sense of justice, lead us by the hand through the domain of literature, we receive no moral taint and run no deadly risks. It is evident, then, that

whether it be the education of schools, or of experience when schools are done with, it must be no mere discipline of the memory, no mere holding of the stakes instead of an engagement in the game, but an exercise of each and every faculty in due proportion.

Having bidden farewell to schools and colleges, with lips yet wet with the waters of Helicon, ears still thrilling with the vibrant tones of a Pythia, eyes yet dazzled by Olympian sights, garments yet odorous with the vapors of the caverns of Parnassus, youth, armed with the golden arrows of Phoebus, and fortified by the presence of Astraea in his heart, looks forth upon the world, so full of promise, of opportunities and of possibilities. Educated he may be, after the manner of graduates from schools, but Minerva has not yet come to him, nor has he partaken yet of the Ambrosia and Nectar of life's nobler banquets.

Aurora, goddess of the morning, sister of the sun and of the moon, drapes man's early life with curtains of crimson and gold, sends upon its elevated places floods of vivifying light, sends into its valleys fructifying warmth, for Aurora symbolizes the spirit of youth, the spirit of life's morning hour. Fit symbol of a time so rich in all that human desire or ambition can crave. Her fairest rays, her most brilliant light, and her tenderest warmth fall on the spot called home. Here should Vesta reign; if she does not, dread are the Titans who will enter there to ruin if not to destroy all the peace and loveliness of domestic life. The education that ignores the ideal of Vesta, goddess of the household, is a false one, be it that of master or of mistress.

Jupiter, the lordly mind, may sit in majesty ever so exalted upon the throne of the brain, but if Vesta, spirit of domestic peace, trust and love, do not sit upon the hearth-stone, there will be in that home no semblance or shadow of happiness. The mind cannot be true king in that holiest of domains, the home, if the spirit of domestic honor, family union and lov-

ing respect be not queen. Vesta, as symbol of Christian love and honor, stands guarding the door of every true home, denying entrance to discord and evil; but when no danger threatens, she presides at the fireside. Let it then be the aim of the home maker and of the home supporter to keep alive the fires on the hearth, the fires on the home altar, that Vesta may never depart to seek elsewhere the employment so dear to her of fanning those fires and dispensing their magic warmth.

The true home being formed and blessed, life begins to teach men lessons, and to send them new burdens, the one being earnestly received, and the other cheerfully borne. Minerva comes to sit at the fireside, to stand guarding the door, and to accompany, in all his paths, him whose fidelity in the use of smaller gifts has won her.

We know that an education may have all the qualities required by culture, and yet be void of the essentials for the attainment of honor and success. Let the knowledge acquired be ever so varied, if it is not likewise profound it does not lead to wisdom, stern, chaste and lofty goddess! Clothed in armor, that she may be safe from the shafts of worldly maxims, holding steadily and effectively the lance of truth against the army of falsehoods that attack her, wearing upon her breast the shield of hope and charity, and upon her head the helmet of faith, the Christian Minerva, the true goddess of Wisdom, is a noble and gracious figure. A welcome figure, surely, for any heart or any home; a friend, a guide, a counselor, worth any effort to win and to retain.

Wisdom alone can make it safe for us either in youth or in age, to indulge our taste for Ambrosia and Nectar, be they material, spiritual or intellectual food and drink. Not the gods themselves, however, feasted on such Ambrosia or quaffed such Nectar as is served in our day to earnest student and learned scholar. Books everywhere, and of every

kind, the work of silver-lipped poets, golden-tongued orators and diamond-crowned kings of the literary kingdom.

The feast is not without the danger, peculiar to such enjoyments, however, and there is much need of a Hebe, or a Ganymede, as cup-bearer and taster. Ambrosia and Nectar are meant for gods; for intellects high and strong, and holy feasts are prepared that are poisonous and destructive to weaker beings. Those who wish to feast with gods must think like gods, feel like gods, live like gods, be prepared to die like gods.

THE POWER OF A CHILLING QUESTION.

A CHILD has done her best to draw the picture of a cow. To be sure, the beast would not know herself, but the little artist is happy over the result. On the scene steps her superior young brother,—“Why, Nell, did you ever see such horns on any cow but your cow?” That question kills the cow and Nell’s artistic aspirations with one fell stroke. There may be a resurrection of the aspirations, but of the cow—never! She is committed to the flames of the hottest fire in the house,—she is roasted, though never eaten, and that dreadful question rings in “Nell’s” ears for months.

An economical housewife accomplishes some “saving” feat in carpentry, or in plumbing; or perhaps she irons the Incomparable’s cuffs. With that suave voice which, coming from a masculine throat, on an occasion, adds bitterness to the sweetest words,—he asks: “My dear! was it you who drove that nail in crooked, or turned that faucet so tight that it can’t be opened, or (O national disaster!) left that streak of coal dust on these cuffs?” Down fall my lady’s air castles—vanish the visions of large sums saved by small labors exceedingly well done,—done as man’s work may be done by any half-intelligent woman! It was only a question, and put in such dulcet tones,—ah, me!

Earnestly engaged in ardent school labors is a young teacher, with a heart full of beautiful desires, and a mind teeming with high-souled schemes for the advancement and elevation of the portion of the human race so fortunate (in her mind) as to be confided to her care. Enter the superintendent, who receives a salary to make an animated interrogation point of himself,—“Ah, Miss Smith, and was it you that permitted Jim Jones’ examination paper to go to his

parents with ‘mistchef’ uncorrected?’ Now, poor Miss Smith had really done this awful deed, and—wherefore shall such a criminal have beautiful desires and lofty aspirations, and high-souled schemes,—all of them so incongruous as associated with the thought of one who could let Jim Jones misspell the only word he can clearly define and realistically illustrate? Poor Miss Smith, she is young; she will be crushed by a “civil question” many a time, and it will not kill her either.

It is to be noticed that a certain class of questioners whose utterances are like a dagger, have a habit of inquiring in an indignant tone, “Why can’t you answer a civil question?” It is to be noticed, likewise, that it is these “civil questions” that chill souls and cut into hearts. The experience is common. An individual has his mind full of good intentions, and he is devoting himself to the most earnest endeavor to carry them into effect. He is taking light meals and but little sleep, so absorbed is he in his plans for benefitting at least a small portion of mankind. In the midst of his self-forgetfulness, some one, whose words of encouragement would be valuable, asks “Do you really think this will amount to anything?” Instantly, struggle as he will against it, he is chilled and depressed. This beloved work is not quite so replete with the elements of success as he had thought, and, in a certain sense, he is correct, for, with less enthusiasm he will have less energy.

A pet idea is evolving, through the medium of words, most carefully chosen and written,—written with a hand rendered unsteady by the pulse which the excitement of thought has set flying. The page, with all its imperfections, is very fair to the eyes that rest lovingly upon it, while its contents, which are to electrify a world of minds, are read to a supposed friend, who asks: “You are sure that you believe in this idea yourself, and you really think that others are likely to agree with you?” With a shiver the originator of the

questioned idea comes out of his ecstasy! No; he is not sure; in fact, he thinks he will give it up. He does not give it up, all the same, (if he and it are worth survival) but he feels less exhilaration over his idea, and, therefore, is somewhat less well qualified to make it forcible and thereby impressive.

We really want to help, instead of hindering others; we truly feel that, however great our obscurity, or even our insignificance, our words are uttered with force and are usually impressive; well, then, we must beware of asking chilling, discouraging, deadening questions.

Better be dogmatic in our use of declaratives and imperatives, than stifle a good idea with a chilling question asked, not to gain information, but to imply a doubt.

The action of ammonia in the making of artificial ice is not a circumstance to that of a chilling or unsympathetic response to the enthusiasm of an ardent, generous nature.

THE POWER OF A TEACHER'S SILENCE.

IT WAS an early hour, oh, a very early hour! Sleep had evidently taken flight to regions unknown, so there was nothing for an actively inclined person to do but to arise. The little oratory, "the invalid's rest," seemed filled to the utmost of its sweet capacity with silence, a strange, deep silence, such as we experience nowhere else but in churches and chapels, a silence that we know to be relative, for there must be a rustling of angels' wings and a whispering of angels' prayers.

There was a silence within a silence, the silence of Jesus in the tabernacle. No words; and yet, what eloquence! No commands; and yet, what effective control! No utterance of laws; and yet, what perfection of government! And this is the school of Jesus Christ, where the religious teacher comes daily to recite her lessons of sad mishap and painful failure, or of joyful endeavor and sweet success. Here the Divine Master listens patiently, and—teaches in silence.

Of course the human teacher must talk when teaching, but the less she talks in governing, the wiser is she, and the happier are her pupils.

Words with power in them must be uttered of course, all day long, and at times they must be words of fire with wings of flame that will fly from the teacher's heart, with the impetus of her own sincerity and earnestness, to the heart of the pupil, to warm him into a living, fructifying activity, and to inflame him with an elevating and inspiring enthusiasm.

And yet, it is the wise silence of the true teacher that has the most powerful effect over the mind and the heart of the child. Far more important to him than the branches of his course of study are the lessons taught him by the silence of superior control, of restrained passion, of patient endurance.

THE TWO BANNERS.

COME, my soul, stand with me on the pinnaele of contemplation; behold the glorious view, the broad expanse of the heavens above, and the wide extent of the earth below us!

“Desolate?” Ah, no; solitude is not desolate unless you make it so. “No living creature near?” No; but life itself is here. We are in the presence of God. There are living creatures in the distance; we came to this pinnaele that they might be distant; that we might look down upon them, and might see them from afar, for, strange to say, it is then we see them best, most clearly. Bring the thing that is dear to us near to us; we see our own ideal of the object, not the object in its reality. If we stand in the same plane with it no difference what the distance, we have not a correct view of it; if we take a lower plane, we look up to it, and, consequently magnify its greatness, its beauty, its importance. Stand above creatures and look down upon them, then you have the clearest view of them. The struggle between good and evil, since Lucifer became an archangel, with his glory obscured, has ceased in heaven but is continued on earth; let us look upon it, and see what part we must take in the strife.

The air is very sweet and pure up here, where we are standing, my soul. See that white dove of holy inspiration hovering above us! See those flowers at our feet! Wait, we will gather them later, and present them to Him we love. They are the blossoms of obligation, of good will, of sacrifice, of reparation and of resolve. We may not gather them till we have studied them, and we may not offer them till we know what they mean and what we mean in presenting

them. Just now, my soul, let us contemplate. Sending a preparatory prayer upward, to the Eternal Throne, let us look downward upon the earth.

What a graceful thing is ascending smoke, whether it moves in billows or in spirals! See, from that rough mountain side, smoke, thick and heavy, laden with poisonous vapors, arises for a time, then spreading out, far and wide, as a dark cloud, descends upon the camping place of the evil one. Pride and arrogance has chosen a high place, but the air is foul with the sulphurous vapors of the volcanic caves below. Look away—look at that peaceful vale to the right—smoke ascends thence also, fragrant, sun-illuminated, spirals from the incense of prayer, upward to the throne of God, to fall in pearly showers of grace.

As in the smoke ascending from them, so in all things do the two camps differ. A gorgeous banner of silk and gold and precious stones is floating on the poisoned air of your desolated and hideous field. It is emblematic of all things that vitiated human nature desires, it promises the possession of them. Can it be, my soul, that there is aught under that banner that you and I desire? See, from the other camp, full of peaceful joy, beneath the simple, yet grand banner of the cross, come forth blinded creatures seeking something that can be found only in the hostile camp, and at the loss of eternal treasure. What are you seeking, my soul, and where are you likely to find it? No; there is no neutral ground; as soon as one leaves the confines of the camp of the cross, he is on ground that is not safe, and the danger increases as he advances. Under the banner of the world, or the banner of the cross, you must find what you seek; there is no third place, no other banner, but these two. The thing you desire attracts you, as a magnet attracts steel; you will be drawn to it, if you look upon it with desire, and you will find it and yourself under the same banner, to your happiness or your woe. Beware, then, what sort of things

you seek. What a vision of delight is this camp of the cross! There are wounded souls there, it is true, but do you not see those beautiful spirits lingering near each prostrate form? Sweet patience dresses the wounds, and resignation soothes the pain. There is a tried soul resting on the arm of hope; there are suffering souls supported by fortitude; a fearful, timid soul urged on by supernatural courage—everywhere grace and help—no defeat, no death here; those who have been defeated remain outside these limits till they have reconquered themselves by repentance; those who have died must remain in the other camp till contrition shall have restored them to life and to the banner of the cross.

The weak and the wounded are rescued, brought into camp, and are tenderly cared for by charity, by patience and by resignation.

Look upon the strong, how they suffer and endure for the weak; see them bending under crosses or heavy burdens, that others may have less to bear. They are chosen souls; they guard the Leader's tent and minister to their special needs. You see them wearing crowns of thorns now, but the diadem of eternal glory awaits them. But behold, my soul, the Leader comes forth from His tent; let us hasten to meet Him, that we may battle for Him and for our own eternal bliss. Vivified by the pure atmosphere of the fair mount of prayer, we shall be valiant and victorious.

CHANCE REFLECTIONS DURING MOMENTS OF PAIN.

Sorrow.

Your heart is sorrowful, friend? The stern silence of death or the rasping voices of life have worked their cruel will with you? Ah, it is hard to bear. How came it about? The Blessed Master passed by, and gave you a token. He rested His loving right hand upon your heart, and left there the print of its sacred wound, the stain of its precious blood.

The Stigmata of Strong Souls.

In every group, be it a nation, a parish, a community, a school, or a family, there is at least one who is always on his way to Calvary. Let such a one bend his back to bear the burdens of the rest, they will scourge him; let him bend his head in study over their needs, they will crown him with thorns; let him lovingly follow them to rescue them from ill-chosen ways, let him stretch forth his right hand to help them and his left hand to draw them to his heart, they will nail hands and feet to a cross. They will mock him and give him vinegar and gall to drink. He will suffer frightfully; he will die,—to most things, but he will be taken down from his cross, as the sunset approaches. He will arise and go forth from the tomb of his embittered, disgraced and darkened life, and, though he will carry their marks, his wounds will be glorified.

We meet such men; we recognize them by the outward reflection of their inward joy; their faces are so bright, their smiles so sweet and so frequent, their laughter so merry and childlike. They spend their last years on Mount Olivet, with happy faces turned to the radiant cloud behind which the Divine Master awaits their coming.

Dealing With Facts.

Happy facts pass along the highways of life enjoyed but unheeded. We are so deeply engaged with the pleasure they have brought us, we scarcely look upon them, much less fully realize their existence. The sensation, not its cause, is the object of our attention. Let a butterfly brush my cheek with its wing, I enjoy the incident and merely look at the insect casually, as it continues in safety its flight. Let a wasp sting me, I almost forget my pain in my effort to kill him.

Some facts have very repulsive faces and very bitter stings, yet these are the facts we waste our time looking upon and that we squander God's grace getting even with. These are the facts that we serve up to our reluctant friends, forgetting that a man with a grievance gets little sympathy, and is really a bore.

When unhappy facts, wicked looking facts meet you, be not so ready to photograph them on your heart,—it will not be easy to efface them afterwards and, if not effaced, they have a habit of growing stronger, instead of gently fading away.

Not the nature of the facts, not the pain they have given us, not the malice with which they have wounded us, is matter for concern, but the manner in which God wishes us to deal with these facts. We are Christians, followers of Christ; how would the Blessed Lord meet these facts? Come, dear friends, let us think less of our grievances and more of Him for whom we bear them.

Our Blessed Lady.

My friend's garden lay before me bathed in the morning sunlight, and tempted me to stroll along its pathways. My friend joined me. We had parted the evening before somewhat heated over a dogmatic discussion. This morning we mutually ignored the occurrence and gave ourselves to the

enjoyment of the exquisite day in the beautiful garden. In a prominent place were two plants of the same species. One of them was guarded by a low, dainty, wire fence, and the soil in which it stood had been carefully prepared for the proper nourishment of the plant, while its position gave it the benefit of the full glory of the sun's light and heat. "Here are two plants of the same species. Why has one been so much more tenderly regarded than the other?" I asked my friend. He replied, "They are of the same species, but this one is of a superior variety. Notice the superb blossom it bears, so superior in size, coloring and perfume." "Ah," said I, "the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the human genus and female species, was a unique variety and bore a blossom infinitely superior to that borne by any other member of the *genus homo*. Yet you insist that the Blessed Virgin was no better than any other good woman and devoted mother." Of the same genus and species as other women, she was of a unique and priceless variety, worthy of the highest honor, because of the blossom she bore," my friend looked away to the distant hills and said he'd think it over.

Misspelled Words.

Was the man from Thermopylae a misspelled word in the History of Greece? He must have been;—and he marred the otherwise perfect beauty of one page. Yet, no one is so narrow as to assert that it were better there had been no defense of the Pass than that one man should have proved recreant. Suppose he was a misspelled word, was he any the less a sign of an idea? An idea, too, that illustrated and illuminated other ideas by very contrast? The misplaced letters did not destroy the sublime intent, darken the glowing patriotism, or make discordant the stately meter of this heroic ode penned with swords and blood by Leonidas and his intrepid Greeks.

That this man from Thermopylae was so unfortunate as to survive, does not prove that he had not borne the heat and

burden of the day as bravely as his comrades. We are not told his antecedents; history does not record his former deeds. The Greeks did not inquire regarding his past; it was enough that in the present, he was returned from a field where all others had died. That his letters might have been jostled out of place in a noble fray did not occur to them; he was a misspelled word, and they would not forgive him, however noble the idea he might represent. Ah! ye self-righteous, correct spellers who sneer at the finest work, if there be a single error—who see rather the misplaced letter than the well placed thought—you are so absorbed in condemning the spelling, you fail to see that the very earnestness and enthusiasm of the writer has caused him, in his mental speed, to lose sight of so small a thing as a letter, that he may grasp his swift and lofty thought. We have, each of us, doubtless, met the man from Thermopylae whose heroism of a long day is forgotten in the face of his poor, pitiful failure of a short moment. Ah! let us beware how we peek at the misspelled words of a neighbor's life, lest with all our narrow correctness, we ourselves misspell death.

CONVENT BELLS.

SINCE that dread hour when his intercourse with God in the Garden of Paradise ceased, and he lost his power of perfect expression, man has striven to multiply and to improve his methods of communication with his fellow-beings. Nature's mightiest forces have become the slaves of his impelling desire to convey his ideas and express his emotions to another, speedily and effectively.

It is man's craving for sympathy that creates the wish that what he feels shall be as readily and as impressively expressed as what he thinks. Language serves to conceal, rather than to express his thoughts, and fails altogether to manifest his stronger and deeper emotions.

Genius meets the difficulty in part by using other means of expression in place of language. The artist makes his emotional appeals to humanity through the medium of the canvas, the colors, and the brush, as the poet does by means of the pen, while the musician accomplishes his purpose with the instrument which responds to his touch.

Of the three, the last is the most effective, for there is no emotion that music cannot excite, and none to which it cannot give, very nearly, an adequate expression. Hence it is that musical sounds, by whatever means produced, dominate the finer impulses and loftier powers of our emotional nature to a greater extent than does any other influence, aside from religion.

Among the instruments that give forth musical vibrations, for the delight of the ear and the awakening of the soul, we may include the bell, though, being possessed of neither the organ's quivering columns of air, nor the harp's trembling strings of varied quality, it is narrowed in the range of its

appeal, and restrained as to the possibilities of its expression. For a single bell there are no notes admitting of a multitude of harmonious combinations, and making possible a myriad of tone-effects, and yet, among the material forms wherein music is held captive, there is none having so great a range of associations as the bell. Its chief function, indeed, is to suggest to the mind that association of ideas which revives and recalls, reanimates and reincarnates, the fading, the forgotten, the dead and the ghostly things of memory's realm.

For centuries the tones of the bell, as heard in song and in story, have thrilled the human heart with varied emotions. The tiny, tinkling bells of Oriental adornment, the chiming bells of tall minarets calling multitudes to prayer, the silver bells of my lady's bower, in palace gay or castle grim, and the golden bells of her steed's housings, or her falcon's hood, tell strange tales of dancing slave-girls, of wild fanatics, of stately lords and haughty dames. The solemn bells of cathedral spires and abbey towers tell nobler stories of the Church's sway; of religion's benign mission; of the victories of faith; of virtue's triumph in kingly courts and on bloody battlefields; of glorious heroism on the throne and of sweet saintliness within the sanctuary.

Not only in story and in song have the bells their noted part, history likewise preserves their memory. In Mediaeval Ages, the bells announced the Truce of God, and called together the warriors of Europe to join the Crusades. In modern times, the tocsin of a massacre has pealed forth at the midnight hour, and in our own land bells have proclaimed the birthday of a great nation, the liberty of a brave people.

In the events of civil history and political strife, the bell has played its part with dignity and efficiency, but it is in the domain of religion that it has had its noblest mission and exercised its greatest power. Sadly, joyously, solemnly, has it made, from stately towers and lofty spires, its announce-

ments of deaths, of weddings, of holiday services and feast-day celebrations; sweetly, for many centuries, and in many lands, has it preserved the memory and declared the glory of the Incarnation by the tri-daily summons of the Angelus; and as an invitation to piety or to the service of charity, it has never ceased to ring from magnificent city edifices, from humble village chapels, from lonely mountain shrines and from monastic hospices on Alpine heights.

Oh, the bells! the wondrous bells! How their music pleads, entreats, commands! How truly it expresses reverent worship and ecstatic joy, holy triumph and sacred exultation!

For the shelter of these many, many bells—with tones so varied, with missions and meanings so diverse, with histories and stories so strange and unlike—the great, the powerful, and the good have built graceful spires and majestic towers. Architecture, than kingly art, with a science for its soul, has ever been zealous in aiding man to give proper housing to the queenly bell; for without a tower the bell is a soul deprived, as it were, of its opportunities, and the tower without a bell is aspiration and ambition without an animating soul.

And now—but hark! the Convent bell is tolling; a novice lies sleeping before God's Altar, her sweet young life of eighteen years suddenly merged into a glad eternity. "The tower bell" has called together a household of three hundred persons to witness before God's altar to the loveliness of this dear soul, a priceless gem, crystal clear, cut and polished, ready for its place in the virginal crown that rests upon the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord.

Often, very often, has the great bell, during the twenty years of its service, called together such assemblies to plead for the blessed dead, more strange in their heedlessness of the bells than in aught else pertaining to their dreamless sleep. For the bells have no subjects so loyal and so prompt to obey

as the true religious, to whom the community bell is "the voice of God."

The Convent bell tells of lofty aspiration, with its minor tones of homely deeds well done; of noble intention, with its solemn chords, the harmonious doing of life's greater deeds; of loving advancement in the interior and contemplative life, a sweet accompaniment to the solemn hymns and triumphal psalms of the consecrated, exterior, active life.

"Golden Bells," symbols of sacred ideas; "Convent Towers," symbolic of holy ideals; "Golden Bells," inverted chalices of life's daily sacrifice, whence we pour upon the altar of our high vocation the sacred libations of our faith and hope and love!

THE MUSHROOM FAMILY.

A Growth Peculiar to the Intellectual as Well as the Natural World.

A SUDDEN appearance in some moist place, a brief existence in the shade, and a speedy disappearance preceded, it is supposed, by death. Such is the history of a typical mushroom; the various species seem to be governed by the same laws of life and death. There are mushroom ideas, for instance,—in the moist shade of some undisciplined mind, they put forth their singular growth, are gathered by a certain few and enjoyed as palatable mental food. They are usually of a religious type, and if properly seasoned with “rum, Romanism and rebellion,” prove delicious diet for appetites that crave sensationalism of that character.

There must be a demand for this sort of mushroom, or we would not find the American press engaged in its cultivation. Certain weak-minded children of the Church, too, enjoy, not only the religious species, but all that can be served to them of the political and literary mushroom; smacking their lips over this vapid food, and wondering why their spiritual guides do not devote to its cultivation a part at least of their soul-gardens. These are the sort of people who attend non-Catholic service in the evenings, because Mr. Swamp’s mushroom ideas are so much more easily digested, than the solid ideas served them by their own pastors. It matters little to anyone but themselves how these shallow natures are nourished; but, for our own sakes, we need to remember that, in gathering mushrooms, there is always danger of a deadly mistake, and that, unless we are experts, well acquainted with the qualities of the true mushroom, we run the risk of

poisoning ourselves. Wise people, educated in the full meaning of Catholic doctrines, and well trained in the discipline of the Church, may, occasionally, indulge in a mixed diet of highly seasoned non-Catholic ideas, but the persons who take to it so readily are the very ones who are not fitted to guard themselves against its evil effects.

These evening discourses, with the "catchy titles", are generally harmless, social disquisitions, called sermons, but concerning themselves but little with any positive religious views. However, they are occasionally dangerous—to the class of Catholics likely to have nothing better or more interesting to do than to listen to them. It really does not count, with a dead man, that he ate mushrooms, with impunity, nine times, since, on the tenth occasion, he was poisoned. He had been wiser not to have gathered them at all, since he was not competent to distinguish the true from the false.

Ask one of these dear creatures who go to non-Catholic services, with a glow of American liberality in their hearts, if they have read Father Faber's books, or if they are acquainted with Cardinal Newman's works; ask their opinion of "Dion and the Sibyls", or of "Fabiola". The answers they give are positive pain to one who knows their customs and their follies. No time. No interest. Utter indifference. Ask them if they belong to the Sacred Heart Society, or whatever charitable body may exist in the parish in which they dwell,—the same sort of answers will be given. They have no time for charity or piety, but they have time to gather Mr. Swamp's mushroom ideas regarding dogmas and morals, as far removed from the truths our good people ought to be familiar with as the sky from the earth. They find time, too, to discuss these ideas with their neighbors, with a tendency to the lessening of faith and devotion.

Turn over a new leaf in your spiritual cook book, my friends, and see if you can not nourish your mind and your

soul on something stronger and of better flavor than the fungus growths of unhealthy intellects.

In every department of literary or other intellectual life there is that same taste, especially among our younger people, for things of new and sudden growth; the frivolous and the transient in books, in dramas, in sermons, yet this is the age of improved methods in education, and of advancement in everything. In spite of our schools, our colleges, and our universities, in spite of our illustrated journalism, and our pictured lectures, in spite of all our profundities and our cultured aspirations, we find the monarch of the orchard and his luscious fruit disdained, or unseen, while the great majority of our young people hunt for mushrooms in the neighboring darkness and dampness. The Reading Circle movement was a hopeful sign of better things; but, as it has advanced, have not the mushroom hunters dodged it, escaped its embrace, and continued in their old paths? If caught at all, they have in many cases, with little loss of time, converted the Reading Circle that was so unfortunate as to have captured them, into a club for the gathering and the enjoyment of unlimited mushrooms.

New Year's Day is not long past; we are justified in believing that, to most minds, even in the midst of amusement, it brought a serious thought or two, and that most of us made resolutions. Ah, another species of the family under consideration; a species found putting forth its evanescent growth in the full warmth and sunshine of good hearts and really pious souls; three months have gone by and the mushroom resolutions have gone with them; no trace of them is to be found. Sad it is that the glorious seasons of the Church, (Christmas, Easter, and the holy days,) which ought to be so fruitful in lasting benefits, should be desecrated, as it were, by so ignoble a product; or that such grand acts as hearing Mass, receiving the Sacraments, assisting at Benediction, should be followed by the appearance of nothing worthier

than these wretched fungi, the parasites of weak, unhealthy, piety, flourishing for a day, and leaving only the mold of decayed virtue, as an evidence that they ever existed.

Worse than any yet mentioned is the species—mushroom efforts at public worship and visible charity; works edifying, as well as holy, done with a sudden, rootless, branchless, up-rising of piety and zeal—attendance at services not of obligation; entrance into a Sodality; visits to the poor and the sick; all these things done, for a brief time, and then, without apparent cause, or necessity, dropped and forgotten. Oh, be generous. in this fair and gracious year of '97, prune the branches of selfishness; let the warmth and the sunshine of true charity find entrance into your heart; sow there the seeds of a hardier vegetation, and choke out the mushroom, whatever the species may be. Destroy likewise in your mind and heart all taste for the mushrooms that others cultivate; demand nobler growths and your demand will help create the supply.

I have already exceeded my limits, or I would fain dwell on the evils of mushroom friendships, those sudden, ill-founded, badly balanced intimacies that spring into being so unexpectedly, grow so rapidly, and perish so speedily, after having poisoned the heart-blood of a noble nature and tainted it forever with the bitterness of remorse. Follow out the figure for yourself, reader, and make up your mind accordingly.

Now let us record in that heart history that each one keeps, —Resolved: To practice a constant, brave and conscientious avoidance of all species of the mushroom family, be they a growth in our own lives or in the lives of others; to be too strong to succumb to so small an evil, too generous to offer to God so insignificant a good.

OUR NUTSHELL BOUNDARIES.

“Though Bounded by a Nutshell.

Yet Am I King of Infinite Space.”—Hamlet.

THE melancholy Dane will pardon the slight change in the wording of his assertion, even if there is likewise a slight change in the meaning. As it now stands, it signifies the important truth that however fettered and restrained the body may be, through environment or disease, the mind may still be free—gloriously free!

No “nutshell” boundaries can imprison the spiritual or the intellectual part of us, unless we ourselves will it, or lazily submit to it, or by indolent inactivity, fail to give the mind that impetus which would carry it beyond natural limits and leave it free to enjoy its flight into “infinite space”.

The ability to control his own mind is man’s noblest power, and he is right to glory in its possession, but it is accompanied by a serious responsibility, for “There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

These assertions that we have borrowed from Hamlet recall the exclamation of an old fashioned poet “My mind to me a kingdom is!” and indeed, to be “king of infinite space” would signify but little, had not the monarch also a royal power over his own mind.

Man has sometimes a supreme contempt for the poet, the artist, the musician, the author,—“the dreamers,” as he calls them. All who value the domain of higher thought, and love to wander there, are to his mind, somewhat insane. Meanwhile, with pity for his blindness, these dreamers exult in the possession of a power which enables them, at any moment, to escape the sordid and unlovely things of life, for the enjoyment of the elevated and heavenly. Indeed, they dare

not disregard the special duties laid upon them by their kingship over "infinite space". They dare not remain, through indolent self-satisfaction, through wounded pride, through a mistaken sense of duty, or through any motive whatever,—they dare not remain within the safe though narrow limits of the nutshell of ordinary, every-day life: the easy-going, comfortable life of the body. No! They must go out into the wider regions of the intellect, they must take their flight to the pathless, star-gemmed, moonlit, sun-illuminated space that the mind may grow stronger and the soul become brighter.

Woman is, among these "dreamers", "a queen by right divine," and, by reason of her greater unselfishness and her warmer sympathies, she brings within the sphere of her influence, spiritual and intellectual, a wider circle of humanity than man, with all his strength of mind, can gather about him, be he ever so eloquent and persuasive. So much the greater, then, is woman's need to be vigilant, lest she fail to meet the requirements of her queenship. The "nutshell" restrictions of life's ordinary routine hamper most women, and keep them forever on the dead level of a matter-of-fact existence, without a thought above the accomplishment of domestic duties, without an emotion above anxiety lest the price of household commodities rise, and wages decline in value.

Man destroys or escapes his somewhat different restrictions, if it seems good to him, or if it promises some advantage; the world makes no comment, and he goes peacefully on his way. Woman may not thus ignore the world's opinion, unless she is willing to suffer the world's verdict against her, an irreparable misfortune.

To be "bounded by a nutshell" is, in fact, woman's destiny, her normal condition, and she must submit, as gracefully and as wisely, as her peculiarities of disposition and varied traits of character will permit. Physically, materially,

she is circumscribed by very narrow boundaries, but intellectually she is not thus restricted; and if she may not go as deep into some things as man, she can go as far, and better still, as high. From the height, too, she will see much that will be invisible to him, and, from the height, she will bring to others much that he would not suppose them to need or to desire.

Happy and blessed is she who, while performing the tedious and repulsive duties of her "nutshell" environment, enjoys to the utmost the elevation of mind, the upward tendency of soul, and the enchanting transformations of the interior life of the heart, that come to her as monarch of "infinite space!" These delights can not, will not, come to her, if she is not loyal to her own queenship; and that loyalty she must show by her faithful and unceasing use of her royal prerogatives and privileges, by her frequent and prolonged flights through "infinite space".

Women are not easily satisfied, and if some are too indolent to be aspiring, they are at least restless under the sense of their own unworthiness. It is always to be hoped they will some day break the miserable bonds of their own making and, with a swift flutter of wings, will be off to their kingdom in space!

We must not forget to reckon with the changes that time has made. Formerly, a woman's conflicts were all within the "nutshell," now, woman is among the world's busy breadwinners, and there is a consequent difference in the place and the nature of her struggles.

In the old days "the Marys" were many and devoted; now for one Mary we have a thousand Marthas.

The needs of our time require a wise combination of the two women in one, but we are prone to forget the Mary-like characteristics altogether. Martha is now, as in the days of our Lord's earthly sojourn, absorbed in the affairs of "a nutshell". The powers and interests that concern the nobler

things of "infinite space", she either forgets or ignores; all her faculties are devoted to the commonplace things of life; to the realism of material advantages. Such an attitude in regard to duty is uncalled for in any woman, however, illiterate she may be; it is inexcusable and censurable in the woman who is even moderately educated. What right has she to squander her intellectual goods, under the thin pretense that she is doing her duty to her household, if not to herself?

She would not rob others of their household commodities, nor would she waste her own, and yet she will not scruple to withhold from those others, and from her own starved heart and mind, the possession of higher things, of far more value, and of far greater benefit to her, and to them, than the costliest material gifts. Her neglect of her higher powers is unpardonable; the loss of her school-girl ideals is irreparable; she may resume the exercise of those powers, but they will have become deficient in some particular, they will be less pliable than before; she may create new ideals, they will inevitably be inferior to the first—there is a change in her that changes them.

Let there be no lapse, dear girls. From the very first, put the domestic, the household, the material realities and physical necessities in their right place; give them their due, generously, but nothing beyond. Make the home, immediately and forever, the centre of whatever sphere of material or intellectual achievements or influences you hope or intend to expand or extend about you, never forgetting, for a single instant, that around and beyond that sphere is the "infinite space" of which you may be queen, if you will it.

It sometimes happens that the accidents of life, or the designs of Divine Providence, place a woman at the centre of a sphere, so vast in extent that the widest or the loftiest of the flights of the mind would not bring the tips of its outstretched wings in contact with aught resembling boun-

daries. What a sublime privilege to be thus placed, to be thus urged to scorn any occupation but the seeking of the wealth and the treasure of this glorious domain. Here is one who may indeed exclaim "I am queen of infinite space!"

But alas! Have you and I not seen such spheres, with all their possibilities, made the scene of nothing better than the low flights and narrow circlings of careless indolence, or of malicious indifference? To have the powers and abilities of a high-souled being, "a little lower than an angel," and to degenerate to the condition of a mere jelly-fish or stupid oyster, to have the strong wings of the eagle and the dauntless eye that may look at the sun, if it will; to have, moreover, dominion over the mountain peaks and the blue-domed, measureless space above them—to have all this and yet become a fussy, commonplace creature engrossed in material aims and frivolous pleasures! Oh! is it not deplorable? But is it not the unhappy fact that such is the personal history of many women who were once brilliant graduates?

The serious thought for us, in this connection, is that no one degenerates suddenly. Such a condition as the above is always among our possibilities, and untiring vigilance is the price of a continued possession of the domain of "infinite space." No one loses her crown of queenship over higher spheres, without many warnings to arouse her from her lethargy of spirit. Repeated negligence in the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind gradually destroys their force: multiplied infidelities to higher duties weaken aspirations, and render heart and mind indifferent to higher tendencies. The more beautiful, much less the more sublime, regions of the realm of "infinite space" will never be reached, not even in desire; the rapturous joy that comes from the exercise of the nobler powers of the intellectual and spiritual being will never be experienced by the indolent or the procrastinating. Where now the tokens of the prophecies of Commencement Day? Where the indications of a well-spent school life?

Where the results of the discipline and culture of many of life's best years? Where the promised development of every noble faculty,—a development that was to have been long and continuous? Where the ardent pursuit of intellectual attainments that was to have occupied every leisure hour? Where the persistent practice in music and art, the unfailing study of the literary treasures of the world?

Oh, wise is the woman who values and makes use of her power to leave behind her the loneliness, the weariness, the distaste often awakened by the environments of her "nut-shell" existence, and takes frequently, habitually, those glorious flights into "infinite space," from which she returns refreshed and strengthened!

The magic dreams, the lovely visions, the mystic communion with things intellectual and spiritual,—expand and ennoble her nature, elevate her mind and entrance her soul. She returns to her earth-bound fellow-beings with the white light of the star-beam's purity about her; with the glow and life-giving warmth of distant suns radiating from her heart; with the thrilling sweetness, of the music of the spheres in her voice, with pictures in the clear depth of her eyes, that others see, marveling joyously the while, at their exceeding loveliness.

Nothing but the mistaken use of the God-given privilege of free will, and the weakness that results from the inactivity of prolonged repose can fetter the mind, or confine to narrow, uncongenial bounds the intellect that has kept itself clear and strong by frequent upward flights. No one can retard the wide sweep of the wings of the giant soul of her, who is pure of heart.

The eagle would soon lose his wondrous swiftness and strength of wing, did he cease to dare the mountain's highest peaks; his eye would soon grow dim and earthbound, did he fail to face the glowing sun, at its brightest hour.

Let us patiently and lovingly submit, then, to the restrictions of the “nutshell boundaries”, but keep ever on the wing; remembering ceaselessly that we are “queens of infinite space”. Some happy day we shall, in our upward flight, draw near the great Golden Gates, which some beloved one of earth, or some blessed one of Heaven, shall have left ajar for us, and, entering in, we shall rest—forevermore—from the toils of the nutshell, and enjoy for all eternity the freedom of infinite space.

CATHOLIC READERS AND MAGAZINE FICTION.

READERS have motives in reading that are as various of course as their respective characters. One reads to kill time; another for amusement, or mental rest; a third because a certain book, article or story is likely to be talked about in the circle of society which he frequents. Only a few read for information or culture; still fewer for ideas.

“Ideas,” says Mathew Arnold, “can not be too much prized, and for themselves can not be too much lived with.” To read for sake of the ideas to be gained, and “to be lived with” is certainly a higher motive than any mentioned above, but one must read a vast number of pages of recent literature, before he will light upon a new idea. Even our cleverest writers have only an idea or two in a year, and much of our periodical literature is only old ideas warmed over, only a systematic appropriation of the work of previous authors, hence to read for new ideas only is to meet disappointment. Most literary successes of our day are due to skill in verbal construction. There is always a possibility of repeating a well-known truth, or an ancient idea, in such a way as to make it reflect a special light, or assume a new and pleasing interest. Is this to say that we read for sake of rhetoric and grammar? Assuredly not; and yet, it is oftentimes difficult to tell why a particular article or story pleases, or why it wins fame for its author.

A valuable fact ought of itself to secure attention, but experience shows that something more is demanded from both speakers and writers. The valuable fact must be stated in an interesting manner; there must be a skillful adjustment of words to the idea; there must be that potential quality called style. The difference between the popular article that

every one reads, and the one the public rejects, is definite and vital, but not easily defined. It is a precious gift that of saying things in an apt and forcible way, for as a recent writer assures us, "the world is not standing open-mouthed for the absorption of wisdom, in whatever form it may be presented." The dose must be disguised, sugared, capsuled. The best of teaching finds but feeble response; lessons to be heeded must be taught with peculiar skill.

Fiction is the jelly with which some teachers and philosophers cover the bitter powder of the lessons they wish to inculcate. This method of administering doses, moral, political, or philosophical, can be successfully applied by none but the literary diplomat, for few readers care for fiction which points a moral too emphatically. It flatters one's intelligence to be left to draw one's own conclusions.

A wholesale condemnation of fiction is unwise, for it will always form a large part of the reading matter of our young people, and, in the hands of the intelligent reader, is really a vehicle of great capacity for good. This is a fact which renders magazine fiction a subject for close observation, and not a little earnest study, for this is the age of periodicals, and on every parlor table, in Catholic homes, as well as elsewhere, will be found "The Century Magazine," Scribner's and Harper's Monthlies, "The Atlantic" and "The Cosmopolitan", side by side with "The Catholic World". These teem with subjects of general and of special interest, treated by masterly pens, but it is their fiction that awakens doubts of their harmlessness. Persons not intent on suicide, will shun undisguised poison, but may perish from the deadly draught they have mistaken for a refreshing beverage. Readers are not so apt to be on their guard, when perusing fiction, as when attending to profounder themes, hence the greater danger of imbibing evil from it.

We hear much of the decline of interest in poetry in our day; it is asserted that we are too commercial, money-mak-

ing, and worldly a disposition, though the same disposition characterized the Elizabethan Age, "when everybody wrote verses, and, in a measure, everybody wrote them well." Let this be as it may, certainly there is no decline in the interest that fiction awakens. Yet, in all our higher schools there are professors and courses of poetry, while fiction is considered too trivial a branch of literature to be studied seriously, though the pupil is going to spend at least double the time on fiction that he will spend on poetry, and his thoughts are to be influenced in the same ratio. To be a professor of fiction might not be so trifling an office, compared with professors of poetry, come to think of it!

Educated Catholics are usually earnest; the training given in Catholic colleges and academies tends to make them so, even though some of them are, by nature, light and flippant. We may reasonably hope, then, that the greater number of them, whatever the subordinate aim, read principally for ideas. But, as we have said before, a promiscuous scattering of genius is all that the cleverest give us, and they are, very often, gems that have changed hands as often as the famous Kohinur.

To the educated reader, manner is as important as matter; it is not enough that an author has a story to tell, but he must know how to tell it; his wise and beautiful ideas may be admirable, his incidents enjoyable, but he must likewise display felicity of expression.

Now, it is this very felicity of expression that misleads the youthful mind; the words are so well chosen, and so admirably placed, the flow of the passage is so harmonious,—surely the thought must be good, the idea wise, the lesson noble. Again, the maturer reader, who is able to discriminate, does not always take the time to do it. The musical passage works its evil way, and is unquestioned by reason, unrebuked by faith.

Fiction no longer deals exclusively with what is called the tender passion. The romantic incidents of youthful love are indeed mere incidentals opening a way to manifestations of hypnotism or to illustrations of singular psychological phenomena. The interest of a modern story centers, not in "the course of true love which never runs smooth," but in some thrilling spiritual manifestation, in some strange development of character, or in some mysterious evolutions of so-called fate. In fine, the characters and events of recent stories are subordinated to certain singular conditions which are supposed to have produced them. From this the reader may receive and retain impressions not fully in accord with the teachings of faith.

All other branches of literature have their limitations, but the novel has none; everything in heaven, and on earth, or in the regions below, is within the sphere of the novelist, and he is seldom averse to making use of startling paradoxes regardless of the moral effect.

Whether a literary jumble of such various ingredients, as will be found in some half-dozen specimens of recent fiction, be wholesome mental food depends greatly on the mental digestive power of the reader. American readers are much like American eaters,—they bolt, and suffer the consequences. The chief point is to save time in the present, regardless of the misery to be suffered in the future.

Critics tell us that an author's distinguishing trait, as a writer of fiction, lies in the power he has to depict passion; we may add that, to please a certain class, he must be realistic. How far a Catholic reader is benefitted or injured by the study of vividly portrayed passion is a question for the conscience to decide. Which appeals most powerfully to the Catholic imagination and taste, the ideal or the realistic in fiction is another question, less burdensome to the conscience, doubtless, and more interesting to the intellect. It will not do to dispose of it with the assertion that it depends

upon disposition, and natural tendencies of mind. Catholic training raises so noble a superstructure of grace on the foundation of natural qualities that such qualities scarcely count in a question like this.

Does a Catholic, as a Catholic, esteem the ideal or the realistic the more highly? The question calls, perhaps, for a definition of terms. The ideal we understand, and Mr. Howells gives us a notion of the realistic when he asserts, "fidelity to experience, and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature, and in life the true realist finds nothing insignificant; all tells for destiny and character; nothing that God has made is contemptible."

"Fidelity to experience" does not show, in the ordinary run of human beings, that inclination to dwell upon trifles with rigid attention and almost superstitious awe, which is displayed by realists in their fiction.

Most lives are exceedingly simple; even when tragic events befall the individual or the family, details are passed over indifferently, and quiet resignation, or stolid despair possesses the heart, without any of that tumult of minor ideas in which the realist delights. No; Catholic thought is not naturally realistic, but the frequent reading of stories in which some fateful meaning is attached to merest trifles, must gradually impress the mind with wrong notions of Divine Providence.

"All tells for destiny and character," says Mr. Howells. The Church has her views of destiny; I hope that Catholic readers of realistic fiction know what these are, and that they keep them in mind. The formation of character is, for the Catholic, not the grinding of the mill of the gods, nor the result solely of circumstances, but pre-eminently the work of divine grace.

"Nothing that God has made is contemptible,"—true; but God does not expect us to spend our time, with the realists, philosophizing on rat holes because He created rats.

All things considered, it does not seem that realistic fiction can please the taste or satisfy the thought of cultured Catholic minds, but it does seem that they may be insensibly injured by the frequent reading of it; beginning it through curiosity, they may continue it because of a fatal fascination leading to a loss of correct notions on vital spiritual points.

Mr. Stevenson puts the realistic attitude strongly: "The realists will not let themselves enjoy anything. The minute anything enjoyable appears, they must remind the reader that there is a cesspool under the kitchen floor, a corpse in the back parlor cupboard, and a volcano in the immediate vicinity." Such morbid ideas are certainly not wholesome, and, moreover, it is the discovery of experience, that, in moments of elevated emotion all else is forgotten, and if control over the passion uppermost at the time, is sought at all, it is because of some moral principle, not because "of the corpse in the cupboard". All persons, except a few hysterical women, shut their eyes to the deeper darkness of their sorrows, and make the most of their joys. Compensation is a universal law; there is no night that is not succeeded by day, and pleasure follows pain. The literature that causes us to read this backwards is not wholesome reading; we may scan it, simply to know it, but must guard ourselves against sympathizing with it.

Another important point is the manner in which recent fiction deals with domestic relations. The Catholic idea of marriage is the noblest, and gives a lofty idea of love; current fiction, since it derives much of its interest from love, must influence these ideas. The widest reader can not name more than a dozen stories that have been successful without the introduction of love as one of the prime features. Some other subject may have the chief place, but love plays so important a part as to make the author's treatment of it peculiarly forcible in influencing the minds of readers.

Strange views of social problems and domestic relations have been put forth in magazine stories, from time to time, and the authors of them have sometimes forgotten that, to gain breadth, it is not necessary to fall into license; these subjects require bold treatment, perhaps, and it may be that it were better not to handle them at all than to do it feebly, but the reader shrinks from the result. A certain critic calls this shrinking "natural prudishness", and sneers at the objections brought against making a magazine a sort of moral dissecting table. "It would be an absurd assumption," he says, "to hold that Americans are better or purer than other races." To prove their right to a just proportion of evil-mindedness Americans ought, according to this notion, to make their magazine fiction of the same moral tendency as the French novel. Better be prudish than come to that!

Our magazines give us ordinarily, stories that are pure and invigorating, containing lessons of true and generous life, and a love of the old delightful kind. The "Christmas numbers" are notable for their fascinating tales; many of them founded on Catholic legends. It may be that the life they treat of is not real life, as the realistic views life, but "it is good, in this matter-of fact world, even the tales are becoming dull and hard, like life itself, to slip away into a story of the olden fashion, into a world where right and wrong are not confused, and where love, working its own sweet will, wins to lofty ideals and to a beautiful life."

"We want reading that will rest us," plead the weary, whose days are spent in labor. "We do not mean to gather our theories of the world, and the people therein, from novels alone, nor to squander our emotions on the turbulent trials of half-witted fiction characters, but we do enjoy a fascinating narrative, full of vivid scene painting, and presenting attractive character studies." And who can blame them, particularly when the situations are so absorbing, and the denouement so startling.

All the same, Catholic readers must be on their guard; unbelief is reacting upon life with dreadful effect, and its expressions creep into all literature, outside the Church. Manners are becoming daily more surely divorced from morals. Of culture there is plenty, but it is too often culture without conscience. Some of the deadliest poisons are sweetest perfumes.

SILENT WORKERS AND NOISELESS BUILDERS.

SILENCE is the attendant circumstance of the activity of some of the mightiest forces. There is no sound among the ever moving atoms of the universe, no sound for ears like ours,—silently they revolve, atom about atom, molecule about molecule, satellites about their primaries, and systems about their suns; a mighty force holding each in its proper path. The day dawns and at night the darkness falls, but “there is no sound of drawing curtains, or of closing shutters.” Electric currents flow and auroras illumine the sky, but there is no murmur as of water or of flame. Silently act the greater powers. Silently the sunbeam travels 95,000,000 miles and silently it warms the earth, giving life to all things good and fair, for Mother Earth utters no word and makes no sound of effort, as she sends forth her lilies and roses, her stalwart oaks and stately palms and all her life-supporting gifts.

When she destroys, there is violence and sound, when she builds there is silence. Silently the tiny polyp builds; silently he dies, leaving his coral monument to mark the place where once he labored; millions of similar polyps thus live and die, and, in time, there rises in the sea an island of exquisite beauty!

Silently the pearl oyster forms his priceless gem, treasured by man for its intrinsic value and its symbolic loveliness. These are a few of the many magnificent examples given us of silent work in the world of nature.

History, too, gives us numerous instances of the power of a sublime silence. “Thirty centuries are looking down upon you!” exclaimed Bonaparte, and, beside the pyramids, a great victory was gained through the power of their silent grandeur, rather than that of the general’s impressive words.

“There stands Jackson like a stone wall.” A silent foe, a foe standing like a stone wall, in their indifference to danger and death, aroused to unusual pitch the military enthusiasm of the boys in blue.

Those who have taken part in a battle say that, next in power to the inspiring sound of music and of musketry, is the silent influence of the flag. Old Glory, silently floating on the breeze, is the most eloquent of orators. No soldier but would rather die than prove faithless to that silent symbol of home and fatherland.

The student of history and biography learns that coral islands are not few in the political ocean of a great state. Insignificant men, small and weak, but silent and busy, build, while windy orators talk. Men shut up in a shell of quiet reserve, and living deep in the sea of life have given to the world pearls of noble thought, while noisy agitators were stirring the slime at the bottom of shallow waters.

Silent work, however, like every other good thing, may be rendered fruitless, because of man's selfishness. There are those among us who choose to teach by example only, because it is safer. Deeds are not so easily analyzed, and, hence, not so readily criticised as words. Deeds escape comment often, but words seldom fail to draw some sort of response. None of us enjoy verbal hurts; to escape them, we are silent, when principle demands of us to speak. Such silence is profoundly unworthy and renders us deeply responsible for our neighbor's mistakes and failures.

But after all, for the one word that we must utter, there are a thousand silent prayers that we may offer for the cause we have at heart.

Our homes and our schools should be filled with silent workers, the influence of Catholic practices. Silent builders should have their place in every room. Every good book is a silent builder of household shrines. Every good book is a silent worker in the magnificent domain of Christian Ethics.

Every picture, every statue, presenting a noble ideal, is a silent worker in church, home and school. The pastor sees to it that his church does not lack the powerful influence of the silent work of art, but parents are remiss in this particular.

The home should present, on every wall, on every table, in every room, a well-chosen array of silent workers, for the soul's best interests, of silent builders for the soul's highest peace and noblest comfort.

These workers and these builders will teach the youthful members of the household to become silent helpers in this world of care and woe. Turbulent social life, all whiz and whirl, is attracting their companions, and holding even their aged friends in bondage. A silent prayer sent speedily heavenward, rescues the former and redeems the latter.

A heart is worn and weary; its disgust with life endangers the soul. Here any sort of talk is useless. Never yet did words cure disgust, or restore broken trust. Silent sympathy and wordless prayer is all this heart can accept from relative or friend, until its cure has been effected by some silent force on earth or in heaven.

A silent Worker of infinite perfection, in the power that rebuilds, the skill that restores, the sympathy that heals, the love that strengthens, encourages and reanimates,—dwells in our midst. Respect the privacy of your own heart, and reveal only to this supremely silent One the secrets of its daily history, and even to Him, let the meaning that life has for you be expressed silently.

PARENTAL IMPRUDENCE.

“**W**HAT can I do with him, Sister, his father sends him to the brewery and to saloons with the can for beer. He hears things that are not fit for children’s ears, and he takes a drink from the can.”

Indeed, Mrs. Blue, that is deplorable, but will you tell me what you are doing for the little daughter? There are some things worse even than beer and profane language, and you are putting her in the way of them. You are filling her heart with vanity by the extravagant way you dress her. Vanity may lead her very far astray, when she is a little older.

That, however, is not my most serious charge against you just now. Once or twice a week I go, after school, to visit the public library. Invariably I find your little daughter there returning books and getting others for you.

She always sits down to look over the pages of these books. I have asked her, in a pleasant, friendly way, to let me see what she was reading. She always hesitates, showing that, young and inexperienced as she is, she knows that these books are not fit for you, much less for her, and I have found on looking through them that her instinct is correct. Yet she was reading them, was imbibing their poison.

It is too bad about Tommy and the beer. Fight against it with all your might, but the beer will not do Tommy any more harm than the boiled-down wickedness of those books of yours will do Mollie.

Those books I saw your little daughter getting for you were not ordinary “time killers”, as I call McCutcheon’s, Brady’s, McGrath’s, etc. Oh, no! they were “strong” stories; spieey, up-to-date, “problem novels”. Nice reading for little girls in the grades, little girls twelve and fourteen years of age! And you use your pious eloquence on John, because of Tommy and the can!

TASSO'S MASTERPIECE.

Jerusalem Delivered.

“What second hand can paint the scenes that blazed
In Tasso's brain so sweet and wild?
As much the shapes that on his canvas glow,
Their birth to Frenzy as to Genius owe.”

THUS wrote Wiffen, one of Tasso's English translators. Read his beautiful rendering of the original, if you are not an Italian scholar, and become convinced that his praise is not exaggerated.

“Sainted Tasso,” Wiffen continues, “writ with pen inspired.” Whether the inspiration was due to “Frenzy or to Genius”, there can be no question as to its glowing effectiveness and elevated purity.

We read Tasso with sensuous delight, indeed, but with the calm assurance that conscience need not be standing painfully on guard. Tasso is a true son of the Church; with him her honor is safe, and while communing with him, we may lay aside our theological arms, and rest from our customary literary attitude of defense. He is a faithful Christian in conduct; as we read his great poem, we feel no need of the shield with which we protect ourselves against the Pagan immoralities of the Greek and Latin classics. “Jerusalem Delivered” is not merely an Italian classic, it is supremely a Christian classic. Its author begins it, not with an invocation of the palm-crowned muse of Pindus, but with an appeal to the angelic muse, with coronal of stars. If with grave truth, light fiction he combines, or if he graces his page with other flowers than those of celestial growth, he begs to be pardoned. Writing, not for angels but for men,

even the "Sainted Tasso" must turn his eyes towards earth, at times, and insure human interest by showing human nature as it is, not as he might wish to have it, or to represent it.

How sincerely he shows his own gift in his dainty, graceful tribute to poetry's power :

"Truth, robed in song's benign disguise,
Has won the coyest, soothed the sternest minds."

Very noble are the lines describing the Arch-angel Gabriel, who loses none of his angelic glory or spiritual greatness by appearing under the guise of man. The passages devoted to Baldwin, Tancred and Bohemond though few are rich in historic significance.

The heart warms to Rinaldo :

"The warrior's virtue in Rinaldo shines,
Which nor to lust of gold, nor to power inclines,
But to that quenchless thirst of fame which leads
To generous acts, and for distinction pines."

And a deep reverence is awakened for Godfrey of whom it is written that—

"As a brand,
Or living coal, in refulgent fire,
In his Lord's will becomes his own desire."

And we also love him, when we read that he—

"Meets all men's moods, and with such charms of speech,
That while he all compels, he wins and pleases each."

The poet puts in his mouth an address to "Baron, prince and helmed potentate" that is replete with diplomatic acuteness, warm with Christian earnestness, and strong with the speaker's determination not to forget, for any cause whatever, the purpose for which he and his followers have come into these strange, distant lands, "Nor turn to other mark the bow we've bent."

Wise is Peter the Seer in showing to his associates the need of a consolidated government :

“Our government is even
As a vague pendulum, which each one finds
Struck by as many hands as there are various minds.”

There was wisdom too in their response to his appeal :

“The noblest were the first to say,
‘Our chief let Godfrey be; him swear we to obey’.”

With Godfrey for the hero of its story, the first Canto describes the force arrayed under his leadership, and makes a delightful exercise in the correlation of history and literature as branches of study.

In the second Canto, we meet the dread Ismeno, and are dismayed at his audacious plot, but we are also charmed by the chaste personality of “that flower of virgins”, Sophronia :

“Supremely beautiful! but that she made
Never her care, or beauty weigh’d
In worth with virtue, and her worth acquired
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;
Lovers she shunn’d, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turned, and lived a life re-
tired.”

No purer, sweeter story can youth or maiden read than this one of Tasso’s about Sophronia and Olindo; and what reader, young or old, would fail to take interest in the strange character of Clorinda? What skill, too, the poet displays in his portrayal of such personages as Alethes and Argantes; every word tells, and when all is said, the living men, as it were, stand before us.

Canto III affords us the same sort of intellectual pleasure that we experience in reading the Iliad, but Tasso gives an impression of purity and reverence that is not awakened by Homer’s record of the mighty deeds performed by Greek and Trojan heroes, under the corrupt guidance of Olympian gods.

Canto IV presents to us Armida, armed with "wit, beauty, youth and guile". Base Armida! Rinaldo follows her, but Godfrey doubts her—

"Still pity pleads her part,
Pity, which never sleeps within a noble heart."

Very chaste and beautiful are the passages in Canto VI which refer to Erminia and her high-souled love for Tancred. Their fortunes are portrayed in Canto VIII and excite an absorbing interest. A consistent and truly noble fate is that of the strong and passionate Clorinda; falling in combat with Tancred, she is baptized by him, and immediately dies. Rinaldo redeems his error, and no longer follows the wretched Armida, and so with two sorts of conversion, this story which teaches so many lessons in high-minded Christian morality, happily ends.

Having read Tasso's masterpiece, students will find a profitable literary and psychological exercise in making a character study of Sophronia, Erminia, Clorinda, and Armida, also of Rinaldo, Tancred and Godfrey, and of Ismeno, Althes and Argantes.

A POETIC STUDY.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

OUR profoundest pleasure in reading a poem arises from the discovery of the poet's message to his world of readers. If there be no message, we are justified in saying, "This may be verse, but it is not poetry." The message having been given to him for deliverance, the true poet makes it forcible by a musical utterance, and impressive by many a luminous picture. It is an exquisite pleasure to wander through a poet's mind-garden, inhaling the odor of its flowers, listening to the singing of its birds, lifting one's face to its sky, and warming one's heart in its sunshine.

Never did poet greet the world's wayfarers with sweeter songs than those of genial, joyous Tom Moore; never were there brighter flowers than his, nor fairer skies, nor warmer sunshine. He can be sad as well as joyous, though, and, sometimes, wild and fierce, for his verse had its inspiration in the Celtic temperament which prompts the tear as readily as the smile.

And so, with rippling, silvery sounds, he can teach a grave lesson, though he has chosen to do it but seldom, and he has fine messages for the reader, though they are few. To one of these, he leads up by a series of pictures in "Paradise and the Peri".

As we begin to read this exquisite production our interest is at once awakened by a vision of the Peri at the gate of Heaven, "As she listened to the Springs of Life within, like music flowing, and caught the light upon her wings, through the half open portal glowing." What a picture! The beautiful "child of air" weeping to think "her recreant race should e'er have lost that glorious place," has caught "the light of Heaven upon her wings!"

Only regret, not repentance, fills her heart, yet as ever happens in God's dealings with His creatures, even regret draws from Heaven a beam of cheering, and enticing light. Thus attracted, the Peri bends in lowly longing before the half open gate and hears the angel utter the beautiful words which bear a part of the poet's message :

“Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.”

Then is presented another exquisite picture—“The glorious angel who is keeping the gates of light”—draws near the weeping child of air to comfort her with the precious assurance that—

“The Peri may yet be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!”

Hearing with most fervent joy, this blessed word—

“Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung, hovering, over this world's expanse.”

Then follows a description of India, in the glowing, gem-strewn language which flows so naturally from Moore's pen when dwelling on Oriental scenes. A youthful patriot dies on the battle field—

“Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, the Peri caught the last
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled.”

How noble the idea of giving such value to a hero's blood! Patriotism and love for liberty are part of a Celt's religion. Our genial Tom might sing of love and wine,—such songs were the sunlit, dancing waves of his Irish fun and frolic, beneath them were the deeper waters of Irish faith and honor. Even the angel of his imaginative creation is loth to reject the proffered crimson drops of a hero's life-blood, but is forced by reverent truth to say—

“Holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be
That opes the Gate of Heaven for thee!”

Again a description given with exquisite ease and grace, spreading before us a panorama of Egyptian beauty and grandeur, sin and woe.

It is asserted, and many of his poems prove the assertion, that Moore had little regard for woman beyond admiration for her physical charms, yet he has his Peri carry to the Gates of Paradise, as her ransom, the last “precious sigh of pure, self-sacrificing love”—the sigh of a woman's broken heart. It does not open the glorious portals, however, for Moore's ideal is higher than this, when Heaven is the price. As the Peri turns away sorrowfully, our eyes are attracted by another of the poet's lovely pen-pictures:

“Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.”

Then what a delirious flight he gives us through “the enchanted regions of the upper air”, over fair gardens and

shining streams, past all the beauties of land, and sea, and air, until we pause beside the font, with the dark-browed sinner and the innocent child, and behold, in silent wonder, the grandest and most mysterious transformations, the change of a sinner into a repentant, purified son of God.

Moore closes his message grandly in thus showing the value of a tear of repentance, and "the triumph of a soul forgiven". He completes most happily his series of pictures, when he reveals to us the exultant Peri giving the priceless tear to the Angel at the Gate, and, as the crystal bar moves away, entering the glorious portals to everlasting bliss with the ecstatic exclamation,

"Joy, joy, forever! my task is done,
The Gates are pass'd and Heaven is won."

A TENNYSONIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CONTRAST pictures are those of Claribel, who "lieth low in a grave", "where the slumberous wave outwelleth," and "airy, fairy Lillian", with "tiny hands", "black-beaded eyes" and "cheeks of baby roses".

"Airy, fairy Lillian", so "innocent-arch, so cunning and simple",—we welcome her image in our care-free hours: and in our moments of gayety, we delight to listen to "the silver-treble" of her laughter trilling between "crimson-threaded lips", but when life seems to demand seriousness from us, we turn to look upon "revered Isabel, the crown and head of womanhood, the stately flower of female fortitude".

We feel a very different sort of sadness, when standing beside the peaceful grave of Claribel, from that which oppressed us, as we listen to the moaning and weeping of "Mariana of the moated Grange".

It is easy to believe in the variety of a poet's moods, when one reflects that this dark-browed mourner sprang from the same mind that portrayed "airy, fairy Lillian".

Turning from Mariana's sombre features, with their expression of changeless melancholy, the gaze rests lovingly on the picture of "ever-varying Madeline", casting sudden glances, "sweet and strange," betraying "delicious spites and darting angers"; a picture presenting many "airy forms of flitting change". We look upon her face, and can not tell whether smile or frown be fleeter,—whether smile or frown be sweeter.

But there is Adeline, "faintly smiling Adeline," with her "floating, flaxen hair", her "rose-bud lips and full blue eyes", "shadowy, dreaming Adeline!" She is very fair,

but not with the glowing beauty of Eleanore, "whose dark eyes open'd not to English air," Eleanore of "swan-like stateliness", "luxuriant symmetry and floating gracefulness, serene, imperial Eleanore!"

The poet does not paint for us the features of the "Miller's Daughter", but each reader forms his own mental portrait of sweet Alice, with "eyes so full and bright", that even in old age "they had not lost their light".

We are loath to turn from our mental portrait of the gentle, matronly "Miller's Daughter", to that of the heartless Clara Vere de Vere. We turn away our gaze, and it falls on the merry-hearted, somewhat giddy-headed "Queen o' the May". She is egotistical to the last, and does not appeal to us as truly pathetic.

The next in our series of pictures is a pastelle—"sweet pale Margaret", "rare pale Margaret," "melancholy, sweet, and frail," but "Rose, the gardener's daughter," "gowned in pure white, that fitted to the shape," "one arm aloft, she stood beholding a bush to fix it back,"—she is portrayed in oil, pastelle would not give sufficient depth to her wholesome beauty: "A single stream of her soft brown hair poured on one side"; "the full day dwelt on her brows and sunned her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom."

A solemn contrast to this sunny picture, full of life, is that of the "Lady of Shalott", "lying robed in snowy white, that loosely fell from left to right", floating pale and dead, down to Camolet.

Dora, sweet and forgiving, pleading with her grim old uncle in behalf of William's child, is a restful sight, after this proud dead lady's statue-like posing and romantic floating, unreal in her death as she had been in life. Lady Godiva "built herself an everlasting name". How chaste the picture of her; just before her awful act of self-sacrifice, she stands "in her inmost bower, lingering", "looking like a summer moon, half-dipt in cloud."

And now we see that noble maiden who stands before Lord Roland and tells him, in her proud humility: "I am a beggar born and not the Lady Clare." We are well pleased to give him a place in the picture, for his generous reply:—

"We two will wed to-morrow morn
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Maud, presents to the eye something new, something that differs greatly from the pictures of either the living or the dead, that we have seen in this gallery of Tennysonian imagery. Maud, her face "cold and clear-cut", is "perfectly beautiful", "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null". The colors might have been spread with the palette knife instead of the brush, so keen is the impression given of that "cold, clear-cut face, cruelly meek; passionless, star-sweet, gemlike, ghostlike, and deathlike."

St. Agnes, for whom "the Heavenly Bridegroom waits to make her pure of sin" stands out from the canvas in the original loveliness of her sweet girlhood, a heavenly "bride, a glittering star, in raiment white and clean", and we are happy to carry with us, in leaving the gallery, a vivid remembrance of her, the holiest of Tennyson's pictured maidens.

A Comment on Tennyson's Pictures of Women.

It has been said that, in the poems from which we have chosen our pictures, Tennyson dwells on physical charms only and indicates in these beautiful women neither character nor elevation of mind. But in each description we find, if we study his meaning, that the outward features are signs of inward traits of character and gifts of mind, and we discover a child-like Lillian, a womanly Isabel, an ever-youthful Alice, and a saintly Godiva. We obtain a painful insight into the mental ravages that grief and solitude have made in Mariana of the moated Grange. We find undisciplined

youth in Madeline, a poetic temperament in Adeline, an invincible pride in Eleanore.

A woman, whose eyes "had not lost their light", even in her old age, had a well balanced mind and a strong character, no doubt, and "sweet pale Margaret" was, we fear, a cause of anxiety to her mother and of profit to her physician. As head of a household, she would have been worse than useless. "The Lady of Shalott" is very interesting in her death, and since interest is a varied sentiment, she was, no doubt, interesting when alive, and yet not a comfortable sort of person with whom to live. So it is that the poet reveals to us the secrets of character by physical portraiture.

Characters in the Story of Enoch Arden.

Annie.

"The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both."

Annie's was a sweet, sympathetic nature, gentle and inclined to peace, though it had to be purchased by a sacrifice of self. "She loved Enoch, though she knew it not, and would, if asked, deny it." From this we learn that she is a pure-minded, single-hearted maiden, and we feel sure that her love is of the noblest; strong, disinterested, unchanging; a flame that needs not the fanning of passion but only the gentle breeze of true-hearted affection to keep it glowing.

"Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will."

What sweet, wifely submission she had ever shown; and now when her very soul is stirred by the thought of separation from him, she does not evince violent emotion, but opposes his will with the patient, loving language of entreaties, tears and embraces.

Even in his absence, her wifely soul is true in all things, and his will is still her will, so that before acting in any affair of importance, she asks herself "What would Enoch say?" Untiringly she labors for her little ones, unceasingly she thinks of their absent father,—a devoted mother, a faithful wife.

That she let herself be persuaded into her second marriage is quite consistent with her character. She is so gentle, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to her children, how can she, after so many years of fidelity to Enoch, who comes not, resist the pleading of her son's eyes, the force of her daughter's words, the influence of Philip's face, growing care-worn and wan? So, as has been her life-long custom, she consults the happiness of others, and marries Philip. She is mercifully spared the knowledge of Enoch's broken heart, and while we grieve for him, we have no feeling against her.

Enoch.

Enoch was a masterful boy, he would "hold possession of the playhouse for a week"; he grew up to be a masterful man who "spoke his love", and won his little wife, while the dreamer "Philip loved in silence". A man of strong will was Enoch, with "a purpose ever before his eyes"; of course he attains what he had purposed to gain; such men always do. A brave, generous-hearted man was he, and "thrice had he plucked a life from the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas". A plain man, though, with "weather-beaten face"; but his eyes were beautiful, those "large gray eyes all kindled by a still and sacred fire", the eyes of the hero, the martyr, the saint. Grave, God-fearing man though he be, there comes to him doubt and gloom, to try him in his hour of dark adversity, and he shows his noble spirit, in his prayer for wife and children,—"Save them,—whatever comes to me!"

When he recovers the use of his broken limb, and finds that "another has crept across his trade", taking "her

bread and theirs'', he once more forms a purpose, and at any cost to himself he will try to accomplish it. A strong, brave, loving man is Enoch,—never stronger, braver, or more loving than when he stands by the cottage window looking upon Philip's happiness, and resolves, for Annie's sake to die homeless and unknown.

Philip.

Philip was a passionate boy, full of generous impulses, speedily repenting the passionate deed, and though he shrieked in his jealousy, "I hate you, Enoch!" he never harmed either Annie, or his friend. His hate so easily aroused, as quickly died away. He loves in silence, and when he beholds Enoch and Annie "sitting hand in hand'', he has no reproaches for them, even in his own heart, but pitifully groaning, he "slips away, creeps into the hollows of the woods'' and has "his dark hour unseen'', unheard, unpitied. Poor dreamer, noble man of silence! his quiet courage and strength win at once our sympathy and our loving respect.

How faithful he is! How honorable in his devotion to her who is dearest to him on earth, but whom he may not claim. Watching her from afar, never intruding on her, in the absence of her husband, he does not approach her side, until, having laid her infant in its grave, she seems to him so lonely as to justify him in his effort "to be some little comfort'' to her in sorrow.

True to his gentle, chivalrous spirit, he falteringly says, "Annie, I come to ask a favor of you." Having gained her consent to his plans for the education of her children, he places them in school but, valuing her sweet, fair name, above all personal gratification, and "fearing the lazy gossip of the town'', he seldom crosses her threshold. Kind to Annie, generous to her children, faithful to Enoch, he waits ten long years before he speaks his heart's dearest wish.

“Tennyson is dead.” The cable bore the message from shore to shore, and the wires from city to city, as they bore other tidings of sorrow, but the latter were for individuals, the former was for nations.

It was a bright, serene evening, more like early October than late November, and the moonlight was bewilderingly beautiful,—just such silvery floods as are said to have bathed the poet’s form as he breathed his last gentle sigh.

The impulse to open the volume of Tennyson, always near at hand, was, of course, irresistible, so eloquently did the evening speak of him whose knell had just been echoed for us by electric message. And what did the book open at but “The Dead Prophet!”

Every poet is more or less inspired, and is in some degree a prophet; the title could not fail to arrest the attention and the poem to engage thoughts consecrated, for the moment, to Tennyson. Here were his own words; and none could be more truly applicable to himself—“Dead? Is he then, brought so low?” Well may “the muses cry with a strong cry”, for there is none who may succeed him; not only is his place vacant, it can not be filled. “He had served his time”, lived his three-score years and ten, and yet, the people grieve, for “he was one of the people’s kings”, and they are not so readily replaced as royal monarchs are. The people’s kings leave no heirs; the king dies, the line dies, because the king was the culmination of generations of ever-increasing merit.

The lines Tennyson wrote of his “Dead Prophet” apply with admirable precision to himself and might well be his epitaph—

“We worship him, so great, so noble was he.
Great—lifting the people from the slime
Showing them souls have wings!
Great—for he spoke and the people heard,
Noble! he sung and the sweet sounds ran
Thro’ palace and cottage door.”

A Tribute? "Noble and Sincere."

"Dedicated to Alfred Tennyson, in Poetry,—Illustrious and Consummate; in friendship,—Noble and Sincere." What a fine tribute is this from one poet to another! Honorable alike to him who gave and to him who received the verdict of a kindred soul, the estimate of a mind as great, if not greater, than the one pronounced upon. A tribute offered to a living rival by Robert Browning, on the christening of one of his unique works, would have been an honor whatever the wording. When we find how rich in meaning its strong, terse expressions are, we realize what high praise it conveys, and believe that to Tennyson it must have given a profound pleasure. It was not a great distinction to be called "illustrious"; though from Browning the word was weighted with more than its ordinary meaning, but "illustrious and consummate",—that, from one of Browning's poetic discernment, was a superlative commendation.

Browning, great as a poet, was truthful, upright and honorable as a man, devoted, frank and constant as a friend; he having referred to Tennyson as "In friendship, noble and sincere", the expression must be taken in the fullness, the true depth and the superlative beauty of its moral significance.

WOMAN, THE HOME-MAKER, AND THE EFFECT OF HER SURROUNDINGS.

HAD THERE been no volcanic disturbances, there would have been no awe-inspiring mountains, no eye-entrancing lakes. Mountains and lakes being formed, eagles come to the one, and swans to the other, for inimitable flight, or for graceful floating, as suits the nature of the bird, and the element that affords it its opportunity. Thus are circumstance and consequence, opportunity and achievement linked together, in obedience to Divine decrees, and one thing is, because another is. Given a plain, there must be volcanic action to bring there a mountain. The bird with webbed feet must spend part of his life in water, or his existence is a discomfort and a failure. Tropical plants have but a slow and stunted growth in temperate climes. So it is that all inanimate, or dumb creatures, require certain conditions for the successful attainment of their end; but man, far more than they, needs peculiar surroundings and special advantages to enable him to fulfill his splendid destiny.

How magnificent are the possibilities of development and of attainment that lie even in a savage mind and heart! Immeasurably greater must be the possibilities of attainment that rest within the mind and heart already developed by liberal education and true Christian training. A serious thought is this, for those who have power over the movements of others, either directly, by authority, or indirectly, by influence.

My neighbor, my brother, my subordinate, has certain abilities, having with their compass certain noble attainments; under certain circumstances over which I have power, these attainments would result in considerable good to him

and to the social world, that surrounds him; surely I am not blameless, if through my narrowness, or my selfishness, or my thoughtless omission, these attainments are never reached, this possible good is never accomplished. There is no escape from the responsibility; I am my brother's keeper, in a wide and exacting sense.

There are many who realize their responsibility and whose happiness it would be to distribute figs to all the world, retaining none for themselves, yet their noble inclination is barren, because they dwell in the midst of thistles, not under the shade of fig trees.

Much is being done in our days, it is true, that the world may enjoy the fruit of high-souled labor, and that earnest souls may escape from the fields of thistles, where naught is to be gathered. Much remains to be done; the doing will never cease; every desirable reform and beneficial undertaking seems—not infinite, for it had a beginning,—but eternal, for it never ends.

The needs of the human race are a veritable *Oliver Twist*, ever calling for more. Of whom is "the more" demanded? Our legislators tell us that they are over-burdened with bills that do not pass, with bills that should not pass, and with bills that have passed, (to every one's detriment,) and yet the people ask for more! Thinkers and newspaper editorial writers have already more problems to solve than befits brains with so few convolutions, yet the problems multiply. Educators are revising their "Course of Study", and increasing the size of their catalogues, (full of sad restrictions and glorious promises,) and yet there is a call for "more";—more colleges, more academies, more catalogues, more studies in "The Course".

Above these cultured requests, sounds the hoarse voice of dissatisfied Labor, demanding more wages, and the shrill tones of excited females demanding more rights. Surely it is an age of mighty demands and of exceedingly inadequate

responses. Not such the Middle Ages, when a man, eloquent indeed, but unpolished, and in every way unimportant, could rouse all Europe to open the Crusades. Demands in those old days received ready and rich responses, were the requests for money, or for lives. There were not such multitudes to ask, nor such magnitudes to ask for, it is true, and, doubtless, this giant phantom, this illimitable desire, this "more", which is the aim of all mankind, originated in those times, when the Crusades opened the way for that doubtful element of earthly happiness, modern civilization. Be this as it may, there is always a lack, always a something that someone must supply, and of woman figs are demanded, though she be in the midst of thistles. She herself demands much which is neither wholesome nor expedient for her, but we are concerned with the demands made of her, and with her limitations in responding. What is demanded of her? The question is brief; the answer short and direct. It is demanded of her now, as ever, that she shall be a home-maker. A very simple dialogue. Yes; you probably remember, when studying the elements of Algebra, with what disdain you regarded the innocent looking example:

" $X^3+Y^3=54$ and $X+Y=8$, to find X ,"

until you undertook to work it! Ah! these brief questions hold no clue to the answer; to reply to them is like spelling a monosyllable, with silent letters in it. Reflect awhile, for instance, on what it means to be a "home-maker". All moles make the same kind of burrows, and all beavers the same kind of dam. One Mr. Mole, or one Mr. Beaver, does not differ greatly from another Mr. Mole, or another Mr. Beaver, —whereas Mr. Human Being is seldom a known quantity, seldom a quantity with a constant value; the sign of infinity indicates his moods and the sign of increase and decrease must always have the open side towards his masculine interests. To be a home-maker for this being, under these circumstances, particularly, if the sweet woman's own little moods

and variable values are considered, is no shallow piece of work, no "doll-house" undertaking. Why enter into coarse details regarding good breakfasts, substantial dinners, and dainty suppers, or into the subtle consideration of unruffled brows, cheery voices, and affectionate manners? Every one knows the sort of figs woman is expected to serve at home and abroad, though her garden abound only in thistles! "And what are the thistles?" More coarse details, such as an inconvenient house, an unpleasant neighborhood, a lack of cash, a thousand worries about the children, and an unceasing strain to do all that is expected of her; more subtle considerations,—cultivated tastes that have no gratification; noble desires that meet no response; high hopes that have not the faintest realization.

We pity the man who goes mad, or the man who takes to drink, if we find that the home-maker has failed in her duty. "Such was to be expected of these poor men, with such surroundings." And what was to be expected of the women who are made accountable for this man's insanity, and that man's sin? Were the surroundings any pleasanter for them? Could they gather figs from thistles, or make a home from shingles and flour paste?

"A one-sided view?" Granted! We simply point out the fact that there is something to be seen. Take as many views of it as you please. The more, the better for our object.

"An isolated example among homes, and a very low type at that?" Again granted. Go up the scale, from the brainless Protozoan's one-celled, lime-stone cabin, to the gorgeous palace of the pearly nautilus. What an interesting study for the cultured mind! Human homes present a far greater diversity. Go upward, in your reflections, from my low type, to the stately mansion; everywhere you note the influence of the home-maker, and everywhere you find that she is expected to gather figs from thistles, be they growing in the gardens of the poor, or on the lawns of the rich. Hamerton,

in his "Intellectual Life" devotes considerable space to the consideration of the influences of man's surroundings, and proves the importance of the subject. It behooves us, then, to improve man's surroundings. Something in this line might be done, possibly, by improving the man himself, but we have been considering the woman as the home-maker, and must ignore side issues.

How shall we improve the home-maker that the home may be all that is desirable? Shall we let her vote? Woman's suffrage seems more likely to be a home-destroyer than a home-improver. Woman would find in politics a use for the thistles, however; a few thorns judiciously strewn in the pathway of the masculine politicians might be beneficial to them and to the nation. It is the greatest benefit likely to arise from woman's use of the ballot.

Shall we let our home-maker engage in masculine employments? If need be and she has the ability. Home will be all the sweeter to her, afterwards, if she be a true woman; if she be not a true woman, the home is well rid of her, and the public is welcome to her manly services, until such times as she shall depart for a grave over which no inscription can be placed, because none know how to classify her.

Shall we afford woman opportunities for higher education? Ah, now we have touched the vital point, put our hands on the throbbing heart of "The Woman Question!" Higher education? For what purpose? With what end in view? That she shall be a better home-maker?

There is that unknown quantity of mighty magnitude, the possible, inevitable husband. What sort of home will he require? One in which higher education will be a curse rather than a blessing, mayhap. Any thoughtful mind can grasp the possibilities of misery that lie within the compass of higher education, without suitable companionship, and congenial surroundings. The swallow is content to make her nest of mud, not so the dainty oriole; if naught but mud is

available, the oriole will make no nest at all, but sit drooping on the branch that might have supported her tiny, elegant home. Nature takes better care of her birds than we do of our daughters. Nature does not expect the oriole to mate with the swallow, and be happy in a mud nest, because he is happy there, or can afford no better. The oriole does not require a large nest, nor a costly one, but she requires it to be constructed with a pretty framework of twigs and a downy lining; she will not have her home stuck, like a swallow's against a barn, or under the eaves of a house, but amid the verdant pleasantness of leafy branches.

"This is all a matter of taste." Exactly. That is part of our problem. Shall we educate our daughters to have tastes which will bring unrest, instead of peace? Let us educate them, by all means, but having done so, let us try to make their surroundings congenial, and put them in the way of mating with their equals.

Is there not a masculine side to this "Woman Question?" The few of our educated Catholic young men who do not become priests do not seem to make a sufficient success of life to be able to afford a cultured wife. To be mis-mated, as to religion or as to education, is therefore, the fate of the greater number of our highly educated young women.

Blessed above all others is the educated woman who has a religious vocation. Within convent walls, she finds all that cultured heart and mind can desire,—the surroundings, the companionship, the work that suits her needs and gratifies her tastes. While her heart is fed with peace and joy from the altar-table, her mind is fed with inspirations from the throne of God, and she finds earth the vestibule of heaven.

Not to put forth more useless theories, nor to pretend to solve unsolvable problems, was this article written, but simply to draw (as the motes draw attention to the sunbeam), the attention of thoughtful minds and kindly hearts to the needs of educated young girls who have not a religious voca-

tion, and whose surroundings are utterly uncongenial. Within their cultured minds and delicately trained hearts lie potential energies that neither the world nor the Church can afford to spare. The question is how to make these energies dynamic; how to give them the only thing they need, opportunity for action and development.

Little Stories

ELECTRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

OF COURSE the Professor was sleepy—and then—the Professor was a woman, so of course the Professor had an imagination stronger than her other mental faculties, and that is the reason this story is a true story. Were you to ask the Professor how this conclusion follows from those premises, she would doubtless reply, “Oh, because!” When a woman has given this as an explanation of an event, or as the reason for any particular taste, prejudice, antipathy or affection, you must pocket your logic and assume an air of satisfied enlightenment.

To return to this sleepy Professor, he—no, she, asserted that the world must be near its term of office, that, positively, things could not advance any farther, and of course they could not stand still, so, perforce, they must cease to exist. When asked why they could not advance, the reply was, “Oh, because!” So profound a silence followed this lucid explanation, the Professor went to sleep, and one by one the students stole away. “As the last one departed,” the Professor relates, “a majestic female entered the room. Her appearance was fascinating; I could not dwell upon her features long enough to qualify them, but the face was full of the reserved power of an intense energy, held in check by a great purpose. The eyes were a most peculiar shade of blue, with yellow lights gleaming in them. As she approached me, I felt a singular tingling sensation in every part of my frame, and when she placed her hand gently on mine I cried out with pain. She turned to leave the room, some irresistible force drew me after her, and with a strange sense of vigor, and great strength animating me, I followed her. As she moved from room to room of our Academy, advertised

as having all the 'modern improvements', singular changes took place; the much-boasted modern improvements disappeared. The recreation room was the first apartment we entered. A white robed individual was directing affairs. 'We will now begin the Calisthenic exercises,' she announced. Forthwith my companion, Electra, she told me, was her name, approached a handsome upright piano that graced a certain corner of the room, and touched a button in its case somewhere; immediately the appropriate music was played without the necessity of calling some reluctant maiden from the much loved exercise. Each pupil wore bracelets and anklets of some strange new metal, remarkable for the brilliancy of its lustre; chains of rare workmanship ornamented various parts of their forms; all this seemed to have some design other than mere adornment; when the exercises began, I understood this design. The oldest and the stiffest, the most awkward and the most indolent had only to be passive in the magic bands of chain and bracelet—the exercising was no trouble to them—electric currents moved their limbs without need of exertion on their part, yet, after some twenty minutes spent in making motions possible, formerly only to India rubber dolls, the directress announced, 'The young ladies may rest.' Clubs and wands and all the curious new fandangoes disappeared under the floors or into the walls, and in their stead I beheld fifty or sixty rocking chairs with reading desks attached. The occupants of the chairs made no movement themselves, yet they all rocked gently to and fro in perfect time and with entrancing ease. 'Do not exert yourselves to turn the leaves of your books,' said a voice near me, 'just touch the button in the cover.' The time allotted for rest having elapsed, a dumb waiter appeared in the corner, where formerly there had been a staircase, and without visible help from human hands, salvers laden with cups of coffee and light refreshments, passed to and fro. I expected, at the signal, to see the young ladies go to the

study hall in a car, but they managed to exert themselves enough to walk there, though many of them complained of the trouble and expressed a hope that this dreadfully old-fashioned pedestrian Academy would soon be supplied with the electrical apparatus so common elsewhere. "Some of these nuns are so conservative," said one fair girl, with a pretty pout, "they really think it beneficial to walk. 'They lecture us on the care due to our liver and our lungs just as our grandmothers were lectured, forgetting that Dr. Hypnoticon Electricus can remove diseased organs and replace them with healthy ones, while the patient lies in a delicious trance' "

"Entering the study hall, lighted and heated by electricity, we found each pupil occupying an easy chair, her feet on an ottoman, her head tipped back comfortably against a cushion, her hands folded in her lap. The book from which she read (study requires too much exertion) was supported by a desk, at a proper angle for her eyes, and the leaves turned by electricity, a tiny chain passing from her little finger to the mechanism of this desk, for the purpose. A caligraph, worked by electricity, was on a lower desk, at each pupil's side and by this were written all the exercises, essays and sonnets required by these somewhat antiquated teachers who might have applied to the 'Associated Electrical Sonnet Press' for productions of that kind, and thus spared these delicate maidens so much unnecessary mental exertion. As I stood revolving this idea in my mind, one of the pupils approached the teacher in charge, and accosted her with this, to me, astounding intelligence: 'I have just received a hypnotic message from my father, who is in Paris; two minutes ago he was seriously injured by a flash of lightning which he was directing towards an enemy, but which, by some mismanagement, reacted on himself. He desires me to be with him in twenty-four hours. Please notify the electrician at the great gun that I am to be shot into Dubuque immediately. From

there I shall go to New York by electric skates, and in New York I'll take wings to Paris.' Seeing that young person shot into Dubuque must have frightened me to death, I guess, for I am not in the same kind of a world that I was in before—things are dreadfully slow but sort of safe here! I don't know what became of Electra, the Enchantress, I guess she stayed in the fast world."

GOD IS GOOD.

HE WAS very tired. Physical weariness was quite familiar to him, though he was young and vigorous, but not often did his heart and soul grow weary. He was almost despondent this evening. His boys,—those dear, ignorant, faulty, friendless boys, were a great care, a burden on the conscience, a weight on the heart, a distraction to the mind, a strain to the soul. And there is no Wall Street in the domain of charity. The possessor of the true faith does not appreciate, he believes, and yet, though the eternal verities do not rise and fall in value, human nature's impulses cause dread fluctuations in the market price of charity, and though faith be firm, trust sometimes wavers. And so, the young priest, facing a debt of many thousands for a "Boys' Home", and having met human nature in its periodical, sneaking, bucket-shop mood that day, was not walking in his usual head-erect, shoulders-squared manner. Thus it happened that he suddenly found himself going on his errand by the hardest way, dragging his tired limbs up to the high bridge. He paused, and somewhat impatiently wondered at himself; with raised head he noticed the beauty of the starlit sky, and there came to him swiftly, sweetly, the memory of his mother's last hour of earthly life, and how lovingly and fervently she had reiterated the affirmation "God is good!"

With renewed trust, and with head erect, he stepped upon the lonely bridge. Near the railing was a woman's form dimly outlined. As he approached it, he realized that the woman was intent upon a deadly purpose. Leaping forward, he grasped her, just in time, demanding harshly in his excitement and horror, "What are you trying to do?" "To end that which has become intolerable," said the woman.

Here was a new experience. Boys are simple propositions. The complexity of a woman's mind, bent on a violent correction of life's misstated problems, dazed him for a moment but again, he seemed to hear his mother's dying accents, and he said to the woman, "God is good; what is your trouble?" And the woman told him of the death of father, mother, brother and sister; of the expenditure of all their means and of her wages for doctors and medicine and funerals; of the loss of her own health in hopeless efforts to restore theirs; and so, homeless, friendless, without money or strength, there seemed to her overwrought heart but one avenue of escape.

"Well," said the priest, "I will give you the first proof that 'God is good'. Here is money; here is my card, with the address of a good lodging house on the reverse of it; the landlady knows me, and will be kind to you. In a few days you will hear further from me as to your future."

The woman tried to utter her tearful thanks. "No; no; don't thank me. I did not mean to cross this bridge, I was impatient with my own stupidity in coming this wearisome way, when I was so tired, but God led me here to save you. Do not thank me, but remember that 'God is good'."

She was very tired. The head of a large millinery and dressmaking establishment, Miss Carey, had found feminine nature particularly trying that day. It was with a long-drawn sigh of relief that she approached the stairs leading to her private apartments. A bell rang out clear and forceful. "Father Z. wants you at the telephone," said her assistant. Miss Carey was not given to being irritable when the zealous, unselfish young priest made almost unreasonable demands upon her charity, but really—"Why had he not waited till morning to ask favors for those troublesome boys?" But—well—. "What is it, Father Z.?" she inquired, evenly and quietly. "Can you give some light work to a destitute woman in poor health?" "Can I afford to pay her for doing nothing you mean? Oh, yes, of course, I am

so relieved that, for once, it isn't a boy." "Thank you. Good night!"

The next morning the woman in the comfortable lodging house received the information that she would find, at a certain number on a busy street, some light work to do, until such time as Father Z. could make other provision for her. "This," said he, "is my second proof to you that 'God is good', and do you thank Him, not me."

"Father Z. wants you at the telephone, Sister." She was very tired, the dear Sister, who had been climbing stairs and treading long corridors and giving service in many sick rooms all day, but a resigned smile brightened the tired face as she hurried telephonewards, saying "There is no denying Father Z.; a boy with a broken leg or a bumped head, I suppose." "A woman, Father?" she exclaimed. "Well, that will be a refreshing change! Take her for nothing? Oh, yes; send her along! Good night!" And so, the woman was operated upon, cared for, cured, and given remunerative employment. Forthwith, she was forgotten by the man of zeal, absorbed in the baths and the prayers and the general well-being of the homeless working boys of a great city.

Sometimes, stock in the brotherhood of man fell so low that two cents on the dollar would have been a big price to pay for it. When the tangible human being converts himself into an intangible meanness that can't be dealt with by any respectable athletic methods, it tries, for a time, and very severely, even the most courageous soul. All workers in the Master's harvest-fields have hours of darkness when the shadow of man's colossal selfishness seems to hide the very face of God.

The young priest was enduring such an hour. "I am afraid I cannot get the means to continue my work. I will have to give it up. No one seems to care what becomes of those poor boys." So ran his thoughts, as he answered the mail carrier's ring, and received a letter and a small pack-

age. The letter contained a check bearing four figures. A man had remembered the boys. The package contained a small banner of white satin on which, within the space enclosed by an embroidered wreath of forget-me-nots, were beautifully embroidered, ornamental letters that spelled the meaningful expression "God is Good".

The woman had remembered her benefactor, and with womanly intuition, had surmised that sometimes the greatest and the best of men have need to be reminded that "God is good".

THE PROFESSOR LOOKING FORWARD.

THE Professor stood in a Chicago department store and watched "the endless stairs" carry people from one floor to another.

"What next?" she muttered. "I thought we had reached the end of our tether long ago as regards inventions and discoveries." Wearily she sought the ladies' waiting room, and sank, with a sigh of content, into the depths of an easy chair.

Someone tapped her on the shoulder saying, "Come, you have rested long enough. Some time since I called your attention to our modern, non-strenuous system of education; now we will take in some of the features of the new civic conditions."

As she spoke, they reached the door and stepped out upon the sidewalk, which carried them rapidly away in the direction of uptown. A parallel walk on the same side of the street was moving, with its human freight, downtown. Signals were given by persons desiring to step off the walk at a certain corner.

"Why," gasped the Professor, "where am I? This is not Chicago?"

"Oh, yes it is, but it is the Chicago of 1990."

"It can't be Chicago; there are no cars, surface or elevated."

"The cars run underground; the moving sidewalks are sufficient for surface travel; see, in the middle of the wide street, there is a double express sidewalk that stops only at every sixth block; the others stop at every second block. A narrow space between the buildings and the endless walk

permits pedestrians to reach any point desired before stepping on the moving walk for rapid transit."

"But it can't be Chicàgo; even granting the removal of surface and of elevated trains, there is not a familiar object to be seen; no skyscrapers, no dwarfed buildings in contrast, no hideous incongruities, no discords of color and material. This beautiful city can't be Chicago. Yes; Chicago was dirty and noisy and wicked; but oh! so lovable. One of Uncle Sam's prodigal sons, it might be, but so generous, so whole-souled, so forgivable, when showing the least sign of repentance and amendment. No; this is not Chicago."

"But, my dear Professor, the Labor War of 1950 wiped out the Chicago that you knew. A fire, such as the world had never seen before, leveled the skyscrapers and the dwarf buildings alike. Of Chicago there remained not a stone upon a stone. For forty-five years the colored strike-breakers of 1905 had been multiplying and then came the crisis."

"There are no colored men in Chicago now, none in all the United States. The race problem was solved by the voluntary exodus of the negro, lead by another Moses into the promised land of Central Africa, where a great republic now flourishes.

"This is the age of aluminum. The new Chicago is built and paved with aluminum."

"But even yet," protested the Professor, "you have not fully accounted for the great change that so puzzles me."

"Look more closely at the long stretch of buildings each side of the street, what do you perceive?"

"Oh, yes, I see; the sky line is unbroken save by the spires of churches. All the buildings are of equal height; how noble the effect! But I notice that every spire has a cross defined against the sky. How have the sects been induced to use this, the common symbol of salvation?"

"There are no sects in this truly enlightened city. Religious sects were the products of mental aberration. Difference of opinion regarding revealed truth indicated a form of insanity; now all kinds of madness have been banished by electrical treatment of the brain; hence the disappearance of the sects. A normal brain receives the truth and a normal will submits to its behests."

"Hum-m-m," muttered the Professor, recalling certain patrons of her old-time college for girls, theosophists, Christian Scientists, etc., etc., who deemed all the world mad but themselves, "Why, how very strange!" she suddenly exclaimed. "There are no newsboys on the streets."

"No," said her companion, "children are no longer engaged in any wage-earning employment, except in an educational way; but in any event, there would be no newsboys, for there are no newspapers. Notice the crowds hurrying in the same direction. We will accompany them, for it is Mirror Hour, and all are on their way to the Forum of this district."

Having reached the public square, they found its three boundary walls covered with huge metallic mirrors whereon were pictured the principal events of the day, in all parts of the world. Comments and explanations were made by means of a powerful phonograph. The telephone, greatly improved, and the phonograph carried the news to each home in the city and its suburbs.

Having looked and listened for some time with a puzzled, expectant expression on her face, the Professor exclaimed, "But we have heard nothing about the murders, the suicides, the domestic infelicities, the divorces, the family quarrels, the strikes, the riots and the lynchings that have taken place!"

"Murder happens but once in a quarter of a century, suicide even more seldom, and the others never happen at all," said Electra sharply. "Accounts of such occurrences dis-

graced the newspapers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Now, if there be such events, the records of them are reserved for official notice only; they are never published. We would as soon think of letting our sewer pipes empty their poisonous contents into our principal streets, or into our park fountains, as to permit the publication of the commission of sin and of civic crimes."

"How do you explain the great moral reform that seems to have taken place?" anxiously inquired the Professor.

"First there was the complete triumph of true Christianity over the sects; then, as a result of uniformity in religion, there was a great political reform, and the abolishment of monetary currency."

"The nineteenth and twentieth centuries had lofty ideals, but sought to attain them without the aid of religion; failure was inevitable."

"Have you abolished labor?"

"Far from it; but we have banished all its hardships, removed all the causes for its complaints and discontent. The population is divided into two classes, the laboring and the professional; each class is further divided into the strenuous and the non-strenuous. Mutual respect and helpfulness exist among them, and no distinction as to rank or place. The non-strenuous are not idlers, they are the artists, the musicians, the poets and the authors, all who need leisure to make their productions a success."

"Have you abolished poverty?" meekly inquired the Professor. "No; the Divine Master said 'The poor you have always with you.' There are the sick, the helpless and the unsuccessful, a precious burden on the charity of the strenuous, who joyously bear it. Poverty caused by crime or dissipation, however, does not exist."

"One question more," said the Professor, with a very solemn look, "do people die now?"

“Oh, yes; we have not abolished death. The church militant is still loyal to the church triumphant, and sends to it her brave soldiers by way of the church suffering.”

“Well, I am glad there is one familiar thing to be met with in this changed world, glad that dear, old, grim Death still reigns—he and his sister Sleep.” And with a great nod, the Professor returned, almost with delight, to the Chicago of the twentieth age. She had been very homesick, in that dream, for her dear, wicked century, and her beloved sinful city.

BIG I.

PERSONAL TO ME AND TO YOU.

YOU ARE discouraged to-night, my friend? You were working earnestly, zealously, unselfishly,—and some one discovered “Big I” in your efforts? This officious somebody told you “Big I” was there, from first to last? Well, most likely it was there,—what difference? Its appearance merely proves that you are human, and though its shadow may darken your own heart, it need not impair the intrinsic worth of your work to the heart of another. Besides, “Big I” is a spirit that occupies a certain place in every human life, no matter how exalted or how holy.

It is shameful, though, the way that obtrusive pronoun crowds itself into good company, disporting itself with vulgar airs of groundless superiority. And yet, its irritating, open-faced audacity is preferable to its many disguises, its cloak of false humility, its mask of meek serenity and its veil of shrinking modesty. We must make the best of it, however, for its complete subjection is not to be expected here on earth. Quietly asserting its rights, persistently claiming privileges, imperiously demanding the consideration of others, it usually attains its aims. It is the distinctive force of certain characters, and for them the complete subjection of “Big I” would not be desirable. Society, or the government, or the nation needs them, and “Big I” is the motive power of their best and most wide-reaching activities. Even their altruistic efforts have an origin in their excessive egotism. We must not quarrel with the obtrusiveness of a force that produces desirable and beneficial effects. We may not like the manner of the doing, but we find satisfaction in the results. We must tolerate “Big I”, for it abides with us all, though we resent any recognition of the fact on

the part of others. However much it may be in evidence, in what we do or say, we are painfully sensitive to the comments of our neighbor regarding its presence, and its power to move us for good or evil. On the other hand, we know that there are persons who see phantoms in other people's houses; that these will see an abnormally developed "Big I" where none exists, and will scorn the householder accordingly, a condition of things that the best of us find extremely irritating.

We have a personal responsibility, of course, in regard to this common inmate of human hearts, so prone to appear on the lips or to drop from the pen, but there is such a thing as giving too much attention to "Big I". Fight with it and it waxes strong, through the exercise of resisting; ignore it, and it grows weak, it faints and almost dies. It is never really dead, however, and one cannot banish it. Take "Big I" by the shoulder and push it outside your soul's domain; close against it the gates of your will, and the doors of your heart; it will batter down the one: it will scorn the other, and it will slide down in a unguarded moment, the wide chimney of your mind to sit by the very hearthstone of your being. There are times, too, when it will occupy the whole hearth, and absorb all the heat, and frighten every good spirit into the corners.

Again, it will come, when you have been utterly forgetful of it, and it will enter your heart with such a dash and such a flourish, and such an appearance of utter good will, that you will hail it as the "capital fellow" that the English language makes it. But was there ever a "capital fellow" who did not work mischief for himself and others, even when apparently most virtuous and most lovable? Ah, "Big I" is a treacherous spirit, and one can never be utterly secure against its wiles.

Unmixed good is not our portion, however, while we are earthly sojourners, and it is a grave mistake to crush the

life or the elasticity out of "Big I", for, spite of its presumption, its impertinence, its rudeness, its aggressiveness, and its usurpation of power and of place, it inspires us, urges us onward, forces us upward, and aids us in the attainment of the special end of our personal existence. "Big I" may become a fool or a sinner, but it is just as capable of becoming a great saint.

Humility has been defined as a just appreciation of oneself. An apt definition, that appeals to common sense, that recognizes one's abilities as well as one's limitations, and that gives "Big I" a chance, an honorable chance, to plead its own cause, very frequently a noble cause.

"Big I," restrained by faith and subdued by charity, has played a noble part on battlefields and on rostrums, in forums and in senate chambers, in homes and in capitols, under the burden of banners or of crosses, beneath laurel wreaths or thorn crowns.

All the world cannot take things seriously; a jolly, rollicking, happy "Big I" is not the worst thing to encounter, though it is snubbed more frequently than is justifiable. Cheery self-conceit is preferable, surely, to gloomy self-deprecation. Humility and modesty do not demand a saddening depression, but a gladsome uplifting of natural character and disposition.

At all events, were we to strike out the "Big I" from our world of activities and of books, we would have no history, not even the Lives of the Saints, and no poetry, not even the Psalms.

The Old Wooden Cradle.

THE OLD WOODEN CRADLE.

IT WAS made partly from an old frame church. The materials that entered into its form had been seasoned by the sighs and prayers of sturdy pioneers and their not less sturdy wives. The walls were vibrant with the tones of priestly voices uttering words of sacramental and sacrificial import. What sweeter lullaby than those sighs and prayers, what better awakening song than those sacred words? And, when all was ready, there rested in that cradle the mighty hope of a great soul. For in that small frame convent Father Mazzuchelli sheltered his little band of Dominican Sisters to grow in grace and to acquire spiritual gifts; to become strong by enduring hardships and brave by contending with difficulties; to become sweetened by patience, gladdened by meekness, and sanctified by meditation, penance and prayer.

The history of this little band, which has since become a great religious congregation, you will read elsewhere. We are more concerned, at this moment, with the abode, than with the dear people who dwelt there.

“Old St. Clara,” as we have lovingly called it, since our coming to Sinsinawa, “stood somewhat back from the village street.” A narrow board walk, under over-arching trees, led from a low, iron gate, in a low, iron fence, through an outer and an inner garden, to the front porch, with its six tall, octagonal white pillars, and to the front door, with its great brass knocker.

Between the gardens was a curving, white picket fence, with the concave towards the building. This fence ended, at each side of the walk, in a tall, round, white post on which stood a little white angel.

“May we go past the angels?” was a permission frequently asked and very joyously received, for, disregarding the floral beauties of the inner garden, we were ever longing for the little groves and shaded walks of the outer garden, partly because they were outside our usual bounds, and partly because they made such delightful trysting places, such attractive recesses for the giving of confidences and the telling of secrets.

Sometimes we asked “to go past the angels” that we might run to the iron gate and steal a sidewise look down the one street of the quaint little town of Benton, or that we might drop into a box, suspended from a sweet brier bush, a note to our dearest friend. Of course we’d meet her a dozen times that day, but that did not make the notes any less interesting.

The pleasures offered by the inner garden were appreciated, however, and it also is dear to memory, though its beauties were, perhaps, a little too familiar to be altogether attractive. And yet, nowhere else have we found sunshine quite so golden, so glowing, so full of youthful energy, as that which fell upon old St. Clara’s inner garden, causing the shadowy finger of the marble sun-dial, on its great stone pedestal, to point unerringly the fleet passage of the gladsome hours, and making “the iron chair”, and its attendant semi-circular benches of green, such a delightful rendezvous for a happy group of chatty school girls, with Father Samuel, or a favorite Sister, for chairman. No grim parliamentary laws governed the intercourse of those rich hours. Each maiden said her bright, joyous, illogical say, without fear and without restraint. If her bad grammar was corrected in some quiet corner, by the dear Sister, or her philosophy amended in some lecture, in an impersonal way, by the beloved Father—who was the wiser? And who was going to be afraid to speak her mind the next time? No, there was no fear, but there was unbounded respect and loyal

love in every young heart that leaned so confidently on Father Samuel and the Sisters.

Never was the garden so beautiful as on a clear night in summer or in winter. Nowhere else have we seen moonlight so silvery, so effulgent, so full of inspiration, unless it were in the outer garden, where it made mysterious pictures with the shadows of the linden and the ash.

To one side of "The Old Wooden Cradle" was that shrine of happy, delightful, dolorous and tragic memories, "The Arbor," a long archway of green lattice work covered with wild grape vines. There we walked with our favorite Sister, our holy mentor, acknowledging to her our faults, vehemently denied elsewhere, perhaps, and stored up her wise, loving advice for some future time when it would not come quite so hard on us to be good. There we went to weep over a friend's momentary unkindness, or to grieve over a teacher's transient displeasure. But "The Arbor" often beheld better and sweeter scenes—the reconciliation of estranged friends; the generous making and accepting of apologies, as the recently estranged companions walked lovingly arm in arm; the quiet examination of conscience before confession, and the hushed, reverent meditation before Holy Communion. There a little girl of twelve once ran, with the hot sped of an impulsive nature, to throw herself upon the ground on her face, and to weep bitterly because she could not receive Holy Communion with the Catholic children on the dear feast of Corpus Christi.

When the pupils were in the study hall, preparing their lessons for the next day, the Sisters walked under that pleasant archway for their evening recreation. Dear old arbor! What a sacred procession we see, of loved ones long since dead and revered ones still living, going down your shadowy length and beyond into the perfumed halls of faithful memory!

At the end of the arbor was a long avenue of maple trees, planted by Father Samuel in a double row each side of the walk, symbolic, he said, of the unity that was always to exist in the religious community he had founded. Following this long, shady avenue, one came out into the orchard. The luxuriant growth of red clover, under the apple trees, looked very thick and snaky, but there was never anything worse in it than harmless grass-hoppers, or mischievous school girls looking for "russets," an apple very sweet and toothsome, even when unripe.

Making a zigzag, shivery sort of way through the clover and under low-bending boughs, one came out on a pathway leading to "The Little Summer House," a lattice-work arbor covered by choice, flowering vines. This was back of the academy and at quite a distance from it. It was a delightful place wherein to dream and to study, or to loiter and to read, especially if one did not wish to be "bothered". Besides, just outside this arbor, at certain hours of the day, one might meet the dearest Sisters, spreading out clothes on the grass to bleach—Sisters who knew one only at one's best, who did not hear one's bad recitations nor see exhibitions of one's faulty temper. Their faces were strong and sweet, their manners gentle and winning, their words few and full of spiritual power. We treasure the memory of them among the best of life's influences.

A few steps, as a school girl skips, brought one to a certain flight of stone stairs at the back of the new rock convent, and there dear Sister Frances McGurk used to sit at times peeling apples or stoning cherries, and she taught the child who came to help her many a deep lesson in simple story. Just inside the door, in the new kitchen, was Sister Ignatia, who was gifted with a wonderful spirit of prayer, but whom we girls knew better as "the Sister who makes the wonderfully good bread, so white, light and sweet." And there also was Sister Mary Pius, who, when Father Samuel was living,

had care of the meals in "the little parlor", and was so kind to the sick pupils that bogus headaches were not rare, nor speedy recoveries, after a cup of tea, surprising. She, too, had beautiful stories about sacred things, wherewith she flavored the tea and toast, and made life-long impression on youthful minds.

As one sat on those steps with Sister Frances, one could see "The Cottage", a small, low, frame structure with a gruesome story attached to it of a man who had committed murder there, and who used to mock Father Samuel, sneer at the Sisters and make fun of the Holy Mass. Father Samuel got rid of his stormy neighbor by buying his cottage, which was, in fact, a very harmless and useful little house, especially when some of us had the measles, and had to be quarantined. Between times, when no contagious diseases were lurking around, we peopled the small dwelling with ghosts, and had ecstatic frights "taking dares" to visit its porch by moonlight, and look in at its windows, or to go back of it and look into the well, where the murderer was said to have cast his victim! The only ghost we ever met, however, was dear old Sister Catherine Collins, the infirmarian, who chased us, who had not the measles, out of the neighborhood of those who had.

There was a perfect riot of rose bushes one side of the cottage, and a short way back of its was "The Little Mound", a good sized knoll of artificial formation, one of Father Samuel's pleasant ideas. Crowned by a circle of shade trees and furnished with benches placed near a solid center table having a round top and one big postlike leg, what a delightful rendezvous it made for Sister Emily and her juniors!

Why are there no such bright Sundays and delightful Thursdays now, as those we spent with our story books or our needle work on the dear "little mound"? Oh, you need not argue the point! The sun does not shine as he did in

those days. Then he rode trimphantly in a golden chariot; now he shivers in a brazen automobile.

And the moon? Ah, if there were ghosts at the cottage, there were fairies at the little mound, and every moonlight night we went to look for them. There is no such moonlight now. Then the moon was a bright queen, trailing silvery robes along an azure floor, not the weeping lady of these times, dragging scarfs of chiffon among the clouds!

A few steps from the cottage porch was a stone well-curb without a well. It made a unique seat for two chums, or for three chums and a Sister. It was a hard-hearted old curb of course, having a gray limestone existence, but to sit on it at sunset or in the twilight, listening to those who had noble things to say—ah! such an experience had a wonderfully softening influence over the stubborn heart of youth, and sweet are the memories gathered about the curved outlines of that old stone.

Four or five yards from the well-curb was the opening to a maple-bordered drive-way terminating at a great white gate that gave ingress to carriages from the street. On the far side of this drive was the old district school house, grey and paintless, where, from 1853 to 1886, two of the Sisters taught the public school of the village. On the near side was a grove of apple, cherry and pear trees, through which curved a narrow path leading to the end of the front porch. And so we have made a circle round "the old wooden cradle", now let us enter it and enjoy the warmth of its motherly embrace.

A feeling of awe filled the heart of 'a new scholar' as she read the great golden-lettered inscription, "St. Clara's Female Academy," that appeared across the cornice of the front porch. The name stood for so many different ideas and ideals!

It was with felings of intense dread that the girl of prejudiced ideas approached the portal that was to admit her

to the supposed realization of her stern anticipations regarding convent life. On the contrary, emotions of intellectual reverence and delight thrilled the heart of the girl of beautiful ideals, as she entered that old fashioned front hall, with its papered walls, its hat rack of gnarled stag horns, and its gilt-framed picture of "The Trial of Catherine of Aragon". She saw this narrow passage way widen out into glowing vistas of the world of thought, of study and of learning. Nor was she to experience any disappointment. Those were the days when the western simplicity of things indicated, in most instances, their rare worth.

Standing, in an expectant mood, in that old hall, the new scholar saw on her left two doors, one opening into a tiny chapel, the other, nearer to her hand, admitting her to the old fashioned parlor, with its oldtime wall decorations and its plain convent furniture. In after years the memory of these rooms was to become very dear to her, for the folding doors between them were opened on week-day mornings, that there might be room for the pupils to assist at the Mass offered by Father Samuel, while Sister Regina and Sister Alberta sang "On This Day, O Beautiful Mother," and other well-loved hymns to the accompaniment of the melodeon.

She has not forgotten the familiar instructions given there by Father Samuel after Mass on Thursday mornings. As he explained, in his clear, logical way, the pious practices of the Church, many a non-Catholic pupil exclaimed, under her breath, "How reasonable!" and from understanding the beauty of the practice began to inquire the meaning of the dogma.

One of those mornings there was a discourse on purgatory, and a little Presbyterian, who had been listening with strict attention, turned impulsively to a friend on her right and whispered, "That's the place I've been looking for!" "Indeed!" said the witty Irish girl, "well, you're welcome to my part of it."

On another morning, the dear Father was explaining the use of scapulars, medals, and pious pictures. This same little Protestant had just said to herself "how reasonable!" when her sense of smell was assailed by a strong odor of brimstone. "Ah, ha," said her Puritan conscience, "just as your grand-mamma told you, the devil is very near when one begins to think well of Catholic things." Forthwith she turned her back upon the priest. In doing so, she discovered at her side a half-witted girl amusing herself by rubbing on the palm of her warm, moist hand, a great bunch of matches! The logic of the situation was too forcible to fail in making its impression, and grand-mamma's influence in matters of religion was greatly weakened.

There was no room for side altars in that little chapel of holy memories, and so the beautiful gold crowned marble statue of the "Sorrowful Mother", with which even new St. Clara girls are familiar, stood on a bracket at the right of the main altar. Under that bracket a certain pupil knelt every week-day, winter morning for five years, and for four of those years she was not a Catholic, but our Blessed Lady was mindful of the child at her feet, and obtained for her the priceless gift of faith.

In that little chapel she saw Sister Catherine Myres, Sister Clara Conway and Mother Regina Mulqueeney resting in the calm sleep of death that precedes the final judgment, but with all her inherited horror of death, as a personal affair, it seemed to have nothing dreadful about it on these occasions. The Sisters, to her mind, had come direct from heaven; it was fitting that they should return there, after a little. No one had a right to grieve over it, and yet, she thought the sun very, very cruel because he shone so brightly on the day Mother Regina died; and she remembers looking up at him and saying, "How can you—oh! how can you!"

From the front parlor our new scholar was ushered into "the little parlor", where Father Samuel used to take his

meals. Here, in company with her father, she had her first meal at St. Clara. It was a Friday dinner, and Father Samuel, as host, said, laughingly, "Ah, too bad, too bad! The poor little Protestant must eat fish on her first day in the convent." The little lassie had very promptly, and not very politely, shown her dislike for fish; but these words of sympathy won her heart, and she, like hundreds of others, young and old, fell under the holy charm of Father Mazzuchelli's invincible kindness. That little parlor was, at that hour, the vestibule of a temple of later build, for a few years later that child, as a young girl, knelt in that same room, beside Mother Regina's death bed, and ended there a long and bitter conflict with her vocation, promising God, in that solemn presence, to become a Dominican religious. Long years have passed since then, years filled with many kinds of experience, but never for one instant tainted with regret for that promise promptly fulfilled when the opportunity came.

Yes, among its many uses "the little parlor" was Father Samuel's dining room, and it was our special delight, when we were little girls, to be sent across the street by Sister Mary Pius to Father Samuel's house to tell him, what he already knew, that it was supper time. Frequently, in the last winter of his life, we took with us, on those sweet errands, our coasting sled, on which we would coax him to stand, that six or eight of us might have the supreme fun of hauling him over to the little parlor door. When we arrived there with our beloved passenger, we were usually tossed right and left into the snow banks for our pains, but that was the best fun of all.

Next to "the little parlor", on one side, was the cabinet, a mysterious place to us in our childhood, for there Father Samuel kept his philosophical apparatus, his galvanic cells and Leyden jars, and many other queer things that made us regard him as a sort of Albertus Magnus.

On the other side, and communicating also with the chapel, was "the Sisters' room", or community room. There the Sisters spent their brief moment of recreation. There Sister Clara Conway, sub-prioress of the community and prefect of the school, died in the midst of her great usefulness. There, after she became an invalid, dear Mother Joanna used to sit, in a big wooden rocking chair, and there, very many times, at her loving invitation, "the little Protestant" sat on a low stool at her feet, eating with childish relish the corn-starch and tapioca that the Sisters had prepared to tempt Mother's failing appetite.

How we have wandered and dreamed! We have left the other new scholar all this time in the front hall looking at the parlor door. Ah, Sister Josephine, who receives and entertains guests, has opened for her this door on the right which leads into the music room. Here lessons were given on piano, harp and guitar by Sisters Agnes Barry, Sister Rachel Conway, Sister Imelda Hertsog, Sister Vincentia Williams, Sister Regina Mulqueeney and Sister Alberta Duffy. Here, on many a memorable evening, gathered delighted groups of music loving girls, with Sister Emily in their midst, to listen to Sister Regina and Sister Alberta sing, to the accompaniment of the harp, which Sister Regina played so beautifully. There were other, later years, when Sister Raymond Cochran, then a school girl, attracted the audience and held them entranced as she played on harp or piano. But we must not linger, our new scholar has gone on into the study hall.

The long rows of chairs and cheery-legged, walnut-topped tables look impressive. These tables had the loveliest deep drawers! So capacious; room for many things besides books, if only Sister did not come too often on a tour of inspection. The prefect's desk, on its very high platform, was a dread tribunal to the erring, but a throne of love, around which to gather at recess time—if one's conscience was clean and

bright. "The little Protestant," in her time, saw seated there, clothed in prefect's authority, Sister Clara Conway, Sister Emily Power and Sister Benedicta Kennedy. Her respect for that lofty seat was tremendous, and she always felt an inclination to genuflect when she passed it. Laws and rules, commands and entreaties, instructions and exhortations came across its polished top to the attentive occupants of the long rows of chairs in front of it. It became a sort of Mount Sinai to her imagination, and for a long time she wondered at the girls who dared to approach it, and the presiding Sister, with such familiarity.

The first time the child heard the rosary recited Sister Agnes Barry was kneeling on that high platform, and the little stranger said to herself, "Sister has gone to sleep," and wondered that no one told her that she was saying the same prayer so many times. The child was not long ignorant, however, of the meaning of the rosary's sacred repetitions.

At that desk Father Samuel used to sit, when giving his tri-weekly lectures on Science, History and Christian Doctrine, and when hearing the Bible History class on Sunday afternoon.

The little stranger, notwithstanding the episode of the Friday dinner, had hardened her heart against this kind gentleman because he was a Catholic priest. At the beginning of the lecture hour she usually had her spelling book open in the deep drawer of her desk, meaning to study instead of listening, but the Father's voice was so musical it tempted her to look up, and then his bright, dark eyes, his kindly mouth, and the glowing animation of his whole countenance held her gaze, while the warmth and color of his verbal expression caught her fancy and, later, filled her thought with many deep inquiries regarding that strange Catholic Church that he seemed to love so much. The camera of a child's mind catches wondrously correct pictures, which memory

never permits to fade. Father Samuel continues to live in a multitude of hearts and minds, that caught loving snap-shots of him in the happy school years at old St. Clara.

When lecturing, with self-forgetful enthusiasm, he had a habit of pushing back the hair from his remarkably beautiful forehead, and then, on becoming conscious of the act, of most hastily scratching the hair down again. This by-play afforded considerable amusement to the little stranger, who being ignorant of the precious virtue of humility, wondered what prompted the dear Father's eagerness to conceal the most remarkable feature of his beautiful countenance.

The Sisters, too, gave her much to marvel at. Sister Clara Conway, as prefect, so strict in her discipline and as teacher, so stern in her requirements, was regarded by the little Presbyterian with much awe, largely mingled with affection, however, for she was very kind to the child. Now, Sister Clara at her prayers was a very different person from Sister Clara at her work. Kneeling on that high platform, beside that dear, old desk she had, for the preservation of order, the whole school in her range of vision and the little Protestant having nothing better to do, while Catholic prayers were recited, gazed, with reverent curiosity, upon the face of the prefect. How it changed! It had often reminded her of a granite bust she had once seen, but now, as the Sister prays, the stern lines disappear, the whole face relaxes and softens and becomes luminous. "Really and truly, Sister believes in what she is saying! She knows that she is talking to God," was the child's thought, and the impression never lost its sacred power in all the years that followed. There were many impressions of the kind, but this stood out, among them all, in bold relief.

The preparation of the church for Christmas and for Easter always bore a beautiful burden of lessons in faith, reverence and love. It was Father Samuel's little stone church, built by him in 1852. Everything about it was choice

and well kept, and on those great feasts its pretty little altar was most beautiful to behold. Happy the child that was allowed to help in the great work of preparation; what joy to polish the silver candlesticks, and to run errands! Ah, yes, Sister Agnes always made a fresh bunch of white lilies for St. Joseph's staff, and Sister Josephine, with great solemnity, fastened them to it, the very last thing on Christmas eve, while an eager eyed little maid held the candle to give her light. Sister Mary Pius, in the meantime, was clothing the altar in its snowy linens, and the child gazed with delight upon the wonderful fluting of the top altar cloth, the skillful work of Sister Benvenuta's careful iron. Then, the best alb and the best vestments were laid ready, and the gold chalice was brought forth. It was that stress upon using the best of everything for those occasions that forever stamped upon the mind of the child a peculiar additional love and reverence for the great feasts of Christmas and Easter. Memory insists, also, that there was never, in any Church or Cathedral, such heart- uplifting, soul-carrying music as arose from that little organ gallery, in the Benton parish church, when Sister Regina and Sister Alberta sang the exultant, feast-day hymns.

Then when the services were over and a greater number of Sisters appeared in the recreation room than usual, how happy everybody was! What pleasant hours everyone enjoyed before "the big dinner" was announced and all went to the feast.

Dear old scholars of Benton days, have you ever been happier than you were in that old wooden cradle? Have you known warmer, truer friends than those that rest in the Benton graveyard? And "Happy Rock"—you have not forgotten the "walk to the river", nor the May altar on "Happy Rock"? How beautiful the spring blossoms were against the limestone background, how gracious was our Blessed Lady's appearance, amid the flowers and the twinkling

lights, and how swiftly the little stream ran over its rocky bed at her feet, making a miniature rapids which we used to cross on stepping stones, that we might "gather around the altar" to sing the Litany, while the twilight deepened into night. Do you remember the picture we made standing on the grassy hillside and on rocky little islands in the stream while we sang? Indeed you do; you could not forget anything so beautiful that had once come into your lives.

All of us have trodden rough pathways since then, and have rejoiced if even a few of them have led to shrines. Happy are we if the stepping stones, by which we have crossed life's rapids, have brought us to our Blessed Lady's feet, and happier still are we if our hillside climbing and our stand on rocky islets have been made to the music of the Litany, and for the greater honor of Heaven's Queen.

IN THE OUTER GARDEN.

It was the eve of "Exhibition Day", we didn't have "Commencement Days" at that antiquated period of our history, and everybody was thrilling with excitement, when one of Dubuque's finest livery turnouts deposited an exceedingly handsome gentleman at the "low iron gate in the low iron fence" that separated the "outer garden" from the street. The conveyance waited: the gentleman opened the gate, but before he could enter, he was clasped in the embrace of his young daughter, who was decidedly not handsome, and who had forgotten the elegant decorum demanded of a "graduate". Having survived the bear's hug and the volley of kisses, he informed his violently affectionate daughter that he was to return to Dubuque for the night, and would be out again, on the morrow in time for the exercises.

They had walked a short distance, and were leaning on the picket fence, between the two gardens, a stately tree shading them from the noon-day sun, "What time will you be ready to go tomorrow?" inquired the father. "I am not going," said the daughter. "Not going? What do you mean by that?" "I am going to enter the Sisterhood. I am going to be a nun." "Oh, you are! that is going pretty fast, isn't it? You have not been a Catholic very long. How did you manage that, anyhow? I was a prisoner of war in Mobile, and later in Columbia, when you undertook to run your own affairs. I suppose you were coaxed."

"Coaxed! Never!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Do you remember," she continued, "writing to me, when I was twelve years old, and you were going to the war, to get a prayer book, and, so long as I had to attend them anyhow, to learn from it how to assist at the Catholic services 'intelli-

gently'?" Yes, he did. "Well, I rumbled up that letter, and threw it on the floor, and jumped on it. Then I got to thinking how you might get shot on the battlefield, or be starved in a Southern prison, and how bad I'd feel for having disobeyed you, so I got the prayer book. I found it quite interesting—read it right through like a story book—and I saw a Sister smiling, when at the Sunday service, I reached the part about matrimony, and read it with great care, as a part of my duty to the book and to you." "It does not seem to have made the right impression," said the father. She laughed. "Well, what else?" asked he, "if the prayer-book didn't do it, what did make a Catholic of you?" "The New Testament and common sense, as near as I can get at it. Nobody said anything to me. It would have been dangerous, they knew, after the way I had treated your letter. I discovered purgatory first, and then the true meaning of the Last Supper. The latter made confession the only logical thing that our Blessed Lord could require from such creatures as we. We had to be prepared in some wonderful, yet easy way, for the reception of such a gift as the Holy Eucharist. The New Testament made it as clear as day that such a gift had been given. The rest: Church, sacraments, priests, bishops, popes, all hinged on that. Having accepted the 'Real Presence', all the rest was perfectly reasonable to me."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the father, "that you arrived at all that without suggestions from others? Without questioning them?" "It never entered my head to ask questions for information, though I asked them for hatefulness sometimes. Not until I had been here three years did I ask for baptism and until then I was not asked to read a single book on Catholic faith and practice."

"I listened to Father Mazzuchelli's sermons and instructions. Sometimes I agreed with him, in my own mind, and sometimes I turned my back on him, but I never said a word

to him about religion. He died before I was ready to be baptized. I think, on the whole, that under God, I converted myself. I was only sixteen, but I knew what I was about in this matter as well as if I had been forty."

"And now you want to be a nun," said her father. "I must be; there is no getting out of it. God wants me. I promised Him on Easter Sunday. I had been fighting Him for six months. Every night I'd walk somewhere in the dark and think it out. Each time I finished my reflections by saying, 'God wants me to be a Sister but I won't do it'. Then I'd go to bed. On Easter Sunday, after our Holy week retreat, I said, up at the communion railing 'God wants me to be a Sister and I will', so you see I must."

"That's all very well, but you are under age, the law will compel you to obey me, but we do not need any trouble like that; you come with me quietly, and if, at the end of two years, you still desire to enter the convent I will bring you back myself. You must come with me now. Remember you have been away from us for five entire years, your home-folks want to get acquainted with you, and want you to know them, before you leave them forever. I believe in a call from God, just as firmly as you do, but I must assure myself, for your sake, that you have not mistaken the call."

"I'll be ready at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon," said she. But that next night, when she looked out of the window at the Julien House, she said to the Mississippi, "O you horrid old river, if only I could cross you, I'd walk back to my home at St. Clara." There was no bridge at that time ('67), and the ferry stopped early.

IN THE OUTER WORLD.

Sunday found her in Chicago; there her brother, from Niagara Falls (Our Lady of Angels), joined her. He also was a convert, and, in deep and simple faith, the better Catholic of the two. Their father went to Mass with them on Sunday, to old St. Mary's, and declared to a friend, at dinner, that the Catholic flies slighted everybody else, and bit him during the whole service. At this the children looked severely dignified, and preserved a rebuking silence that amused him greatly.

He was bent on finding out if the two had been free and intelligent in becoming Catholics. He asked all the usual questions about the Mass, and got satisfactory answers.

On Monday the boy took his sister out to see the Chicago elephant. Across the principal business streets was strung a sort of banner advertising "Black Crook" as produced at "McVickar's". "Tell you what," says he, "you'd have to go to confession pretty lively if you went to see that play. The Fathers at the college warned us about it." She was properly impressed and looked with increasing respect at this wise brother of hers.

The following Friday evening, after supper, their father said, "Come children, we'll go for a walk. After proceeding a very short distance, they entered a brilliantly illuminated lobby and he having left them for a moment, returned with tickets in his hand and bade them follow him. They were ushered to choice seats in McVickar's Theater! The boy gasped "We're in for it. It's Black Crook." The girl mentally prostrated herself before all her sacred ideals and begged for pardon.

Friday! Her second Friday evening out of the Convent, spent in a theatre! And she going to be a nun! To her it was a tragedy. "We needn't look at the bad parts," said the boy. Neither of them thought for a moment of wounding or disappointing their father by asking to withdraw. It was their first experience, as converts and as convent trained pupils, in the exercise of self reliance. There had been no chance to advise each other, they merely followed the dictates of common sense and filial tenderness.

Black Crook and his little red devils they enjoyed; the fairy grotto and the queen of the ocean they admired; but when the ballet, "three hundred ladies," as the program stated, appeared, it proved to be the worst of its kind. The boy held up his hat, the girl her fan to shut off the shocking sight. "Here, here," said the father. "what are you two up to? You'll never get another chance to see this thing. It isn't played in Boston." "We don't want a chance to see this part of it, sir," said the boy. "it would be matter for confession for us to encourage a thing like that." The father was silent, but on the way back to the hotel, he was heard to say to a friend who had joined him, "I tell you what, Joe, I didn't throw away the money I gave those Catholics for educating my children. They wouldn't look at the ballet, what do you think of that? The boy's fourteen and the girl seventeen; he held up his hat and she her fan. What do you think of that?"

* * *

It was late in August that the trio reached their summer home at Longwood Park on the old Milldam Road, over which notabilities from Boston passed to reach Brookline and Mount Auburn.

It proved more convenient to hear Mass at Brookline than "in the city". Father Finoti was the pastor of Our Lady's Church at that time.

Every two weeks she went to confession and Holy Communion. No one had advised her regarding the matter, but she had gone once a month at the convent, and thought that she must need at least twice as much grace now. She had not made the acquaintance of the pastor, yet rather than break her custom of bi-weekly communion, she had the courage to enter the vestry one Sunday morning, just as he was putting the chasuble over his head, and ask to go to confession.

"Where were you yesterday?" in a tone that might have daunted a bishop. "Out on the harbor, Father, at a steamer-party." "Humph! and do you think I'm going to unvest and go to the confessional just now?" "Oh, no, Father, certainly not! I'll kneel right here." And kneel she did and made her confession. The priest's voice sounded kind as he said the words of absolution, and the following Saturday, when she had finished, (he used an open confessional in the vestry when the heat was great) he requested her to stand up.

This was something new in her experience, so it was with unsteady limbs that she obeyed. "Don't you get lonesome there in Longwood among non-Catholics all the time?" he asked. "Sometimes, Father." "Have you no Catholic acquaintances?" None; I do not even see a Catholic, except on Sundays. Even the servants are non-Catholics." "What are you going to do with yourself?" "I am going to be a Dominican Sister out in Wisconsin." "Indeed! Don't you know that those Western communities are neither flesh, fish or good red herring?" There was a poser for a recent convert, seventeen years old, just out of her convent school. To this day she wonders how it occurred to her to give the answers she did.

"No; I did not know that, and I don't believe it; they are all so good." "What do you know about it?" "Well, I was with those Dominican Sisters constantly for five years, in a small building where we girls saw and heard everything,

and I know they are good, noble women.” “But they have no Rule, child, join some well established institution.” “I don’t know anything about rules, Father, but if a rule is a thing they ought to have, they will have it, when the time comes, for they work hard and they love God above all things. I am sure of that. Anyhow that is where I feel called and that is where I am going.”

“That’s right, child; that’s right. I wanted to see what you were made of. I want to help, not hinder you. Here, take this home with you and read it.” It was “The Interior Life of Father Lacordaire” and the girl fairly absorbed it.

* * *

Winter found the family in its city quarters. The home was up above the Common; the father’s office was on Pemberton Square (forty years ago), and the church—well, the family went to Holy Trinity and did it in style. The nearest Catholic church was St. Joseph’s, reached by way of Joy Street, which did not mean unmixed joy for wayfarers in those days. Besides, St. Joseph’s had been a non-Catholic place of worship. The girl had no respect for Protestant churches “warmed over” for Catholic services, hence accompanied by a friend, she went in search of a church to suit her.

The Immaculate Conception Church, visited first on a quiet afternoon, was a delight to the eye and the soul. Only herself, her friend, and the Divine Presence—it is a beautiful memory!

One incident impressed her profoundly. She had passed from the main altar to that of our Lady. To her, who had not been accustomed to the appearance of marble in the churches she had frequented, it was a marvel of beauty. She quite forgot her friend, for a time, and on looking about for her, discovered her up at the communion railing, directly in front of the tabernacle with head buried in her arms. This lady was an extremely devout “Low Church Episcopalian”, so her attitude was somewhat surprising.

When they had left the church, the lady inquired, "What is there?" "Where?" asked the girl. "Why, in that little house on the big table in that church." "Why do you ask?" "Because, when I tried to follow you, I couldn't, something drew me right down to my knees, and I never felt such joy." "It is too long and too beautiful to tell you here. We must hurry, I'll be late for dinner, and that is the only thing father is stern about. He can't be home for luncheon, so he gets in all his family talks and instructions at dinner."

This friend was that day chosen for the ways of faith and the paths to Calvary. It took several years, but by way of the "High Church", and then of no church at all, and finally, by the recitation of the Rosary, she came into the Catholic Church, with Father Hecker and Dr. McGlynn (of beloved memory) to help her, after God had given her the faith in His own mysterious way. She made heart-breaking sacrifices, but had the joy after a time of seeing her mother die a Catholic and her two brothers live as Catholics of extraordinary fervor, one being a weekly, the other a daily communicant. She herself was a daily communicant. St. Stephen's Church in New York was a heaven on earth, with its many masses, and its multitude of daily communicants.

But, here, let us come back to Boston. The Immaculate Conception Church and the Cathedral were at an inconvenient distance from home, besides the girl found the services conducted on a plan that suited her mood on great feast days, but not on other occasions. Ordinarily, she wanted something quiet, subdued, solemn (her spirit of fun and laughter did not develop until many years later), and she found what she wanted in old St. James' Church on Albany street.

It was a long walk across the Common to Albany street, and every other Sunday she received Holy Communion at the last Mass. The first morning that she was about to go out fasting, the house keeper, an English woman, approached her, saying, "I'll bring you a cup of coffee, Miss." "Oh,

no! Catholics go to Communion fasting.” “Just a cup of coffee, Miss, nobody will ever know it, and you have so far to go.” She meant it kindly, but she had to get a look that crushed her.

Father Healy, afterward Bishop of Portland, Me., was pastor of St. James’, but his way of making the announcements on Sundays was so original and so forcible that the girl stood in great awe of him, and chose another Father for her confessor. After she had finished her first story to him “behind the bars”, he asked, “Who taught you to go to confession, my child?” “The Dominican Sisters in Wisconsin, Father.” “It is a pleasure to hear your confession. You have been well trained,” said he.

Soon after, it was announced that confirmation would be given in St. James’ Church in a few weeks. It never occurred to the girl to speak to the priest about it, and she had no one else to consult. She went to the depths of her trunk for her little green-covered catechism and studied it. She knew what the Sisters had required of pupils about to be confirmed. Ever and always there was present with her the remembrance of what the Sisters had taught others or had required of them, during the four years she had spent fighting against the faith.

She started across the Common at an early hour that day to receive Holy Communion at 6 o’clock mass. Confirmation was conferred by dear Archbishop Williams, just after the 9 o’clock mass.

The family had the courtesy to attend the service and see her confirmed. They got a tremendous over-dose of Catholicity, as to time and repetition, however, for there were nine hundred and sixty-nine persons confirmed on that occasion.

And when she got home, there was her father, home early! And he took her in his arms and said, “And so my little girl is a temple of the Holy Ghost! I am very proud.”

All this time the boy was attending the Military Academy at Worcester, Mass. He and a Spanish boy were the only Catholics. They went to Mass every Sunday, and because they did not eat meat on Friday, they used to find on that day whole pies under their pillows, of all places in the world! put there by the Irish Catholic girls employed in the institution.

Grant came to Boston to attend Gilmore's Peace Jubilee, and the Worcester Cadets were brought into the city to be his bodyguard. They arrived at noon; the ladies of the city had paid caterers to provide them with a grand dinner in the station dining room.

The boy's sister met him after the meal. The boy expatiated on the magnificence of the dinner. "You know," said he, "that college meat is never very palatable, so we planned to call for every kind of meat on the menu card, and we ate it, every bit of it." "You did. And do you know what day this is?" inquired his sister severely. He reflected a moment. "By George, it's Friday!" he exclaimed in dismay, "I never thought of it." "I'm glad you forgot," said his sister, with feminine inconsistency.

* * *

On June 17, Boston's great day, "Patrick Gilmore's Peace Jubilee Musical Association" devoted all their talents to the production of patriotic airs and songs. An audience of fifty thousand was assembled in the unique circular structure constructed for the occasion and,—having marvellous acoustic properties. During the intermission of fifteen minutes, between the parts of the program, we had a remarkable demonstration of a principle in physics.

Our seats were exactly at the centre of the floor area. The fifty thousand persons were all talking but, at regular intervals, there was, for us, a moment's perfect silence. It was such an illustration of the interference of sound waves as only one in a thousand might experience once in a lifetime.

“What have you been doing all day?” inquired the father, at dinner one evening. The daughter promptly replied, “Reading”. “Reading what?” She hesitated. “Novels?” “Yes, sir.” “Scott, Dickens, Thackeray?” “No, sir, Emma Brandon, Bertha Clay, and some others.” “Going to be a nun?” “Yes, sir.” “Haven’t changed your mind yet?” “Not at all.” “Well, what good will these books do you, when you become a nun? Will they make you a good nun, or a first-class teacher?” No reply from the would-be-nun. Some other subject was introduced.

However, she thought it over. The reading of this class of books had become a passion with her. It was a sort of reaction after five almost fictionless years, but her father had caused her to see it in a new light, although he had said so little.

What a shame it was to be sure to waste her opportunities. She had only to walk through the Common, and cross a street, to reach the great Boston library, so rich in treasures that the Middle West did not possess, perhaps would not possess for many years to come. She really must turn over a new leaf.

Three visits to the library were sufficient to enamor her of the wonderful place, and “Bates Hall” became to her, next to the Church, the dearest spot on earth.

A few months later, she had occasion to take up a very different course of reading, however. Having seven Protestant ministers for relatives was doing pretty well. Dear, noble-hearted, high-minded men they were, every one of them, and others, too, who were not relatives, but, who, naturally, applied themselves to erasing from the family escutcheon the awful blot of papistry. The poor little convent girl had never heard about scandals relating to the Church she loved so much. (Convent girls of our day get a very different historical training.)

She is very funny to look back upon. Why she did not consult her confessor or some other priest, is a puzzle. She had not made the acquaintance of any priest, and excepting her one brief interview with Fr. Finoti, she had not conversed with any priest. They never noticed her; it never occurred to her to call on them; so, when her devout friends began to "open her eyes to the iniquities of Rome", she simply depended on herself, and went to Donahoe's bookstore. There she stated to the clerk, her difficulty, and requested him to send to her address such books as would enable her to meet her opponents.

Poor lassie! behold her pouring over "Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed," "The Sure Way," "Milner's End of Controversy," "The Controversy of Breckenbridge and Hughes," and eight or ten volumes of Abbe Darras' "History of the Church". It was a tremendous "feast of reason" without any "flow of soul" for a girl of eighteen. But she kept at it, and one day her Reverend grandfather said to his Reverend brother, the dreadful Uncle James of whom she was particularly afraid, "You had better let the girl alone, she is more likely to pervert you than you are to reclaim her." And so the blot remained.

She used to feel sorry for the grandfather, however. He loved to have the children visit him at his home in Maine, but it was hard on a Sunday morning to see them going off to the Catholic Church, in the very city where he was a popular Protestant pastor.

The first time it occurred, he said to his wife, "Agnes, I am an old man, and have had my share of sorrow, but that is the hardest blow I ever received." The children really felt sorry for him. The grandfather had announced, "It is time to go to meeting, children." The boy said, "We are not going to meeting, sir." "Not going to meeting on the Sabbath, son?" "We are going to Mass at the Catholic Church. I wish we could please you, sir, but it would be

wrong for us. You would not wish us to do anything we consider wrong."

The old man made no reply. The four left the house at the same time; the two churches took them in opposite directions. Oh, that sad "parting of the ways", how many hearts it has almost broken! There is no doubt in my mind, however, that God made the way right for that noble heart and spotless soul, when He called the knightly old man to his eternal home.

The girl's experience with her mother's form of Protestantism, Dutch Reformed of New York, belonged to her extreme youth, and impressed her, whether justly or not, with darksome views and melancholy feelings. She recalls her seventh birthday; a party was in progress in the dear old Dutch mansion, but she the child-hostess was in some strange mood, and left the banquet table to look out the window. The night was starless, dark and drear, she turned and threw herself into the arms of her grandmother (as sweet a woman, as pious and unselfish a soul as ever lived), and cried out, "O grandma! when I die chop me up fine, and seatter me all around the yard, so God can't get me."

Strange to say, it was soon after this occurrence that she made her first acquaintance with the Catholic Church. Her nurse, Anna Fitz Patrick, was very exact about attending Mass on Sunday, and, to save herself from painful comments, no doubt, she took the wee girl and baby boy to an early mass with her, before the family were awake, moreover, she taught the children the Hail Mary and they said it every night, before a picture of the Madonna della sedia which, as a treasure of art, hung above the baby's crib. If the grandmother had known of this, she certainly would have expired of horror.

The young father had made his fortune and his home "out West". That meant good-bye to Anna Fitz Patrick, and to the Dutch Reformed Church.

The Presbyterian Church was our small maiden's next affliction. Being taken, by that dear maternal grandmother, to four services, including Sunday school, every Sabbath, and being punished for trying, between times, to put salt on a bird's tail,—well, it didn't make her love Sunday.

She took in the sermons though, after a fashion, for she dropped her doll one day in a sand pile, and attacked her grandmother with the following poser: "Grandma, the minister said last Sunday 'Nothing defiled entereth Heaven'; on another Sunday he said no one was without sin but Jesus. What becomes of them then? Where do they go?" "Run away and play, child," said grandma; "you are too young to think of such things." The reader will see, in the "Old Wooden Cradle" how the problem was solved for the child.

For one blessed year before going to the convent school, she and the boy ran wild in the country, where there were no churches of any kind. Then they both were sent to Catholic schools; the invalid mother went East to her relatives, and the father went to the war.

A few years after the girl became a Sister, she was summoned to the death bed of the dear grandmother, and was permitted to go. Her venerable relative was unable to speak, but gave indications that she was conscious.

When signs of death appeared, the Sister bent over her and said, "Dear grandmother, form in your heart the intention of dying in the Church that Christ founded." An alarmed and indignant listener said, "She has been well prepared. Rev. Mr. Jones read the Bible to her and prayed with her yesterday." "Well," said the Sister, "what harm am I doing her? Don't you want her to die in the Church Christ founded?"

The father had really been a sort of novice-master to the girl, during her Boston sojourn. Did she display her hot temper, or manifest her spirit of reckless independence, immediately came the question, "Going to be a nun?" "Yes?

Well do you think a good nun behaves like that? Will your companions in the convent love and respect you, if you show such a disposition?"

The books she read, the plays she saw at the theatre, the amusements she enjoyed were the subjects of his inquiries. Would they help to make her a good nun and a good teacher? That was ever the forceful question. She was not restricted in any way, but she was made to feel her responsibility, and then left to choose between the worldly and the nun-like course.

He had certainly kept his promise to be fair, and when the two years agreed upon had elapsed, he asked, for the last time, "Do you still wish to be a nun?" "Yes, sir, I do." "Very well; I have learned that you were not coaxed. I believe you have a call from God. I am going to Chicago next week, and will take you with me."

We will not dwell upon the sorrow that overwhelmed the whole household or that almost crushed father and daughter when they parted in the parlor of the convent in Chicago. Suffice it to say that every member of that household, all Protestants at the time, several of them only relatives by marriage became devout Catholics one after another, as the years passed by, and the father and mother died Catholics.

The boy, in his young manhood, married twice, a devout Catholic young woman each time. The girl persevered in religion which is saying much for the grace of God and the patience of her superior, the noble Mother Emily.

Reminiscences.

THE GLAD, HARD OLD TIMES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

YES, I belong to the "Old Times", thank God! There was an earnestness, a sincerity, a piety, a sharp, severe discipline about them that I am glad I did not miss. It is wonderful how we thrived and *Worked* (the word merits its capital and its italics) on poor food, microbes, baccilli, bad air, typhoid-flies and yellow-fever mosquitoes! And we have not stopped working yet, either; we manage to fit in somewhere among the "modern improvements". We taught all day, and we visited the poor and the sick after school, and contagious diseases, or infectious fevers never daunted us, or caught us. "You had the scarlet fever after you were a Sister," says some old friend, while reading this. Yes; but I caught it in a crowded store, while buying filldalls for the school children's Christmas tree, not in the homes of the poor and the suffering. I didn't get off from an hour's school work on account of it, either, for I entertained it (it was an awful guest and in its worst humor) during the two weeks of Christmas vacation, and did my convalescing in school. Behold all the physicians and trained nurses holding up their hands in holy (no, "modern") horror! They needn't, though. God was old-fashioned in those days; He used to take care of His own, when they were not so busy taking care of themselves. None of the Sisters in our little community had had the fever, and none of them took it from me. Moreover, let me tell you something else about the dear Lord's antiquated ways of managing His children's affairs in those times of simple faith.

No story is so interesting in the present as one that gets its local color from a wicked city in the "Middle West".

Well, it was in such a city that I was so unmannerly as to monopolize the scarlet fever. The same winter the fever, and its distinguished relative, the diphtheria, raged so fearfully in our part of the city that all the public schools, by order of the city physician, were closed. Our children, from the alleys and the tenements, and the houses "in the rear", came to school every day, neither they, nor any of their relatives had either of the dread diseases. "Why?" Let me whisper the rest of it, lest some respected physician, or some devoted trained nurse should hear me, and laugh at me. We took the children to our poor little chapel every day; they sang a hymn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and recited the Litany, begging to be preserved from contagious diseases. Wait a minute, dear doctors and nurses, don't laugh. Would we presume on such aids in these days? That depends. "God helps those who help themselves." We used the only means we had for the times and the circumstances. God's will towards His human children is wonderfully flexible, it bends to their will whether it is appealing directly to Him, or is trying to reach the same result through means which His wisdom has permitted to be discovered and successfully used. That is one of the reasons I am rejoicing that I belonged to the glad "Old Times", when God was not the Omnipotent and Omniscient Scientist, but the loving Father who bent His ear and His heart, rather than His mind and His hand to His children's cry.

II.

Two half days of my childhood were spent in public schools, one in a New York school. I was at the mature age of six years, and full of pride in my own importance. The teacher quenched the pride and dispelled the importance by giving me a slap on the hand with an inch-thick ferrule for the great crime of having asked my seat-mate the awful question, "Where is the spelling lesson?" Those were "hard old

times" without the "gladness"! When I was so venerable as to be eight years old, my second half day was spent, without leave or license from parents, in a Wisconsin school. For this I was slapped by my father, and thus graduated from the institutions that are our national glory.

Twelve years later, having graduated from a convent boarding school and enjoyed a few brief years in the "Athens of America", I was wearing the religious garb, and was, on a certain day, enlisting the sympathy of an older nun, because there was before me the tremendous ordeal of taking "teacher's examination" that, armed with "a certificate", I might teach in a public school, one of several at that time in charge of the Sisters.

The old nun said to me, "Oh! don't worry; if what you write is not an answer to the question asked, it will be such a good answer to some other question that the superintendent will give you a good mark anyhow."

In such optimistic fashion was I set upon my way, and so optimistic did I continue to be, it was once said to me, "You will never be lost through despair, but I am not so sure about presumption."

That was rather severe, but it was a melancholy man who said it. I got my certificate, and went forth to do my patriotic and religious best in a small mining town of one short street and a wide prairie full of mineral holes. Did you ever see mineral holes? Well, we didn't see the holes, but we saw the piles of yellow clay that encircle the openings to these well-like excavations, and for utter desolation and despairful dreariness nothing could compare with the scenery in the lead regions of Wisconsin in the 60's and 70's.

Our abode was a cottage of four rooms, and our furniture was all that the heart of an anchorite could desire. The sister who had charge of me and the school and the cottage had been wearing the habit seventeen years, and I—I was young and—and—verdant—oh, very verdant! A fervent zeal and

an enthusiasm so ardent that it still glows and often bursts into flame, carried me through the first three months of the school year, and then I had to summon up all the courage I had inherited from my Puritan forefathers, for from the farms around about the little town, there came to me the stalwart youths who worked in summer and went to school in winter.

Poor little me! How they towered above me! How big and strong and invincible they seemed, but how gentle, simple and submissive they proved to be. How eager they were to learn, and how respectful they were, because I was a woman, but more, because I wore the religious garb.

And so Sister and I plowed our way, on the bitter winter mornings, through the old fashioned depth of snow to the queer, roughly built schoolhouse and did our best for our simple hearted charges. At noon, we plowed our way back to our icy cold cottage, built a fire in our tiny stove, made a cup of tea, consumed it and a goodly slice of bread and butter with an appetite that regarded quantity rather than quality. I remember that we had only one knife and one teaspoon, but were quite rich in the possession of two forks and two small cups and saucers (one pink and the other blue), also three plates and a few other odds and ends of table furnishings.

I remember, also, that on one stormy day, just after we had entered our cottage at noon, a kind neighbor came in and lifted from her basket to our table a nice, warm dinner. Sister was so surprised and was so delighted (for my young sake) that in her confusion she said to our benefactress, "Oh, my! oh, my! you are a great bother to us, Mrs. Doran." With which strange thanks the good woman departed, translating the remark no doubt into, "We are a great bother to you!"

Lonely? Never! We were too busy; and then, in the little frame church, so very near to us, was the Blessed Sacra-

ment. A priest came from a neighboring town twice a month to say Mass on Sunday. On the Sundays that he did not come the people assembled in the church just the same, and we said the rosary with them. Then we had Sunday school in the afternoon, and usually the rosary again in the evening.

Saturday was the time for the fulfillment of all sorts of domestic duties and for watching for the butcher, whose little wagon rattled through the town only twice a week, and as we always missed him on Tuesday, it was all important to hail him on Saturday.

It is amazing how attached I became to that seemingly desolate place. To be busy about the things of God is a wonderful heart tonic. Our boys and girls claimed our attention all day and some of the boys came to the cottage in the evening to do extra work in bookkeeping and business arithmetic. Two of them went to Notre Dame University afterwards, and the rest of us luxuriated in their glory, besides looking at them with awesome respect on their return.

There is one experience that I find especially amusing to look back upon, though it was not at all amusing at the time. My hardy masculine pupils came long distances, over almost impassable country roads, and they wore boots—boots capitalized and emphasized. To the sturdy calfskin footgear, with the hob nailed soles, the yellow clay of the locality clung in heavy masses and was finally plastered over the great rough planks of our schoolroom floor.

One drizzling, shivery, shaky day, when tawny mud was the principal feature of the scene outside, and the chief adornment of feet and floor inside, there came a genteel tapping at the schoolroom door. Local knuckles never spared themselves when demanding that the portal of their schoolhouse be opened, so I recognized the rap as that of a stranger, and I hastened to admit the unusual caller. It was a gentleman of impressive appearance and polished manners. There was naught to be done but to invite him in, but, truth

to tell, my heart went out, since my body could not "sink through the floor".

There was only one chair, and the preservation of my dignity demanded that I should keep that, so his broad-cloth elegance was invited to sit on a backless bench among the homespun simplicity in the rear of the room against the whitewashed wall.

I taught; the pupils recited; the green wood in the big box stove sputtered; the giggly old clock ticked spasmodic ticks, and the fine gentleman listened and smiled and behaved himself in an altogether charming manner. After an infinite and eternal hour and a half of deadly torture for me, our visitor arose to depart. I accompanied him to the door and very insincerely invited him to come again. "I certainly shall," said he, "it is my duty to visit schools; I am the county superintendent." Tableau: small, verdant nun, surrounded by tall, verdant youths, staring at a vanishing gentleman with whitewash on his broadcloth coat and yellow clay on his patent leather boots! He went back to his own town and chivalrously foreswore himself in assuring the county officials that an environment of mineral holes and a superfluity of yellow clay were no drawbacks in the pursuit of knowledge; that he never worried over schools in charge of the Sisters.

The busy months glided swiftly away and June found us saying a really sorrowful farewell to the dear, kind-hearted people and loving, submissive children of that simple little town. It was my first and last experience as a public school teacher. I am glad that I did not miss it, and I love to remember it.

On a certain beautiful day, early in that very June, we had met and joined the funeral procession of our dear Sister Ambrose McNamara. We had no cemetery at Sinsinawa then, and we were departing from the Benton graveyard, when we noticed a venerable white-haired priest sitting on

a grave eating a bit of bread and cheese. Mother explained to us that he had ridden twelve miles fasting to sing the Mass for Sister, in case no other priest was prepared. "How kind, how good!" we exclaimed.

Mother said, "Yes; and he wants Sisters in September. Who will volunteer to go?" My hand went up instantly, and in September I did go, and thus I made the acquaintance of "my three Patsies".

III.

Patsy had individuality and personality, with all sorts of traits peculiar to himself, and torturing to his teacher who had not yet "found him out".

One morning he was discovered neglecting his book every few minutes, to peep inside his coat; a little later, he transferred his attention to the inside of his desk. I had abandoned the noisy and violent method of governing boys, so I stepped quietly to Patsy's side, and inquired "What have you there, that is keeping you from studying?" He looked up at me with appealing blue eyes, "My pet chicken." "Your pet chicken! take it out to the yard this minute." "Ah! Sister, something will happen it." I glanced at the clock. "Well, it is almost recess time; take it out then; it will be safe in the wood shed." I thought no more about Patsy's pet chicken.

Those were the days when our food was almost too plain to be eatable. As I entered the kitchen at noon, a most delectable odor met me. "Oh!" I exclaimed to the Sister presiding there, "what are you cooking that smells so good?" "It is not for you," she answered, "it is for Sister C, (who was convalescent after a severe illness) that troublesome big boy of yours brought a chicken all ready to be cooked—He said it was for the sick Sister."

I sat down and—cried. “Why, what in the world is the matter with you?” exclaimed Sister. “Why,” I sobbed, “that was Patsey’s pet chicken.”

I knew Patsy better after that, but our intercourse was not productive of unalloyed bliss for either of us, though it was interesting enough at times. Patsy owned a young mule that was particularly high spirited, and he was much delighted, on a day when he was playing truant, to ride this noble steed up and down the street, in view of the occupants of the schoolroom.

Having made it go through all its trick performances, he had greatly distracted the school, so a messenger was sent out to order him to disappear. He answered that if one of the new “Catholic Third Readers” was sent out to him his mule would read it. He was assured, in reply, that no one doubted that his mule could read it far better than he could. At this Patsy and his mule disappeared in a cloud of dust.

There was another Patsy, a gentle, studious boy, but addicted to chewing tobacco. We had many little talks over this, and, finally, with great suffering, the habit was overcome. Several months afterwards, I noticed the loathesome stains on Patsy’s lips. True to my new method of governing boys very, very quietly, I said at recess, “Patsy, will you stay in a few minutes and help me fix this window shutter?” While we worked with the shutter, I accused Patsy of having broken his promise to me. “Well, Sister, what can a fellow do when he is hungry?” “Eat something more wholesome than tobacco.” “Yes, Sister, but when I got up this morning my mother was sick, and not even a crust of bread in the cupboard.” “Why did you not go to some neighbor’s for your breakfast? You have the kindest of neighbors, all around you. Besides, if you had money to buy tobacco, you could have bought your breakfast at a bakery.” “But, Sister, you wouldn’t want the neighbors to know that you’d been left like that, would you? Nobody minded about my

buying tobacco, but if I had bought my breakfast, they would have talked about my mother. I kept my promise to you till noon, but when I found no dinner ready, I was too hungry to stand it. Such a thing never happened before."

I looked at Patsy, but do you think I saw him? We don't see clearly through tears.

We let that shutter take care of itself, and Patsy went with me to the convent for a square meal. I had learned that Patsy possessed the soul of a true gentleman; I had also learned to suspend my judgment until after patient investigation, when dealing with boys.

There was a third Patsy, a handsome, "wild Irishman" of a Patsy, a Patsy with eyes as blue as a bit of Italian sky, with golden hair in tight little curls all over a remarkably well shaped head, with a fair face like an angel, and with a faculty for doing most unangelic deeds, always short of mortal sin, however. It is amazing, though, how perfectly miserable a boy can make life for other people and be guilty of naught but venial sin, or of no sin at all!

This Patsy was the delight and the torture of my school-day existence. His recitations were so satisfactory, his behavior so tormentingly mischievous. One morning he entered the school room looking as if he had developed a surprising number of tumors on his person. Apparently it was a case for the hospital, but as we had neither surgeon nor ambulance in our small city at that time, I diagnosed the dreadful symptoms myself, and discovered that the strange looking protuberances were—apples.

"Put them all on my platform, Patsy, and tell me where you got them." "Well, you see, Sister, a man went into a store and left his team and a load of apples on the street. Something happened to make the horses jump round a bit, and the apples spilled out of the wagon. I helped the man pick them up, and he gave me all those for nothing." I looked Patsy in the eyes rather sternly, but his blue eyes

were as innocent as the sunlight. I have always been doubtful as to what made those horses jump, but I let Patsy carry away his apples at noon.

The following year I went to another mission. Several years later, I was at St. Clara for my long vacation. The porters came one afternoon to call me to the parlor to see "a handsome big man, a beautiful little woman, and three pretty children". As I entered the room I exclaimed "Patsy McGrath!" There he was—blue eyes, yellow curls, fair complexion—Patsy's very self grown tall and broad. And there was dear Mrs. Patsy, and the lovable little Patsies,—and how we all talked and laughed and remembered!

Patsy owned a section of land "out west". He had farmed in summer and taught school in winter. But what touched my heart of hearts, each winter he had gathered the Catholic children from scattered farm houses into some suitable place, and taught them their catechism and prepared them to receive the sacraments if a priest chanced to come along. "Do you know what you used to be doing, Patsy McCabe, when I was trying to teach you your catechism lessons?" I sternly demanded. "Well, you used to be shooting flies with a piece of rubber! Some pretty queer boys make fine men, it seems." Patsy gave a big laugh, and someone came to take them all to their first convent supper.

IV.

The three Patsies belonged to a period of several years spent in a parish whose pastor, white-haired and venerable, was so opposed to co-education, that he had the girls' school in the south, and the boys' school in the extreme north end of the city. My next experience was gained in a mixed school of seventy-eight young ladies and young gentlemen, (some of the latter had moustaches), who came from all parts of the small city to a school-room made out of an old frame church.

The length of it was appalling to one expected to keep good order, the width of it was inconvenient, and its height most exhausting to the teacher. Being gifted with a powerful voice, that was the least of my troubles, however.

Another Sister had, in a room built adjoining mine, a school of one hundred and fourteen pupils.

One big box-stove for burning wood was supposed to keep my room warm. Said stove stood in a shallow box of sand, because of a big wide crack it had, through which fire might reach the floor. The hottest fire that could be built in that stove would merely encourage one's faith in the fact that there were warming fires elsewhere. The girls sat on their feet and the boys swung theirs to keep away chilblains.

In spite of the material drawbacks, however, it was a school to be forever remembered for its earnest educational efforts and brilliant successes. The only amusing memory I have of it is that when certain young ladies had to go home early "to help mother", certain young gentlemen had to go too, and one of these youths owes me a salary for putting away his bookkeeping blanks, pens, etc., that he invariably left on his desk, in his haste to overtake Kittie Kylie, as she departed for home at half past eleven.

Though our day schools were so large, Sister and I took pity on certain boys who worked all day and had, for thirty of them, a night school where we taught grammar, arithmetic, and penmanship. Two young ladies came to me from six to seven, my only free hour, which I gave them, supposing them to be working girls. It was not until their term was up that I discovered that they had been learning from me, at night, the lessons they recited to the principal of the high school the next day. For once I realized the truth of the axiom "where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

After a time, I returned to the place where I had taught boys so long, but was given the girls' high school classes.

Dear, bright, lovable girls they were, but while teaching them, I did not escape all responsibility for the boys. A mission was about to be given at our church. One of my former pupils, so good, noble and upright that I named him "Mr. Righteousness", called at the convent, and informed me that all "the river men" (lumber men) were in town. "Some of them went to school to you, Sister, and, if you will permit me to use your name, I will tell them you are back here again. They'll be sure to call and you can get them to make the mission. I am afraid it is some time since they received the sacraments. There are no churches in the pineries."

The young men did call, and promised to attend the mission. William watched over them and each evening reported to me how many had gone to the sacraments. Finally, all had gone but one, and he wanted to go, but he was deadly afraid of the confessional. "Dan did not go." "Dan ran away when his turn came," were nightly reports. The mission was about to close. "This is the last night, Sister, get all the Sisters to pray for Dan" was William's anxious request. Later in the evening, he came to report. "Dan has been to confession. I got him on the inside of the pew, and after the sermon, I took him by the arm, and put him into the confessional. So he couldn't run away, I stood by the curtain until I heard the priest open the slide. When we came out of the church, Dan says 'Say, Bill, I'm much obliged to you; I feel as tall as a pine tree, and as happy as a muskrat.'"

Another bit of missionary work fell to me. A dear little lady, whose ideal husband, with all his goodness, had not received the sacraments for several years, came to me explaining the situation, and begging me to help her.

Her husband would attend the exercises of the mission, but he was afraid to go to confession, though he had the desire to go. He thought if one of the Sisters, if I for instance,

would go into the confessional ahead of him, and give the priest advanced news as to what sort of fellow was coming,—why, he thought he might have the courage to “face the music”, as he expressed it.

I can't say that I relished my job, but zeal gave us a wide latitude in those days, so the next morning another Sister and I went to the winter chapel, where the venerable old Superior of the Mission had his confessional. I took my chance to enter the box, and I felt it shaking, as I proceeded to introduce to the confessor his absent penitent. I am sure the dear old priest was having a quiet laugh, as I stepped out of the confessional and the big, married boy stumbled in. Dear Billy Black and his pretty young wife! I made them both happy anyhow, and when the first snow fell that winter, Billy drove up to our door with the finest turnout in the city. “Say, Sister,” he shouted, “I want all the Sisters to come out for a sleigh ride, to celebrate that confession, you know.” And the Sisters celebrated “that confession” with hearty good will.

* * *

The boys' school being so far from the convent, two of us used to ride to it, in a two-seated cart that seemed to be on stilts, so out of proportion were its big wheels to the dimensions of its other parts. The horse was well-behaved, and the boy who drove was careful. G. Street was a little Ireland, and each small home possessed a dear, old fashioned grandmother. Every morning there appeared in every doorway a venerable being in a white, frilled cap, watching with pious joy the progress of “the Sisters, God bless them!” and their unique equipage, down the street to the handsome red brick schoolhouse.

How those people loved us, and how good they were to us! Learning that we had a cold lunch at noon, what dinners they sent us!—Each family had its own day of the week for preparing a tray “for the Sisters”.

Well, one fateful day, instead of "the cart on stilts" the priest's buggy arrived at 4 p. m. to carry us home. Sister B. R. was to drive, and Sister C. B. proposed "the long way home". This included a bridge over a railroad, and as we approached it, the switch engine whistled. Our horse immediately took on the appearance of Tam O'Shanter's wild steed, and looked ready to perform, on short notice, all that beast's wild deeds.

It is amazing what an amount of thinking one can do in one-tenth of a second:—Sister was not strong, to be thrown from the buggy might kill her, yet she'd never leave me to myself; I must give her a reason for jumping. "Jump," I cried, "and put your mantle over the horse's eyes." Instantly she jumped, and so did the horse. I grasped the reins, and turned him from the river. He dashed down the small hill, on to the bridge, and—that is all I knew for an hour or two. To have a buggy from which the horse had detached himself, turn completely upside down, and land you under it, onto a bridge with your face downward, does not contribute to perfect consciousness, nor to an improvement in your good looks.

Our injuries were slight, however, and in a few days we were ready for duty again. We then began a study of equine psychology that afforded us much amusement mingled with deepest chagrin.

The runaway horse (who was in no way to blame for his Scotch performances) was not to be trusted again with the lives of the Sisters, so Joe White's horse was requisitioned as a stop-gap, until such time as a suitable animal could be procured. Now, Joe White's horse had a mind occupied by a fixed idea. He had done his duty for twenty-seven years; he meant to continue doing it; hence, when he had brought us in front of the most fashionable house, on the most fashionable street in the town, he backed the conveyance up to the sidewalk and calmly waited for—baggage! Nor would

anything induce him to stir, till both Sisters had alighted, and an imaginary trunk had been added to the load. We re-entered the conveyance, and Joe White's horse took us to our destination for the first and last time.

The next day, a handsome beast appeared, but Sr. C. B. having seated herself in the vehicle, he made a dash for the other side of the street;—as for Sr. B. R.—he'd have none of her! That she managed, in the course of his zigzagging, to climb into that conveyance, spoke well for her agility. Two or three exhibitions of this kind, for the amusement of the neighborhood, ended his career as a convent horse. Whether his prejudices were religious, political or neurotic is still an equine-psychological mystery. His methods were eminently effective, anyway; he didn't propose to have a religious vocation forced upon him.

For some occult reason, that higher criticism might discover, his successor was his direct opposite. He always wanted to go too soon, and his successor did not want to go at all: He'd stop stock still on the most public part of the most aristocratic street. Neither beatings, nor pleadings moved his hard heart or his lazy, stubborn legs. Having made his fifteen minutes' meditation on the follies or the blessings of the rich, he gave a bound, and in about two minutes banged us up against our own curbstone. Feeling that we were not called upon to lead a contemplative life in so public a place, we reported to the Pastor that No. 3 was not satisfactory. No. 4 had only one failing, he objected to hills, and he lay down on the first one he came to. The harness had to be cut to get him on his feet again. This was more than any mortal pastor could endure; equine-psychological experiments ceased, and an old-fashioned plodder of a horse, with gentlemanly manners was secured, who, with a dignified air and a gentle trot, took us on our joyful way, until co-education won the day, and began its triumph-

ant reign in a grand new school house near the convent and church.

* * *

While the convent was several blocks from the church, we experienced much hardship in attending services in bad weather, and felt keenly the deprivation of visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We pleaded with the Bishop, when he made his visitation to our city, to grant us the privilege of a chapel in our little convent.

“If the Pastor consents, I am willing,” was the Bishop’s answer, so we began our preparations. We were as poor as the oft-quoted mouse, who had no better sense than to live in a church, but some of our friends sent us donations, so our chapel furnishings were quite handsome, and we had everything ready but an altar. We finished a novena to the Sacred Heart, and then, with blessings and encouraging words from the rest, the dear Sister who had care of the household duties, accompanied me to call upon the Pastor.

The greetings were scarcely uttered, when I reminded the dear Father, himself a most devoted lover of the Blessed Sacrament, of what the Bishop had said. “May we have a chapel, Father? Will you bring us the Blessed Sacrament?” He bent his venerable white head a moment, then looked me in the face and said “No”. Not another word. I exclaimed with a world of surprise and grief in my voice, “O Father Farrelly!” not another word. Sister and I arose and left the house. We had to descend a long flight of outdoor steps to reach the street. When we arrived at the vestry door of the church, I said, “Sister, we will go through the vestry into the sanctuary, and make an act of resignation. Our Blessed Lord does not want to come to us.” We had just knelt down; I heard a quiet step behind me; there was a gentle touch on my shoulder; I raised my eyes, there was the dear white head bent towards me; and a kindly voice said “There is an altar in the basement that you may have

for your chapel, Sister. I'll have Joe Brown take it up for you, and I'll say Mass for you on St. Rose's day. I was only trying you, child." Such a revulsion from sorrow to joy I have never since experienced.

We had our Mass on St. Rose's day. Mother General and a large number of Sisters going to a new mission were with us, and we all received Holy Communion. The hour was very early and the day was very bright and our joy could not be measured.

* * *

At the risk of being laughed at (I'm quite seasoned to that sort of thing), I am going to tell a short story about our beloved little chapel that will impress people variously. We were a little family of extremely innocent, intensely fervent, desperately earnest Dominican babies. That chapel was to us—what is the use? It can't be expressed. I'll tell my story, though, for the value we put on our chapel was perhaps, the solution of the problem the story presents. Certainly we made loving and persistent use of it.

Several months had passed since St. Rose's day. Again Mother General and a number of Sisters were with us for the night, to take an early train next day. Moreover, they were to take with them one of our Sisters, a dear young soul of whom we were very fond and who returned our love with interest.

All had retired, but Sr. M. B. who was preparing train lunches for the morrow, and I who was seated on the edge of Sr. H.'s bed, saying the parting words for which there would be no time in the morning. She was not occupying her usual place in the dormitory that night. I heard Sr. M. B. hurrying up the stairs. She rushed into the room, which was quite dark, and said to me in a breathless whisper "Come down to the chapel quick".

Now, Sr. M. B. was almost exasperatingly cool and calm whenever the rest of us were highly excited, so her evident

nervousness surprised me. "What is the matter?" I asked, in an alarmed tone. "I don't know," she said, there is something down there, and I told it to stay there, and I'd come up and get you to come down to pray for it." Sr. H. has gone to God, but Sr. M. B. still lives to corroborate my story. Of course I laughed; then she seemed so distressed, I said, "Well, I wish you'd pray for your own ghosts, but come on, I'll go down, prayers are always timely."

After we'd said a litany or two, we went to the kitchen, and I inquired "What in the world happened you, Sister?" She told me, that, having finished the lunches, and prepared things for an early breakfast, she knelt in the chapel for a moment with the door wide open. No thought of fear was in her mind, and she was saying her prayers, when she heard in the hall, loud and metallic on the oil cloth, the stamp of a horse's hoof. Springing towards the altar, she attempted to light a short piece of candle, but she shook so that the candle fell into the little red lamp and she was in pitch darkness. Then it was that she said aloud, "Stay there; let me go, and I'll get Sister to come down and pray for you."

"The town pump is not far away," I argued. "As if I hadn't been listening for three years to the horses at that town pump!" she indignantly rejoined. "Well, let's investigate," I replied, "there must be some natural cause for such a sound." But we did not discover it, so I cautioned Sister not to mention the occurrence to anyone else. "We'll have the younger ones hearing all Pharaoh's horses prancing around here. Besides they'll be afraid to stay here in the evening to say their prayers." I knew that last statement would seal Sr. M. B.'s lips. She loved to see the youngsters frequenting the chapel.

I don't know what sort of conversations she had with our Lord about her ghost but I forgot all about the incident until one night when I was writing my accounts, and the hour

was late. Sr. M. X. (she is not two years dead), entered the room, and was so frightfully pale that I started up in alarm. "Are you sick, Sister, what is the matter?" "No, I am not sick, I'm frightened to death."

Then she told me she had been correcting class work until late, but knelt awhile in the chapel on her way to bed. Suddenly, in the dead stillness of the quiet night, she heard the metallic stamp of a horse's hoof on the oil-cloth, in the front hall, just outside the chapel door. "Did you ever hear anyone else say she'd heard such a sound?" "Never," she answered, very promptly. "The town-pump—" I began, but she exclaimed. There has not been a sound of horses there for an hour; besides, this stamp was in the hall; that is as sure as you and I live." Now, Sr. M. X. was eminently sensible, and not overly credulous.

"Well, let's say a few prayers, and go to bed," said I, but I was somewhat disturbed by this repetition of a strange occurrence. "What can it be?" ran through my mind for a few days and then I forgot it again. About two weeks later, I was up very late, on a Saturday night, looking for a mistake in Double Entry Bookkeeping. So absorbed had I been, I had not noticed that the Sisters were no longer talking and laughing in the room above. Realizing, at last, that the hour was unusually late, I hastened to bed, but stopped in the chapel to fix the little lamp for the night.

The silence was profound, inside the house and out on the street. A thought of fear had not entered my mind. I placed the lamp in its brazen ring, and then knelt on the altar platform to make my offering for the night. Just then a quick, sharp, vicious, metallic stamp of a horse's hoof sounded on the oil cloth in the hall. My heart seemed to cease beating for a moment and my arms became as stiff as iron. In another moment, I had regained control of myself, and I said, only half aloud, through respect for the Blessed Sacrament, "Whatever you are, if you think you

are going to frighten me away, you are mistaken. I'll go when I get ready, and not a minute sooner." I looked at the little clock, and then at the Tabernacle, and stayed for fifteen minutes. Then I lit a candle, and went on a tour of investigation. I was alone on the first floor; the Sisters were asleep in their dormitory on the third, but I tested everything I could lay my hands on to see if it could be the source of such a sound.

I made no discoveries, but as I moved about the kitchen I met a fine large piece of stiff, coarse, brown paper. "Good for our dormitory fire in the morning," says I, and put it under my arm. If his Satanic Majesty was still in the hall, he behaved like a gentleman, for I passed by his stamping ground unmolested on my way to the stairs. I quietly climbed the two flights, but when opening the dormitory door, I dropped the brown paper; then I stepped on it, and when I felt it wiggling and squirming under my feet, I gave a scream that brought every Sister out of her bed to my rescue.

Before explaining to them my sensational entrance into the domain of silence and sleep, I fell into the nearest chair and restored my nervous equilibrium by a laugh prolonged and hearty at the fine manifestation I had made of "the eternal feminine".

That ghost either went out of business, or took a new stand for his operations. We never heard him again.

The boys and girls of that dear mission are men and women now. They still send us kindly messages from the far West, the distant South, and the dear old town itself. The venerable priest has long since gone to his reward. He loved God and little children, and they loved him. Nothing better can be said of any man.

It was night when I looked for the last time upon the dear old convent. Lights were gleaming from all its lower windows, my companion and I had entered the depot carriage,

the Sisters were gathered on the pillared porch, the front door was open, so was the door of the dear little chapel, and, as the driver turned his horses railroadward, I caught a glimpse of the little red lamp and of the light it cast upon the tabernacle.

And so we went to Chicago on that night train, and gained our first impression of our new field of duty through a burst of smoky sunshine. It was almost real sunshine. There is nothing like it at the present time. Not there.

* * *

Chicago thirty years ago,—Chicago soon after the fire,—very few women are old enough to remember it, of course, but I am. We boasted of Dearborn avenue, La Salle street, and other pleasant streets, as part of our parish, but our immediate neighborhood presented a view rendered picturesque by the strange appearance of multitudes of small frame houses built on stilts. They certainly were airy. Microbes and germs hadn't a chance of existence in them. A multitude of children thrived in them, however, and might be seen every sunshiney morning, sitting on the edge of the sidewalk eating their porridge, under God's own canopy of blue. It was ideal. If we all lived in houses on stilts, perhaps we'd live longer.

The convent was at that time free of near neighbors. It enjoyed an abundance of sunshine gratis, also of the best brand of Chicago air, from the lake and from Lincoln Park. Now its inmates would gladly pay a sunshine tax, if the city or some enterprising corporation would guarantee the delivery of a certain number of cubic feet per day.

The parish school had not been rebuilt, so the Sisters had opened a select school in the convent. The dormitory, the community room and the chapel of the present were school rooms then. The music rooms of the present were dining room and kitchen. The present infirmary was the dormitory. "Glad hard old times!" One of the delights of life was the

having charge of a big coal stove. It would take too much space to give a fraction of the proof we could offer that it was a delight—full source of eternal merit.

* * *

There was work enough to satisfy the most ardent zeal. The church,—how we loved that church, lacking though it was in all architectural beauty. The spirit of its priest and its people pervaded it, and the spirit was lovable, eminently pious and Catholic.

To decorate the queer old wooden altars for great feasts was our delight. How we smile in these days of marble, and its imitations, at the thought of draperies on an altar! And yet, the Holy Thursday repository with its great canopy of damask and lace, and its smaller one of silk and Brussels just over the tabernacle, and its flowers nestling against that background is a memorable picture.

The Sunday school filled the whole basement, and there were just as many boys as girls. Some of its teachers were convent-graduates “from Dearborn and La Salle, but the greater numbers were from simpler homes, and they were our hidden saints. They were the young women who stood all day behind counters, or bent over sewing, in millinery and dressmaking shops, and sat up nights to do their own sewing, and that of younger members of the family to keep them fit for school. After six days of such arduous living, they rested on the seventh by attending two Masses in the morning, and spending the afternoon in the Sunday school, at Vespers and Benediction, and at the recitation of the Sodality Office (every Sunday), after which they took their meagre share of life’s romance in whatever honorable phase it presented itself.

To us the members of the Young Ladies’ Sodality were the cream of young womanhood. We established two other sodalities, with the cordial approval of the pastor. “The Holy Angels,” Juniors, wore green badges and had a green ban-

ner. The first Sunday they walked, in procession, up the middle aisle of the church; an old man in the vestibule was heard to exclaim, "Ah, then, whether they're angels or pad-dies, they carry the right color, God bless them!" The Sodality of the Holy Child were the First Communicants, and wore red badges, much to their delight. These sodalities, with the Sunday school, were entirely under the control of the Sisters. It was a compensation for having no parish school.

The young ladies had a very excellent library, from the very first. Immediately after the fire, the society was established by a dear Sister who still lives to hold its members in loving remembrance.

Their value to the parish was incalculable, its interests always engaged their best efforts, and they did more for its material advancement and spiritual uplifting than any one could estimate.

* * *

Now I have some little stories to tell, just a few, from the riches of my experience among such lovable people.

Do you remember, dear "Friendly Readers", survivors of that time, the Christmas altar that was like a vision? The dear Pastor designed it, you and the Sisters carried out the design, and the general public saw, on Christmas morning at 5 o'clock, as sweet a picture of Bethlehem as poetic souls could desire to see.

Do you remember the great pine forest trees, the yards and yards of evergreen festooning, and in the midst of all this the altar, with a staging built back of its great wooden candle-sticks? On that staging was an arch under which could be seen the upper portion of our Lady's picture, with her hands so sweetly folded. Just below those blessed hands rested upon straw the bambino, as real a baby as artistic imitation could offer, and each side of Him knelt a great white adoring angel. It was a beautiful dream-picture, up

there above the altar and yet in the hazy background. Great beauty and much splendor have greeted our eyes since then, but nothing has reached our hearts as did that Christmas vision.

* * *

It was evening. The Pastor presented himself at our door to say that he had a sick call to a rather dubious neighborhood, and that he feared the people might not know how to prepare things in the morning for the coming of the Blessed Sacrament. We assured him that we would see to it. Half past five the next morning found us looking for "a house in the rear". We found it. It was frame, in the rear of a tall brick building. A board walk led from the sidewalk, through an alley to the house, a board walk led from front door to back door, and, then to a small woodshed. These walks had been scrubbed to the highest degree of whiteness. The woodshed floor, such parts as were get-at-able, had been scrubbed. As we entered the house, we found that the bare hallways and stairways, and the floors of the various rooms, upstairs and down, had all been scrubbed. The whole of that poor little dwelling had been made spotless, because of the Guest who was coming, and everything in the sick girl's room was ready. "The poor you have always with you." Yea, Lord, and they need not our alabaster boxes of priceless ointment, that they may show their love to you.

* * *

"A kind word turneth away wrath;" we do not test the truth of this often enough, perhaps. Nor do we often realize that there is something fine in even the coarsest nature. In a neighborhood not far from us was a woman called "Big Nell" who was able to settle all the other Nells on her own street. One afternoon a Sister exclaimed in alarm, "Big Neli is at the door". It was a fearsome thing to meet "Big Nell", face to face, if she were out of temper. Angry she certainly

was, indeed, she shook with rage. "The boys had been calling her names, etc., etc." We were held accountable in language that was pointed and emphatic. She was finally made to see that we had nothing to do with these boys; they did not attend our school. It was a shame for them to treat her that way, we would tell the priest about it, we assured her. She went away mollified. Next morning, early, "Big Nell" climbed up the steps to our door and gave the bell a vigorous pull. To the Sister who opened the door, she presented a small parcel—"Here's two fresh eggs for that kind Sister I met yesterday. She's to have the two of them for her breakfast, Sister."

* * *

After the fire, nearly everybody in the frame-house part of our parish mortgaged his land to get money to rebuild his home. We had been paying a hundred dollars a month on our mortgage. The music teacher earned the most of it.—There were only three of us in the school. We all had to eat a few bites occasionally, and buy a few clothes, and pay for coal. In December we fell behind; we had had sickness and other expenses. There was nowhere for the December payment of a hundred dollars to come from, as far as we could see. We made a novena to the Sacred Heart, however, that we might get it. The saying of that novena showed the faith that moves mountains, for literally there was no hope.

We had just finished the novena, after the recitation of the evening Office, when, the door bell rang. One of the Sisters announced that the Pastor was down stairs. As he had never before crossed our threshold after sunset, we were alarmed regarding the occasion of his call. As I was frightened for the moment, and he was suffering from chronic bashfulness,—we both looked dazed, but he broke out, in a manner all his own, "The church was very beautiful on the 8th, very beautiful; here is a little present for the Sisters." With that he dashed out of the house, as one escaping some deadly

peril. I held the roll of bills tightly, and fairly flew upstairs to the Sisters. "Oh, what do you think! We have a present of ten dollars from Father B." I spread out the roll. It was a hundred dollars. The answer to our novena had come from the most unexpected source.

* * *

A year earlier than this, we had asked the Rev. Father to obtain for us from the Bishop the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament in our midst, and begged that we might have our first Mass celebrated in the house on a date as near as possible to December 8th, the feast of his Church and of our convent. The days passed and there was no indication that Father remembered our request. Dec. 8th came and went, and still no word. On Christmas eve, about nine o'clock, Father called and announced to us that he would say one of his three Masses in our chapel on the following day! "In our chapel!" Such a thing did not exist. It is said that one in danger of violent death is able to think of ten thousand things in one second. I thought of a hundred, anyhow,

"Our chapel lacks an altar, Father. There is no possibility of getting that before to-morrow. Everything else can be prepared." "There is an altar in the basement that you may use. I'll have it brought over at once." Away he dashed and we sat down and gasped. There were only six of us. We had the church to decorate (the days of the wooden altars were still with us), and our house to prepare for the children's Christmas tree—and a chapel to create.

Well, two went to the church, two got a room ready for the altar, and two flew to the Good Shepherd Convent and from there to the carpet company's establishment on Wabash avenue. Those were the days of horse cars, remember, and the flight was slow. At two p. m. we sat down to our dinner possessed of a chapel in full array for its Christmas bridal. We had a fire next morning, and decorated the dear priest with burnt tarlitane. No harm was done, but it nearly gave

one of the Sisters nervous prostration to ask the blessed, bashful man, if he'd wash his face before he went back to the church for his third Mass!

* * *

"Ask and you shall receive," this is true also as to earthly relations. Sometimes the rich are timid folk, and do not know where to bestow their bounty. Such persons, if appealed to, respond eagerly. "After the fire" was an era of distress to priests whose churches, perhaps in debt at the time, had been utterly destroyed. The new ones to replace them had to be erected through the assuming of still greater debt.

We sympathized in the poverty of our Pastor, and would not add a dollar to his burden, but we did want so many things for the church. The vestments were beyond repair or cleansing. Well, we'd have to have new ones, "by hook or by crook".

We sent notes to certain ladies of means, requesting them to call at the convent after last Mass. Curiosity brought them, every one, for they had never received such an invitation before. The best vestments were spread out on top of the piano. The ladies were requested to examine them. They were asked would they like to have a servant about them in a garb so soiled and worn as these robes the priest had to wear before God's altar. They responded by opening their purses and giving from five to ten dollars each for the purchase of new vestments, and were happy to do it. They were genuine Roman Catholics, and loved the glory of God's house, but how were they to know our needs, if we did not tell them?

However, we always recall this incident with a shiver of dismay. O blessed audacity of youth! And the dear priest never snubbed us the next Sunday, when we laid out those vestments before him and said, "Don't worry about them,

Father, they are paid for." He never asked and we never told him how we got them.

* * *

Now I want to tell something that illustrates the kindness of dear Bishop Foley, though the occurrence portrays my youthful stupidity, the result of youthful inexperience, in very dark shades.

The music teacher and another, she was just as young and overly zealous as herself, put their heads together, that year, to plan what they could do to advertise our school and our music class. Why, what should they do, but have a grand program for our closing, and, since there was no suitable place in our own parish, what better could they do than engage Turner Hall in the boundaries of the Cathedral parish? And since the greater number of our patrons were employed all day, when should they have this wonderful entertainment but after seven-thirty p. m.?

With any of us to decide was to do; so the music scholars thumped and the other scholars declaimed, while their mothers made white dresses, and we Sisters invented and constructed costumes for fifty fairies. We had a graduate, one of Chicago's sweetest Catholic women to-day; and her cousin, a boy, was our gold medal music pupil. Others there were, bright manly boys and dear graceful girls and lovely little children, who did us honor when the program was produced.

But, ah, me, what a hitch came in our progress! Our tickets were out and were selling briskly, thanks to some good gentleman whose wisdom in such matters made up for our dangerous ignorance. Then we bethought us to ask the Bishop to preside, to give the honors and all that. We ordered a carriage. You can't comprehend the magnitude of that move. And we rode to Bishop's house on Ohio street.

Having been graciously received, we made known our request. Why, certainly he'd come. At what hour must he

arrive? Shades of the prudent! what followed that question was awful. "Eight in the evening, Bishop," said youthful imprudence. "Eight in the evening! religious in a public hall at eight in the evening!" exclaimed the Bishop. "We will go and return in a closed carriage. On the stage we will not be at any time visible." The poor Sister faltered.

"But you will be outside your convent all the same." "With a hundred pupils around us and many of their mothers to help us, Bishop, however, I see it now as you see it. All that we saw until now, were the facts that our school needed the advertisement, our people could not attend in the day time, and we wanted the entertainment to be a success." "Is success to be preferred to merit?" "No, Bishop, we never thought of comparing the two; we just worked hard for the one and hoped we were gaining the other. We will recall the tickets and give the program in the daytime."

He looked at the Sister very kindly, and said, "No, you can't do that; have your program, as you have planned." "Thank you, Bishop, but will you come? Your absence will mean disapproval, and I would suffer anything rather than do that which would reflect unfavorably on our community at large." "Yes; I will come," he replied, and graciously dismissed us.

After a sleepless night, the companions in misery concluded: "We can't go on with it. We can't run the risk of injuring the folks at home (St. Clara). We'll go back to the Bishop and give it up." Back they went, and presented their case to the fatherly prelate in its most doleful colors. With an encouraging pat on the shoulder with one hand, while presenting the ring with the other, he said, "You have tender consciences, children. Go home in peace and sleep tonight. Have your program. I will be there." He was there; and he brought with him Bishop Spalding and ten priests. I am sure that God has given him for it an additional ray of glory in his heavenly crown.

It was a real Italian villa, on the shore of a Wisconsin lake, an embryo academy, the home of a small band of happy Juniors and ten wise Minims. Those children were an interesting study. They left no one in doubt as to their sense of their own importance. Their faces were turned towards the sunrise regions of higher education. The amount of miscellaneous information they picked up was amazing. They were deeply interested in reading circle work and by dint of playing the "Game of Authors" and "Familiar Quotations" morning, noon and night, when the weather did not permit outdoor recreation, they became so literary in their conversation as to astonish anyone who overheard them.

Suddenly they became interested in politics. "The twins," non-Catholics, daughters of an assemblyman, were the leaders. One was a Democrat and the other a Republican. The latter had no followers. The former came accompanied by certain deputies, to present their views as to the propriety of letting President Cleveland know what a highly commendable school was flourishing on the Republican soil of Wisconsin. Some one inquired how they proposed to enlighten him. Well, they thought a letter was the proper thing.

The letter was duly written by one of themselves. It contained the information that all the pupils in their school, but one, were Democrats, and a request was made for Mrs. Cleveland's picture. The important missive was mailed, and we supposed that would be the last of it, but in a few days there came, addressed to the Secretary of the Minims' reading circle, a great square envelope, and on it was engraved in raised blue letters, "Executive Mansion". Within it was a congratulatory answer to their letter, and a photograph of Mrs. Cleveland. The Minims were two inches taller next day and proudly exulted over Juniors and Seniors.

* * *

The school was in its infancy and somewhat lacking in numbers. It was proposed to "work it up" by having an

oral examination in June. Professors from the University, (only a mile away,) were to be present.

The class of fourteen who were to stand this ordeal "put their shoulders to the wheel", and stood by their teacher and their school like major generals. Those were the "glad hard old times", remember, so they were told, that no matter how brilliant they might be in literature or history, if they did not do well in mathematics it would be said that the Sisters were merely bookish, and did not develop the reasoning powers.

They were required to solve the examples in Quadratics orally, completing the square and all; the problems were done on the board. In geometry the requirements were equally severe.

There were present, by invitation, the Professor of Mathematics and the Professor of Literature from the state university. By accident (social), there were also present an ex-President of Notre Dame University, a Judge from Chicago and two priests.

That their teacher and the class survived the ordeal is an unrecorded miracle. Every one of the fourteen did well. It was their faith in prayer and their enthusiastic devotion to the honor of their school that carried them to success.

During the oral exercise in Algebra, the Professor of Mathematics had the grace to say, "I have never listened to anything more interesting."

But, during the work in Higher Arithmetic, he got himself into trouble, slightly. A handsome, dark-eyed maiden was giving at the board a really magnificent demonstration of rapidity and accuracy. "Who is this young lady?" he inquired. Her name was given. "Ah, yes; we have pupils of the name in our public schools." "You never had her." "She has been with you some time?" "She has been with the Sisters constantly since her second year." "She is a credit to you." "She certainly is." So ended that conversation, and the woman had the last word.

The two gentlemen are most pleasantly remembered for their kindness and courtesy. It was no small favor for busy men like them, in the busy time of early June, to spend a whole day with us at our embryo academy. It is a great institution now, and the villa is no more. A fire secured it to the "glad hard old times".

* * *

Back to Illinois. It was something new this time: A Catholic high school. There were only two in the Diocese of Chicago at the time.

This story must be brief, for those were not "hard" times. This place had its school and convent heated by steam and lighted by electricity. It had its beautiful stone church (consecrated), with altars of marble and onyx, and a Pastor who thought Sisters were not "a little lower", but if anything a little higher "than the angels". The Sisters never had so much self-respect in all their days as in the atmosphere created by that noble-hearted priest. And mind, you, good readers, to increase another's self-respect is to increase his efficiency a hundred-fold. Deprive him of his self-respect, —you paralyze him.

The several years spent in that atmosphere were to us a most valuable part of our educational and spiritual assets. They were years of hard work, but one felt like working in an atmosphere of encouragement and good will.

The school was incorporated, and relations with the public school officials were of the pleasantest. Two high school classes went each year to take teachers' examination from the County Superintendent. The members of one class had to win a second grade certificate to be permitted to take our last year's course. The members of another class had to present the averages for first grade certificates in order to receive our diploma. It was a severe ordeal for such young students, but we never had a failure. And the boys stood by us just as faithfully as did the girls, and really deserved

more credit in a way, for the girls expected to teach, but the boys without that incentive, joined the girls in making these mighty efforts for the honor of their school, the Sisters and their dear Priest.

There was other work,—the beautiful Sodality of young ladies on Sunday, the Dante class of seventy members, Catholic and non-Catholic ladies of various ages, on Wednesday, seven to nine p. m., and the Public School Teachers' Literary Club on Monday, seven to nine p. m. It was an education to prepare for these meetings. It was a social delight to come in contact with these ladies.

What the Sisters particularly like to remember, in connection with this school, is the reading circle work done in each room on Friday afternoons, and the programs the circles of the various rooms united in giving in the handsome school auditorium on notable literary and historical occasions, such as Longfellow-Day and Lincoln-Day. Washington's birthday and the Pastor's birthday were greater feasts and their programs were presented in the evening.

The high school circle was called the Feehan Circle. The secretary wrote to the Archbishop for permission to use his name and received a gracious reply in his own writing. Thereupon was sent to His Grace, a rosette of purple and gold ribbon, constituting him an honorary member of this distinguished body, much to his amusement.

In all the rooms the boys took as much interest in our weekly meetings as the girls. The officers were divided between them. If a boy was elected president then the society was obliged to elect a girl vice-president and so on with secretary and treasurer, class leader and class reader.

For one cent a week from each member, we had funds sufficient to supply our reading table with certain desirable periodicals. When a pupil had any free time, during school hours, he could sit at the reading table and enjoy his favorite magazine.

There had been long established a school journal, the Santa Maria. Preparing matter for it was one of the most pleasant tasks that we, children and teachers, had to fulfill, though the bright young priest who had charge of it was not easy to please.

Our Commencement exercises, with high school graduates to grace them, and all the other grades to contribute to them, were always the event of the summer. And a play or a supper or a party given by the Alumni was the event of the winter.

Matrimony has claimed the young people of those days; death has claimed the dear Priest; and life's inevitable changes have claimed us all, but we have our happy memories, and we are proud to know that one of our boys is a student in the American College at Rome.

* * *

Intervening years were spent in teaching at the Mother House, in the academy and in the novitiate. New Diggings, Galena, Portage, Chicago, Bloomington, Madison (Edgewood), Freeport and Sinsinawa: a diversity of work is here represented that accounts for one's being a "Jack of all trades and master of none". The acquiring of the degree of J. A. T. has been immensely interesting, and has followed from a regular course, Darwinian in its development.

For several years mathematics was my principal interest, because it was a special demand of the time. Arithmetics and algebras of all kinds fell in my way, as I went from school to school; geometries and trigonometries of varied methods met me in the academies. On one of the missions I had to master Bryant and Stratton's bookkeeping, in the lone hours of the night, and succeeded in proving every step of my work. Then some ambitious pupil wanted B. & S. counting house bookkeeping, so I went into that, and had positive proof that God helps those who help themselves.

Then I was called upon to take charge of the Science Department in an academy. The work included object lessons for the minims and for higher classes; Physiology, Physical Geography, Geology, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Zoology, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Logic. Those were not the days of laboratory methods in Chemistry. We used Steel's text books, but what were text books to me? I devoured everything I could get my hands on regarding the subjects I had to teach. My theoretical knowledge of them all became extensive and my practical knowledge of the greater number of them kept pace with it. For laboratory methods in Zoology (Biology was not then required), I had no taste. It was sufficient for me to know an animal's internal arrangements on the testimony of somebody else. Such things as were to be learned about him when he was alive were of the greatest interest to me. When he was dead I wanted him speedily buried.

To look back to those years is to wonder at myself for my intense interest in science. I found its facts so impressive, its theories leading to such interesting use of the faculty of reasoning, its whole trend so surely Godward.

The next turn of the wheel brought me history and Christian Doctrine for my special work. Each division of history I outlined for myself, and wrote out list after list of examination questions to test myself. Christian Doctrine was an "old story" to me, since the early days of my conversion, so I did not trouble about it much.

My next specialty was literature and composition. Before I came to school at all, I had read a house full of books suited to my years, and in school I had read the classics, though we had not, in those days any such training as is now called "a course in English".

To study up the subject and to invent ways to interest my classes was a matter of course. I went at it, as with the other branches. The early numbers of the Reading Circle

Review, of the Eagle and of the Santa Maria contain some samples of my class work.

And now, having gained my J. A. T. degree, without taking even a Correspondence Course, I am college librarian and teacher of Moral Philosophy. It has been an interesting life, and if anyone wonders at me for telling about it, let such a one understand that I pride myself on naught but my industry. I simply devoted to study the energy that my New England foremothers devoted to house cleaning and my Dutch foremothers to scrubbing the sidewalks, besides I have an Irish heart and that supplied the enthusiasm.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM GLAD HARD OLD TIMES.

THESE are times when mental phenomena are quite as common as the physical. Electricity and magnetism have received no more curious adaptations, than have the faculties of the human mind.

The nineteenth century appetite thirsts for novelty, and it is useless to try to appease it with the trite statement of the doleful fact that there is nothing new under the sun. At least it will have new ways of reaching old results. This works well, and hurts no one, but the harmlessness of nineteenth century methods is not so evident when strange, new results are to be attained through old fashioned systems. It makes the venerable, old ways ridiculous, and fails to make the new results a success.

Novelty is not progress. Novelty is a superficial new thing; progress is an old thing improved, elevated and developed.

Once upon a time, a clergyman, resident of a distant city, asked me, partly in mirth and partly in sarcasm, "Well, how is that lackadaisical school of yours getting on?" The adjective he used amused me at first, and then set me to thinking. I let the question pass as a joke, at the time, but, later, I asked myself, "Is my school 'lackadaisical'?" Said school was a novelty, perhaps; I do not know of anything it could have progressed from. It was a Protestant school taught by a thoroughly Roman Catholic nun, under the roof of a thoroughly Dominican Convent. At least I should suppose that to be a Protestant school forty-five of whose fifty members were non-Catholics. It flourished, with fluctuation in numbers, but with a similar average, from year to year, for ten years. It gave excellent wives to statesmen and to national officials of high degree; to lesser men and more humble homes

sensible and cultured influences, and to society an element of graceful modesty not to be attained outside convent walls. Of any higher or more lasting good this queer school may have done God is the judge.

Ours was an educational city. We had unusually well conducted public schools, and two universities, one a state institution, the other denominational, besides sectarian seminaries, yet the Convent Select School was patronized by the best Protestant families. So much the better for them and their children, but how about the nuns who taught in this "lackadaisical" school, were they fulfilling the end of their vocation, and teaching in accordance with the spirit of their institute?

The parish school of our city being graded, and having a high school department, under admirable management, and offering every advantage desirable, Catholic students preferred it to a select school, hence the select school had reason for its being only from the fact that certain Protestant mothers desired convent polish and convent culture for their daughters.

If these young girls received nothing better or higher than this polish and this culture—then were the nuns who taught them human inconsistencies, pious contradictions of the spirit of the great teaching order of St. Dominic,—making money honestly enough, perhaps, but not answering particularly well to the Church's idea of religious teachers.

The Crucifix hung above the prefect's desk; Catholic pictures graced the walls; Catholic prayers were said, at the opening of school each half day, Paters, Aves, and an aspiration to St. Dominic, and all pupils, without exception, knelt, erect and with at least outward reverence. The few Catholic pupils recited Catechism during school hours. The school was quite Catholic, was it not, reader, comparatively speaking?

The young ladies who attended were particularly interested in history and literature,—a wide field for the influence of a prudent, though enthusiastic teacher, was it not? Will anyone say that those young ladies, and the spheres in which they have since moved were none the better for the teachings, explanations, and interpretations of a religious instructress? If a woman but sweep her house or cook a potato, from a noble motive, the world is the better for it. We may not make all who listen to us have supernatural motives, but it is an advance, it seems to me, if their intentions become noble. We may not lead them to walk in the pathway of the saints, but are we not doing well if we keep them from the broader ways of sin? I will give an exaple. A young lady, Protestant, came to me one morning with the singular statement that she wanted my permission “to do a sin”! Considerably amused, I asked her meaning. “I am going to a party to-night; I have worn all my dresses, but one, several times; I want your permission to wear that dress to-night.” “Why, child, what have I to do with your toilet? That is your mother’s affair, consult her.” “Yes, but I heard you tell the Catholic pupils that it was a sin against health, and against modesty to wear a low-necked, short-sleeved dress; now, that is just the style of dress mine is; you make the point about modesty so very forcible, I don’t want to wear the dress, and yet, I do want to wear it.”

I explained that she was not bound by Catholic laws for morals, and referred her again to her mother.

The next morning, when she made her somewhat sleepy appearance, I asked what dress she wore. “Well, I did not wear the low-necked one. My mother said you were right. I shall never again wear such a dress.” I met her again, several years ago; she had kept her word. This is only one of many similar incidents.

The prevention of evil is an indirect good, is it not? If the convent training of these Protestant girls has no higher result

than preservation from sin, it is something done for the glory of God and the interests of souls, is it not? Something that would not be done elsewhere so thoroughly, and so tenderly, as within convent walls.

Purer souls, nobler characters, or sweeter dispositions do not exist than those we find among our Protestant pupils; surely we are working for God's glory if we aid in keeping them pure, noble, and womanly. There is nothing "lackadaisical" about the work; it is loving, earnest, and religious. Society is to be the happier and the better for it. "Having been under your instruction, they can not plead invincible ignorance, yet very few, if any of them, will become Catholics," says my critical friend. That reflection does give rise to an anxious thought, and yet—"invincible ignorance" can not be honestly pleaded under any circumstances, in our free and enlightened country.

Is it "lackadaisical" to put Catholic ideas into people's heads, and Catholic motives into their hearts, and to give them Catholic principles for their moral guidance, simply because we do not succeed in doing God's special work of infusing faith into their souls?

Commencement Day Orations

Condensed from Graduation Essays of "My Nunc Dimittis
Class" in English. Misses Wigman, Duggan, Heben-
streit, Dalton, Maher, Norris, Patterson, Barragy,
Cavanaugh, Carmody, and Murray.
June, 1907.

As a Christmas Gift to my dear friends, and former students in English, I include in this volume their Commencement Day Orations.---*S. C. B.*

HOW GOD SPEAKS TO MAN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

SINCE that sublime, creative utterance, "Let there be light," God has never been silent, has never ceased to make this command the essence of the varied expressions of His will, never ceased by the Natural Law, by the Scriptures, by the "still small voice," to give light to man's soul. That magnificent library of sacred history, inspired poetry and song, sublime ethics, eternal wisdom and divine law, the Old Testament, gives wondrous accounts of God's direct, personal communications with man. Its chapters teem likewise with instances of His communication with His human creatures by secondary means.

He spoke to them in majestic accents, through Abraham and other venerable patriarchs, through Moses and other wise leaders; through Samuel and other mystic prophets, or by the ministry of angels and archangels. Great lessons did He teach by the virtues of Tobias, the heroism of Judith, the patience of Job, the triumph of Esther, the songs of David, the parables, proverbs, sermons and canticles of Solomon. Nor did He confine the graciousness of His inspiring messages and light-giving lessons to His chosen people.

For all mankind there were given the beneficent, mildly restraining axioms of the Natural Law, the blessed pleadings of Conscience. Nor were His alien children left without the warnings of holy prophets, or the advice of wise teachers.

To the Egyptians there came the gifted Joseph and the inspired Moses; to the Ninevites, Jonas, the Gallilean; to the Babylonians, the princely Daniel of vision clear, and Ezechiel, "strength of God," prophet of woes and tears, destruction and desolation.

Finally Jeremiah, "Great before the Lord," special figure of the suffering Redeemer of mankind, and Isaias, "the Salvation of the Lord," prophet of the mysteries of our redemption, carried the vibrations of the Divine Voice across the mystic interval between the abolishment of the old and the institution of the new law;—and then, "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us."

Though God did not then cease to speak, sometimes by a voice from heaven, and sometimes by the visitation of an angel in the night, yet were His divine methods changed, and an ineffably sublime and holy medium of communication was established, for—"the Word was made Flesh." The Divine Word, the message and the Messenger "dwelt amongst us," and gave the Church a new form, constituting it His mouth-piece, that would speak His will when He should have returned to His Eternal Father. Henceforth, the twin streams of Divine Revelation: Written Law and Tradition, would be the media of the Voice of God speaking to man.

Ignoring this divinely constituted office of the Church, Carlyle cried out, in bitterness of spirit, "If God would only speak again in these our days as He spoke in other days." Better might the despairing essayist have given his appeal another form,—“If men would only listen in these our days, if men would only hear, as they listened and heard in other days.” For God does speak, but mankind do not listen.

In all centuries, since the beginning of Christ's earthly sojourn as teacher of the people, there have been many to question the Church, as her Divine Founder was questioned,—“What sayest Thou of Thyself?” Her reply to the query is one of the divinely wonderful things about the Church. Without changing one title of her dogma, she words her answer in the language and in the spirit of the times, and responds to the cry of Carlyle, and others like him, with the tenderness of a mother or the firmness of a father, and with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost.

And yet there are men of remarkable intellectual power, and of great force of character, who have not only ceased to listen, but have ceased to question. They do not ask the Divine Master, "What sayest Thou of Thyself?" rather do they, with blasphemous effrontery tell Him who and what He is, and how they measure His words, and estimate the value of His acts.

Ours is indeed an age bold in the things of the intellect; an age that agitates strange ideas regarding spiritual things; that takes pleasure in doubting, and pride in contradicting the word of God, as interpreted and proclaimed by the Church, the divinely constituted mouthpiece of God; an age that strikes at divine revelation, and denies that faith and religion, with the sacred essentials that they include, are the pillars that support the temple of true wisdom in the soul of man.

No wonder that there are many saddened hearts to cry out with Carlyle, in their darkness and their ignorance, "If God would but speak to man as in days of old!" But,—shall God forget His divine dignity and vociferate, that His voice may be heard by this noisy and audacious generation? He speaks in the twentieth century as He has spoken in every century of the Christian era, but men of might, men of commercial force and political power, soulless philosophers, irresponsible voters and conscienceless law-givers drown His voice, with the noise of their egotistical and time-serving efforts to achieve a Godless success.

"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." These words of the child prophet interpret the religious attitude of all true believers in God, of all true followers of Christ; but the exponent of dominant political and social powers in the twentieth century indicates so high a degree of intellectual impertinence in addressing God that we Christians, however imperfect our faith, bow our awe-stricken souls in silence before the infinity of the divine patience.

"Speak Lord!" the Christian heart entreats; "Nay," cries out the spirit of the times, "Speak not; tell us nothing; we will investigate; not your teachings, O Church of Christ, but our own experiments shall reveal to us eternal truth." "Speak not; your demands are too imperative; your laws too inconvenient; we have a moral code of our own; we have no use for your antiquated Decalogue." "Let God be silent; or if He will speak, let Him not look for us among His hearers; we have neither the time to listen, nor the inclination to obey." And so, in this century of electrical progress, of magnificent material advancement, of superlative egotism, man, heedless of their supernatural significance, deaf to their lessons regarding God's omnipotence, blind to their evidence in proof of His omniscience and eternal wisdom, makes reckless use of God's great natural forces.

With every scientific appliance to aid him in his schemes and political plots, man forgets that though he may misuse her mighty energies, true "Science is the handmaid of Religion," the offspring of divine wisdom. Man adapts the mighty forces of nature to the accomplishment of his pigmy designs, and in his blind egotism does not realize that these stupendous agents are but the words which form the expression of God's awful message to the past and to the twentieth century, "I am the Lord thy God; a jealous God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me."

Ah, verily, God speaks, as in days of old; speaks also in a new language of mysterious, radiant energies, and wonderful, measureless powers; speaks in the revelations of the X-rays; in the never ceasing vibrations of Radium, in the stupendous currents of wireless telegraphy, in the multitude of chemical and mechanical sublimities of transformed and applied forces. Yet the proud, stupid spirit of the twentieth century, not realizing the truth, fails to cry out, "The hand is the hand of science, but the voice is the voice of God."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MAN AT THE CENTRE.

IN MATHEMATICS the perfect line is the circle, enclosing the perfect plane, and constituting, by its varied positions and relations, when multiplied, the sphere, the perfect geometric solid. In the definition of circle and of sphere, the weight of significance rests in the word "Centre".

Every atom in the myriads of molecules that constitute matter, and every magnificent orb in space obeys a central attraction, exerts a radiating power.

The poetry of figurative language borrows mathematical and scientific terms, and in the portrayal of the life of some remarkable man, refers to the sphere of his activities and the centre of his influence.

Every great political, philosophical, or religious movement that has constituted an epoch in history has had its origin in some individual, or personal, human, central force. Leaders and rulers have shaped the world's events, it may be, but the "Man at the Centre" has originated them, has set them moving, vibrating, radiating, revolving.

There must be leaders who are dauntless and successful, there must be rulers who are powerful and just, but for leader or ruler, there would be no demand, were there no "Man at the Centre" to set in motion the forces that necessitate wise guidance and firm control.

And here let me say,—though I have been a reverent student of the Church's history, and of the biographies of her heroes and saints, I shall not presume to touch upon so profound a subject as the "Man at the Centre" of any movement, in any phase of her divinely appointed, earthly mission. The philosophy of profane history suffices for the development of my theme.

Light, heat, electricity and sound radiate in all directions from a central point, whence their forceful vibrations have their origin. The great political, intellectual and spiritual movements, that carry with them the destinies of mankind, are spherical, and at the centre is the great-hearted dreamer, the high-minded thinker whose faith and enthusiasm set the mighty forces of the spirit radiating until earth is thrilled to do, and heaven is moved to help.

That the "Man at the Centre" may generate an evil force is all too true; perhaps no land presents so many sad proofs of this fact as our own beautiful America. To us, however, in our youth and inexperience, that phase of the subject does not appeal, but we are interested,—not in the evanescent benefits of military conquests, not in the transient glories of political power, not in the acquisitions gained and successes reaped for a realm by its victorious generals and shrewd politicians, but in the intellectual and moral influences radiated by poets, artists, and musicians, the ethical forces set in vibration by law-givers, philosophers, and heroes.

Never in the history of the world has there been such need as now, of wise leaders and prudent rulers; never has the heart of the human race cried out so pleadingly that the "Man at the Centre" shall be worthy of his place and his power. That he may be worthy, he must have birth and training in a Christian home, development and education in a Christian school. The environment of his manhood must include women who are noble and true. The heart that respects and reveres woman is the temple of God, and from that heart will come the noble impulse, the fiery zeal, the heaven-directed enthusiasm of the true "Man at the Centre".

Here arises the thought of our own responsibility as graduates from a Catholic College. In the olden days a stereotyped sphere was found for woman, and she was deliberately and arbitrarily placed at the centre of it. There she exerted

influences in accordance with her inherited traits and acquired accomplishments.

To-day, with the advantages of higher education and the privileges of a wide freedom in the choice of employment, woman creates her own sphere and must be reckoned with as a central force whence radiate far-reaching influences affecting the mental and spiritual integrity of the "Man at the Centre".

It is a significant fact to be carefully considered by educators and by students, that the nobility and the worth of the "Man at the Centre" follows from the nobility and consecration of the "Woman at the Centre".

GENERAL SUBJECT—TIME'S GREAT LEVERS.
LABOR AND WAR.

TIME.

TIME is vastly simple. It is the symbol of the duration of earthly things. It is an abstraction to which have been given a thousand concrete names and impossible qualities.

"Time is the life of the soul," says Longfellow. Time is an "unfathomable sea whose waves are years", says Shelly; and Prentice cries out against "Remorseless Time, fierce spirit of the glass and scythe. Time, the tomb-builder."

An Italian poet of the seventeenth century in describing Time, writes of it as—

"A mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was heeded, they were past.
A river that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living things, with resistless force,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its currents with creation's birth was born;
And with the heavens began its march sublime."

Poetic pictures of Time are indeed countless, but invariably the dread being is—

"Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse upon the fearful ruin he has wrought."

Shakespeare presents him as one who delights—

"To ruinate proud buildings with his hours
And smear with dust their glittering, golden towers."

Devenant says of him—

"Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think Immortal Workmanship."

And well does another poet cry out :

“Who shall contend with Time, unvanquished Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord of desolation?”

And how does he, this mighty monarch of the ages, apply his strength to the accomplishment of his unfathomable designs? How does he build with one hand and tear down with the other? How does he at once construct and destroy, so that the mysterious, unceasing balance between things growing and things decaying, between things increasing and things decreasing, between things living and things dying, is ever his supreme act of preservation? The reading of history gives us an answer clear and convincing. Time has accomplished all his mighty works by the use of the simplest of mechanical devices, the lever of the first-class. Two such levers, Labor and War, moved by the power of man's energy and nature's forces, have served him magnificently in his character of Builder and Destroyer of the nations.

Progress, Time's noblest offspring, occasionally conflicts with him, for Time is conservative, and has kept through all the centuries, to his old way of doing things. Even civilization fails to change his customs or improve his habits. Progress is a youth, and civilization is an infant; Time heeds them not. But Time himself is not old; it is a mistake to represent him as the ancient wielder of a scythe. Time did indeed come up out of the east, at the beginning of things, but he has not yet reached the prime of his manhood, the zenith of his glory. He manifests in a myriad of ways the ignorance, the impulsiveness, the irresponsibility of youth, but never has he been stronger or more virile than now, never has he made greater promises to the world and to mankind. The fulfillment of his promises is not entirely certain, however, for he is young and rash. What are six thousand years, or even countless geological ages to him, the eldest son of Eternity? Ah, he is truly young, and bright, and vigorous! He is knowing and full of youthful conceit, and very, very igno-

rant. He has been to the best of schools; it is surprising how little he has learned; he has had the grandest of opportunities.—it is amazing how little he has done.

Time is a capitalist, with humanity for his agents and employees. Time is a captain of industry for whom the fates spin and weave, and whom all nature's forces serve. He is a great master of transportation; he has no competitors, and grants no rebates; no one dares to tax him, and his rolling stock has always the right of way.

His is a resistless power, all things obey his will, and yet he seems to be a failure. Humanity is always complaining of him, of the cruelty of his methods, the hardness of his heart, the fierceness of his temper, the audacity and irreverence of his spirit. And Time goes on, heedless and unrebuked, balancing his levers, applying his powers, fulfilling his purposes, by the instrumentality of Labor and of War.

POWER.

POWER, as an attribute of God, is infinite and eternal. Power, as associated with the forces of nature, is the twin brother of Time. Power, as associated with the mind of man, is superior to Time and will survive when Time shall have been merged into Eternity. Yet Time rules here on earth, and only one power has defied him, the spiritual and organized power of the Catholic Church.

Man uses his powers, however great and noble, only as Time demands or permits, and he becomes independent of Time only when the soul passes into the realms of the everlasting.

Power, in its wide and general sense, is an abstraction even more mysterious than Time. A circle symbolizes eternity; a straight line, tangent to the earth, and extending out into limitless space, may symbolize Time, but, seek as we may, there can be found no symbol of that impalpable, wide-spreading, globe-encircling thing that we call Power.

Power in the aggregate is infinite and divine. The greatest power of which earth has experience is immeasurably small, compared with the infinitude of Power that rests in God, and yet,—the tremendous forces of nature, what power they exhibit! From the atomic affinities that hold together the constituents of matter, to the mighty energies that preserve the unity and harmony of the universe, what magnificence of efficiency pertains in God's immense creation!

Great powers of attraction and propulsion keep the earth true to her orbit, and, all the wondrous world of vegetation on her surface germinates, grows, blossoms and bears fruit, in obedience to solar energy, that transcendent, life-giving, life-sustaining power of light and heat. From that same stupendous force all the multitudinous forms of diversified animal life draw, indirectly, their capability and their strength.

And yet, what is solar energy compared with the light of human intelligence and the warmth of human hearts? The supreme earthly power is the heart of man; the finite force of forces is the mind of man. And so, Time has come to mean, not mere duration, but some phase of man's power. "Remorseless Time," "Relentless Time" is mankind in the aggregate.

Looking back over the expanse of six thousand years to study man, in the light of that single thought,—his power, how profoundly we are impressed by his inconsistency, his inadequacy, his colossal stupidity objectively, his superlative blindness subjectively. O God-given power of man! misused, abused, degraded, squandered,—who can measure its latent energy? Who can estimate the evil of its inactivity?

The history of what man has accomplished is indeed wondrous, but oftentimes when studying it proudly and intently we are suddenly appalled, by reading between the lines, the disgraceful story of what man might have done, and has failed to do. From the foundation of the nations to the present time great obstacles to the world's true advancement, the

accumulations of the ages, have towered mountain high in the pathway of civilization and man, upon whom devolves the task of their removal, has failed in its accomplishment, because he has failed to use rightly Time's greatest levers, Labor and War.

THE LEVER.

POWER would be forever latent; weight forever immovable; resistance forever non-existent, were there no levers wherewith to direct and apply power.

How simple,—how effective,—is the lever of the first class;—a bar,—with a pivot, or fulcrum, whereon to balance it. Equally simple is the use of it:—a weight to be lifted, or a work to be done:—a power applied, by means of the bar, to the lifting or the doing.

Whenever he can, man rejects the lever of the first class, however, because of its characteristic slowness. Speed in workmanship means wealth. For that reason our modern machinery is a manifold application of the lever of the third class to the accomplishment of the wonders of modern architecture and engineering.

The tall, cloud-touching buildings of our cities, the marvelous bridges that span our rivers, the wondrous tunnels that pierce our mountains, the magnificent canals that join mighty lakes, seas and oceans, one to another, have been built, bored, or excavated by means of the Lever.

Ocean greyhounds dare the tides and storms of "the vasty deep", flying machines cleave the boundless air, automobiles spurn the firm, old earth,—each exerts its powers and accomplishes its purpose by means of some special adaptation of the Lever.

In fact, there is no realm of man's physical or mental activities where the Lever is not an autocrat. Even the fine arts must acknowledge its sway. Not all the genius of all

the painters, sculptors, musicians and poets the world has ever known could have produced even the least important of the works of art without the Lever, whereby to apply its subtle power to the attainment of its noble aims.

The invisible world of thought and emotion has likewise its levers: the schemes of diplomacy, the plans of politicians, the precepts of morality, the commands of religion have each their levers, whereby they balance, lift and move in the affairs of human life; levers to construct and to destroy, for pleasure and for pain, for gain and for loss; for the advancement of learning, for the propagation of the faith, for the spread of virtue, and for the triumph of right and justice. For the fulfillment of any of these purposes there must be applied power, and this necessitates the use of the Lever, whether it be that of the mechanic, or that of the man of thought, whether it balance and lift, and move the burdens and obstacles of physical life, or balance, create and force upward and onward the higher values and the eternal impulses of the intellectual and spiritual life.

And through it all, Time, the mighty monarch, sits upon his throne and watches his pigmies work and strive. Nor is he idle. He, too, has his great purposes to attain; and since speed and wealth are naught to him, the inheritor of the centuries and of all that they possess, he ever wields with resistless force his great levers of the first class, Labor and War.

THE FULCRUM.

EVERY effective lever, of whatever class, has its fulcrum, pivot, or point of support, whereon it rests, turns, or balances in order to accomplish the purpose of the power.

Were the fulcrum disregarded, there would be no effective levers, and all the activities of human life would cease. These activities are of varied values. Some of them could be spared

to the world's decided advantage; others could be improved by improved conditions, and all could be superlatively better and nobler, if the levers used had proper fulcrums.

Mental balance is one of the most important requisites for the attainment of success. A well-poised mind or character,—what does it mean but a mental or moral lever well-pivoted upon the fulcrum of right reason?

Time's great failures are mostly due to this:—a great public movement, literary, political, or moral, was not balanced on the right fulcrum, the right idea, the correct aim, the true principle.

Great national undertakings often fail because they lack proper support. Failure sometimes follows the best efforts of the government, because, by some error of judgment, the levers were not rightly pivoted.

There is a revolution in the political world, bloody, destructive, irresponsible,—some one has rested his possibly sincere desire for the good of mankind upon irrational notions of the manner of establishing right and justice, the fault is in the fulcrum.

There is an upheaval in the regions of philosophy. Writers are condemned; authority is resisted; minds are misled; immortal souls are in danger. Some one has rested his arguments upon a mistaken principle. The fulcrum has been badly chosen.

There is a widespread demand for justice to labor, and relief for poverty,—great political levers are put in motion by the powers of unbridled enthusiasm and misdirected zeal;—they destroy, where they were meant to build; they have been moved by ill-regulated power and pivoted upon the fulcrum of irreligion and disregard for human life.

There are heart-rending disturbances in the religious, the social, or the financial world,—some one has tried to effect reforms, but has pivoted his lever upon a fulcrum of hatred

and intolerance. As a result, the most sacred relations have been disturbed, the holiest bonds have been broken.

Great leaders have risen up among us, men of great intellectual power and moral force, men using the best of levers, nobly placed, and yet they have failed to attain their noble ends. Some one has misunderstood or misrepresented them. All that is needed to defeat the powers of the noblest nature is to place the man in a false position, to misrepresent to the public the fulcrum upon which he rests his levers.

The subtlest attack ever made upon a leader appeared in one of our literary reviews under the heading, "Psychopathic Rulers". Admit a man's possession of great intellectual powers; grant he is usually actuated by honest impulses; and then persuade the public to believe that he lacks mental poise, to see that his intellectual levers, though admirable in themselves, are not properly balanced, that he is, in fact, a "Psychopathic" leader or ruler.—why, you have killed the man politically, and hurled all his magnificent possibilities into "outer darkness".

History does present, indeed, a multitude of cases in which great military or social movements have owed their failure to the badly balanced though gifted mind of some trusted leader.

Everywhere, and in all ages, the most lamentable mistakes of Time have been largely due to an ill-chosen Fulcrum. In no contingency has Time so clearly shown the disastrous nature of such mistakes as in the placing of his great levers, Labor and War.

WEIGHT AND RESISTANCE.

WEIGHT, that strange measure of mysterious attraction, that responsiveness of all material things to the heart-influence of Mother-Earth, gives to lever, fulcrum and power, a reason for their existence. Since Weight and Resistance are universal, it is clear that power must be universal. But

it can not act against Weight and Resistance without a well-balanced lever. This magnificent interdependence of things of vital importance and of intrinsic value is an impressive fact.

Power is a great, a glorious, a most desirable thing, but it is Weight, or Resistance, that gives Power its opportunity, that calls it forth from the hidden recesses of Nature's being, or from the depths of man's muscular and intellectual reservoirs of latent energy.

Without resistance to force, human physical existence would be impossible, and nature would become a void. The necessity of overcoming friction and inertia calls forth the greatest power of mighty natural forces, and leads to its application in machinery.

Opposition to the attraction of gravity fills the world with life, beauty and activity. Without it, the world would exhibit only statues and monuments. Without it, the fleecy clouds of summer, and the gloomy clouds of winter would not float upon the air, or scurry before the winds, for a while, and then fall in beneficent rain or snow. The resisting power of the atmosphere saves us from sudden, daily floods, and from the dull monotony of an ever clear sky.

The murmured music of forest and of sea, the poetic motion of bending grass and flitting insect, the myriads of sweet sounds and graceful movements, as well as the glowing beauty of the sunrise and the crimson splendor of the sunset, contribute to our delight in life, because of forces resisting and resisted. The bird is carried upon the wing, and the boat upon the wave, by the resistance of air and water.

The earth's firm stability, and its charming instability, its fitness to be man's home and man's school, its physical suitability as a place for the discipline of pleasure and of pain, its wondrous adaptability to every intellectual and spiritual requirement of man's higher being,—all depends upon the weight of matter and the resistance of force.

As for the world of mind and soul, thought would die, and aspiration have no birth, were there no intellectual weight to move, no mental resistance to overcome, and in the moral world, so vital is the importance of resisting and resisted force, there would be neither angel in heaven, nor saint on earth without it.

Upon every human being burdens are pressing, and against him forces are acting. The lever, or character, is not always strong; the fulcrum, or principle, not always sound; the power, or intelligence, not always adequate; and so it happens, that the history of human endeavor is often a record of disastrous failures. Never has the world been so rich in power and in efficient levers as now, and yet, never have the burdens of life been heavier, never have greater forces been brought to bear against the poor and the distressed.

But, praise to God, and to the true hearts wherein his spirit dwells, the resisting force of goodness, truth and holiness has never been stronger, greater, nobler!

And one of the blessed signs of better things, in these our days, is the vigor and enthusiasm with which Time, in lifting Weight and overcoming Resistance, speeds his great Lever of Labor, and restrains his mighty Levers of War.

WAR.

IN EVERY sphere of life, under every form of government, under every sort of conditions, social and religious, there is War, glorious War, for some glorious cause.

The superlatively great earthly powers are human life, human thought, and human emotion. Without War, there is stagnation of life, dullness of mind, and apathy of heart. Labor wearies and stupifies, War arouses and stimulates.

Weariness and stupefaction of the soul means death to the greatest, the noblest, the most heroic forces of mind and heart. The saints have always been warriors, and Saint Paul,

the greatest soldier of them all, cried out at last, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith."

Labor has its inalienable and most honorable place in the general scheme of things, but it cannot supercede or exclude War. Our schools are training camps for the drilling of soldiers, who shall wield the sword of trenchant pen and winged word, of forceful thought and sturdy will. Our homes are preparatory schools, where cadets are nourished and cared for, trained and disciplined, before entering the higher military institutions of human life. Our churches are arsenals, camps, garrisoned forts, with armies ever ready, "in battle array".

That War has been divinely adapted to the disciplinary requirements of earthly life is evidenced by its prevalence, as to time and place, and by the value of its attained purposes, not otherwise attainable.

Evil is a negation; War can scarcely be regarded as a negation. A false peace in national affairs, in domestic intercourse, or in spiritual tendencies, is a thousand times more destructive of the best things of time, and the highest values of eternity, than the bloodiest war.

The expression "our friends the enemy" is full of logical good sense. He who affords us an opportunity to develop our best and noblest powers, to exercise and discipline our weakness into worthy strength, is surely our friend, though it be in the guise of an enemy.

While making these justly favorable claims for War, we do not forget the truth of the forceful conciseness of General Sherman's memorable definition. Man's methods are the basis of its truth; man is prone to spoil things by the brutality of his methods. "The horrors of War" are the offsprings of man's cruelty.

War the avenger, War the justifier, War the protector of the sacred and the helpless, brings with him Suffering and Death, noble visitants in themselves, but he neither demands

nor needs the use of the Mauser bullet, that mangles as it kills; he does not require that men, wounded and maimed but still alive, shall be built into Japanese ramparts constructed of the decaying bodies of dead soldiers. Sherman's definition does not define War; it defines conditions created by "man's inhumanity to man".

The principle upon which War is founded is noble, and, in its true and best sense, War is noble. In fact, War is an awesome spirit of heroic dignity, an avenging spirit, seeking to redress wrongs and establish right; a purifying, reforming spirit, acting as God's instrument in the disciplining of the nations; a deep-minded, educating spirit, teaching grave lessons to the world's philosophers and rulers; a high-hearted spirit, inspiring lofty hopes and aspirations; urging whole races of men to noble endeavor; offering rich prizes of imperishable glory in return for self-sacrificing devotion to a noble cause; redeeming souls from lives of pleasure and slothfulness; and sending heavenward multitudes of self-seekers who would never reach bliss eternal by any disciplinary path less severe and painful.

It cannot be denied that one hour of worthy warfare, however destructive to material things and to transient, earthly life, is of greater ethical and religious value than years of placid, comforting peace.

Time builds the temporary habitations of mankind, sometimes grudgingly, oftentimes generously, with his great, his worthy Lever of Labor, but he erects his countless, nobly-recorded milestones, and his numberless, eternal monuments from blocks of marble that he has quarried, hewn, chiseled, shaped and polished by the use of his wondrous Lever of War.

LABOR.

THE punishments that came, as recorded in the Old Testament, directly from God to man, had in them the germ of a blessing, which developed, as the ages passed by, into hero-making and saint-making forces.

God enunciated, for man's punishment and restoration, the great law of an universal, unceasing use of Labor as the Lever whereby to achieve his salvation, and He conferred upon man the power to draw upon himself, by its use, under the new and deplorable conditions besetting him, the greatest blessings of earthly life.

Labor was the opportune and merciful invention of the loving wisdom of an infinitely forgiving Creator. An origin, this, worthy of the dignity of Time, under whose mighty hand this stupendous implement was to work the weal and the woe of mankind.

Labor, like War, has been wrongly pivoted, badly directed and impiously misused through the cruelty and injustice of man's methods. And yet Labor in itself still possesses its God-given character. It is at once educative, disciplinary and spiritualizing. Labor is the lever of all learned teachers of valuable lessons; of all skilled masters of ennobling discipline; of all tactful guides in the rugged and beautiful spiritualizing regions of the soul's domain.

Labor was meant to be an agent eager to do man's will, an implement easily responsive to the touch of his hand, but it has become an intolerable burden, a lever extremely difficult to handle. It should not be an unbearable thing even to the driven slave, because the spirit of God's love is with it, and the breath of God's blessing is about it.

To do our part in the moving of this mighty and beneficent lever is life's supreme duty. The requirement is stern and uncompromising; there is no escape from it, except by the ways of degrading sloth and vicious idleness.

To the ignoble hireling, whose activity is forced and whose purposes are unworthy, that is detestable drudgery which to another is joy and satisfaction, because of the generosity of his motives and the earnestness of his activity in wielding, under the guidance of the hand of Time, the great Lever of Labor.

Two things, then, make earth a fitting home for man during the term of his probation, the spontaneous growth of Nature and the deliberate, well-directed movements of Labor.

The movement may be caused by slaves and hirelings, by unpaid men with manacled souls, or paid men with free souls, by men who love their task, or men who hate it,—whatever the power, or the fulcrum, or the weight, the Lever is good, Labor is great and beneficent.

There can never be a total failure where Labor is concerned. Material success may have slipped away, temporal values may have been lost, transient advantages may have disappeared, but Labor will have put within man's reach other things of greater and more lasting value. The strengthening exercise of the body, the developing exercise of the mind, the ennobling of the heart and the enriching of the soul come to the true laborer, though all else fails.

To the races and to the nations, naught can come without Labor, and but little comes, if Labor be not protected and honored. All the powers that set things going, all the weights and resistances that keep them going, all the fulcrums that balance them are useless, for accomplishment and achievement, without Time's great Lever, worthy and blessed Labor.

THE PAST.

IN moments of profound reflection the great, dark, brooding spirit of the Past seems to stand majestically before us, challenging us to question her. She presents her ancient records on tablets of clay and rolls of papyrus, and there we

read "Time built and Time destroyed". She pictures her strange events on tablets of bronze and columns of granite; she inscribes her mysterious histories on pyramids and obelisks; she writes her wondrous tales on parchment and vellum; she sends forth millions of books, in which she has stored all the riches of clay, papyrus bronze and stone, with all the treasures of the ages of printing, and ever she repeats, again and again, the solemn refrain, that sums up the world's history,—“Time built and Time destroyed”. And the one query that bursts from every human heart is “Why?” Man, working out his destiny, making his colossal human mistakes, presenting his inadequate repentance and reparation, man is himself the answer to that awesome, whispered question “Why?” Time builds and destroys, restores and obliterates, erects and demolishes, elevates and degrades by means of his two great levers. These ceaseless activities receive their impulse from man's greatness and man's ignominy, and because of man's stupendous intellectual and spiritual powers, hampered by his weakened will and darkened understanding.

Yes; man is the answer to every query that may be put to the mysterious Past, that sphinx crouching on the desert sands of the dead centuries, that keeper of dread secrets, that guardian of hidden treasures, that high priest in the temple of Time. On the altar of that temple, the Past has sacrificed the noblest and the best of the things that man holds dear, while the great levers of Labor and War have swung unceasingly through the great arcs of the ages, building and destroying, because man is man; because the answer to his audacious queries are to be found within himself. His utterance of himself constitutes history, and accounts for Time's use of Labor and War.

The need of a lever, such as Labor, confronted man the instant he left the garden of Paradise; and benign was the power, worthy and stable the fulcrum, light the weight, or

gentle the resistance, in patriarchal days. There was then no demand for War, and Labor moved with an ease and dignity befitting that great life-preserving, joy-producing Lever.

During the monarchy, that offspring of man's proud discontent, Time continued to use, with increasing knowledge, but with lessening mercy, the Lever of Labor, but placed beside it, to swing destructively over man's earthly domain, the bloody, brazen Lever of War. Babylon, Nineveh, Troy, Jerusalem, Memphis—teach by the complete disappearance of their marvelous structures, the dreaded effectiveness of War. Egypt, Greece and Rome were Time's masterpieces of the building power of Labor, but they became, likewise, the saddest testimony to the destructiveness of War. The surviving structures and noble ruins of the Middle Ages pay their tribute, triumphant, yet melancholy, to the efficiency of Time's great Levers.

By these same levers, the face of modern Europe has been repeatedly changed, and in the New World, the pride and glory of the recent Past, there arise on every side, stately monuments to the honor and fame of Labor, but here, likewise, Time has wielded, with deadly force, and bloody destruction, his mighty Lever, War.

Thus, from the moment of man's expulsion from Eden to the present hour, history has been repeating itself; man has been giving utterance to himself in the same old way. Conditions have varied, but human nature has remained unchanged, and hence Time's implements have remained unchanged.

Imagination presents to us a sublime series of moving pictures, pictures of the ages, of the epochs, of the centuries that constitute the wondrous Past. There we behold the waning and the developing of mighty powers; there we see the changes in the all-important fulcrum; there we look upon the varying of weight and the wavering of resistance, but we

always find there, unchanging, unvarying, unwavering, the same great Levers, Labor and War.

THE FUTURE.

THAT wonderful thing that always rests with God, but is never grasped by man; that is always longed for, and eagerly anticipated, yet never comes to us; is never realized by us; that mysterious, illusive, unattainable Future, promises in our day greater riches, greater marvels, greater success and happiness than have ever blessed the earth in ages past.

Time has always been lavish of bright promises, and many of them he has kept, but with their fulfillment there has always come to man some unseen difficulty, some undreamed of injustice, some unexpected burden of labor and woe. For Time never forgets, as we do, that earthly life is meant to be a disciplinary probation. Human nature is just what it was six thousand years ago. Man, as an individual, is neither better nor worse than he has always been. Time has been working out man's destiny, and doing the tasks of the world, in the same old way, with the same old implements, through all the ages of evolution, of advancement, and of slowly developing civilization.

A wonderful improvement in social conditions, a lofty flight in literature and art, a stupendous advancement in science, a mighty revolution in politics, a so-called reformation in religion,—so run the historical items of the world's progress. And yet, man is unchanged and Time's great Levers are unchanged. It would seem idle, then, to speculate as to the changes the Future may realize. Inventions far more wonderful, discoveries far more startling, than those of the past are absolutely certain, for man's knowledge of nature and her mysterious forces is becoming amazingly broad

and deep. Would that the knowledge of Nature's God were correspondingly profound!

As to the near Future, there can be, even for the optimist, but few pleasing illusions. Our age is so loud-voiced, our people are so restless, our life is so filled with noise, and rush, and hurry, the spirit of peace cannot dwell with us, and it is folly, while these conditions exist, for an Assembly at the Hague to discuss the abolishment of War. Disturbance and restlessness among individuals means conflict among the masses.

By the fiftieth or eightieth century human nature, and all that pertains to it, may have become transformed, and new conditions, inconceivable to us, may then govern the world. Time will have become immensely richer in all things noble and desirable. Science will have supplied him, no doubt, with thousands of new appliances, for wonderful new purposes. Then will there be new kinds of levers for the quiet application of vibratory power. Noisy pistons and grating fulcrums, buzzing wires and humming rails will have given place to devices for the quiet conducting and applying of the silent forces of radio activity.

What form Labor will take in those far off centuries we cannot surmise. War is an accident of human conditions. Labor is a necessity of human existence. The world without Labor is inconceivable; that great Lever will never cease to act. But Time will have become vastly wiser; he will have attuned his ear to the psalm that nature chants to nature's God; he will have trained his eye to perceive the Creator's presence everywhere on earth, and in all the immensity of space. He will have led the masses, the multitudes, the entire race to cry out against things impious and inhuman. He will have made the world subject to the Church of God.

And then,—his great Lever, War, its fulcrum destroyed, will describe for the last time its mighty, globe-embracing

ares; will quiver for the last time, through all its tremendous length; and shivering, falling, crashing into the regions of everlasting woe, leave brooding over all the earth, with snowy wings widespread, God's chosen angel, Peace.

